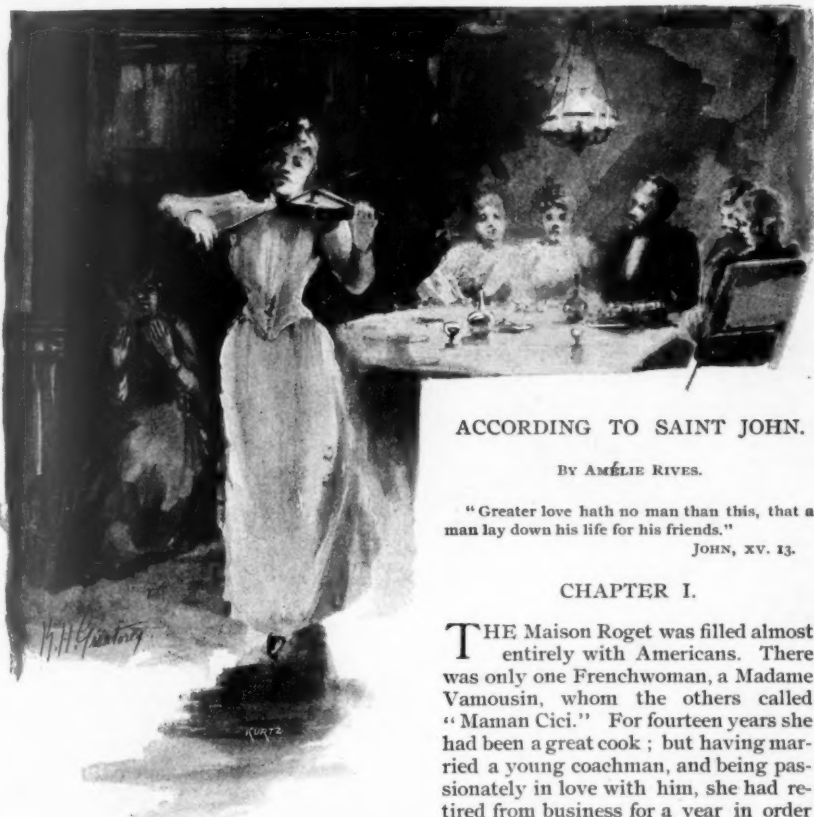


# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

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SHE HAD DANCED SOME NEGRO JIGS FOR THEM, ACCOMPANYING HERSELF ON HER VIOLIN.

## ACCORDING TO SAINT JOHN.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

JOHN, XV. 13.

## CHAPTER I.

THE Maison Roget was filled almost entirely with Americans. There was only one Frenchwoman, a Madame Vamousin, whom the others called "Maman Cici." For fourteen years she had been a great cook; but having married a young coachman, and being passionately in love with him, she had retired from business for a year in order to devote her time more completely to him and to his favorite dishes. She was a woman of fifty, large, red, powerful, with an enormous bust and arms and the motion of one who glides upon invisible skates. Her eyes seemed astonishingly blue, set in the midst of her purple-pink face. She had a pleasant smile, which showed two lines of teeth like little ivory saws. Her eyebrows were vague, her nose commonplace; her lips melted into the general tone of her face. She had deep dimples in each cheek, which looked as though drawn in with buttons, like the divisions in a tufted crimson-silk chair. She was amiable, thoughtful, generous; often sending one of her supreme creations in pastry or jelly to a favorite fellow pensioner, and being ready at any moment of

the day or night to minister to the sick or sorrowful.

Miss Carter was a young girl who had lived for sixteen years with a maiden aunt in an old country house near Charlottesville, Virginia. When this aunt died, there had been such a squabbling among the other relatives over the little money and the tumbledown house that Jean, quietly determined, had obtained her share of \$10,000, the violin which had belonged to her father, the white China crêpe shawl which her aunt had worn on occasions of ceremony; and packing these together in a small, flat trunk, had set off for Europe

salary, whether as musician or lady's maid.

She and the black Venus had both been very homesick during the first six months. The constant staccato roll of the unfamiliar French had chilled and bewildered them. Now, after two years of hard work, Venus could comprehend a few ordinary sentences, although her great, good-humored lips found it impossible to shape themselves to the delicate form of the strange words; while Jean spoke quite fluently, with a pretty accent and a method of construction totally original. When she had first come she had tutoyé everyone impartially, and such Frenchmen as visited the Maison Roget had found this especially delightful. Even now, when not thinking, she assumed this habit with a calmness which made it doubly amusing.

In appearance she was fair, small, slight, but with a slightness full of strength and elasticity. She had the air and movements of a young creature who

has been much out of doors, in wind and rain, in summer and winter. One felt that she could ride, drive, walk, climb, swim, and that she only needed wings to be able to fly at once and without teaching. Her eyes were large, clear, shaded by thick brown-black lashes. One of the artists at the Maison Roget, with a good sense of color but a lack of poetic imagination, had said that Miss Carter's eyes were like bits of barley sugar. Her eyebrows were wide and fairy-like, her nose delicately aquiline and full of character.

She had a small crimson mouth, scalloped deeply over charming white teeth—a mouth which would have had unconscious tricks of allurements even

in whispering above a rosary; while her little figure was as perfect in its round thinness as that of a Javanese dancer. She had hands so supple that she could bend her long, childish fingers back until they touched her arm. Her hair, of a bright russet color, curled roughly about her forehead, which was low and broad with a fine blue vein through the middle. She was just nineteen. Her birthday had passed



"BUT IT IS PRETTY, REALLY," SAID JEAN.

with the young negress Venus. Her idea was to study there for several years, and, when she had become an accomplished violinist, to return to America as a member of some distinguished concert troupe. She was too proud to live in a state of semi-dependence upon her wrangling relatives, but had not the false pride which would make most young girls shrink from receiving a regular

in November and everyone in the house had given her some little trifle; while Maman Cici had made her the most wonderful cake, covered with complicated figures in nougat and surrounded by sixteen little pink candles. She had danced some negro jigs for them afterwards, accompanying herself on her violin. One peculiarly difficult step, called in Virginia "pulling caro," roused great enthusiasm. She also sang a song with this, to which Venus clapped in time. The words were rather monotonous:

"Sweet Lu-la—all day!  
Pretty little Lu-la—all day!  
Lu got a lover—all day!  
Lu got a lover—all day!  
Skip in a hurry—all day!  
Swing yo' partners—all day!"

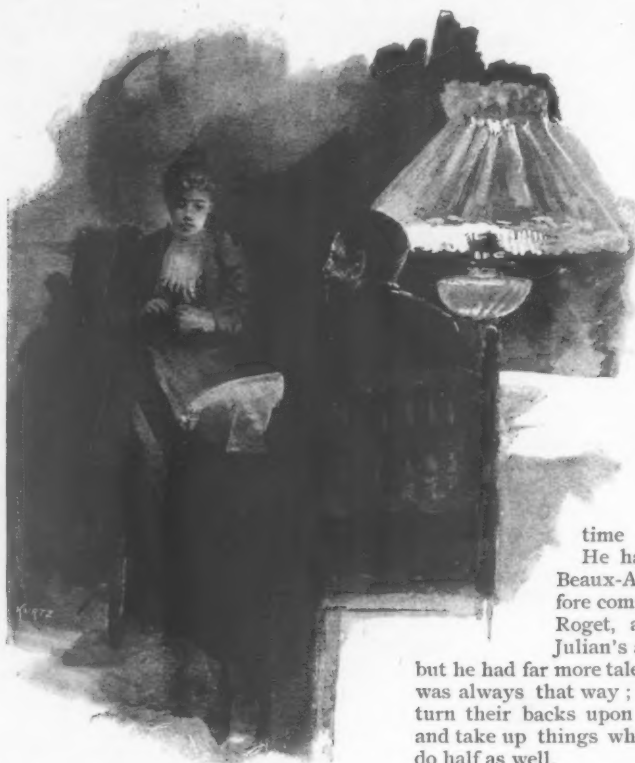
She wore charming gowns, which she made herself, after those she saw in the Bois on fashionable afternoons. They were always very simple; of cloth, cashmere or calico; the colors dark or in quiet half-tones. After two years in Paris she looked like a young French girl of the higher world, with her straight little gray and blue frocks, her fresh, perfectly fitting gloves of tan-colored suede, her smart shoes with their patent-leather tips, her hat copied after those of Petit or Heitz-Boyer.

Maman Cici and her husband occupied the entresol. Above them were two American women who studied painting at Julian's; one young, impertinent, ambitious, celebrated for the thickness and tints of her horse-chestnut-colored hair and the irremediable and uniform badness of her drawing; the other, a woman of about forty, with a charming nature and a pretty talent, which, if cultivated in the proper direction, might have made her quite a distinguished painter of fans. On the next floor lived the beauty of the pension, with her husband, who was a realistic sculptor with a talent for painting. Their name was Benson, but she called herself Mrs. Hunter-Benson, and had the double name printed on her visiting cards. No one used engraved cards at the Maison Roget; it would have been considered a snobbish striving for superiority. Mrs. Benson's beauty was of the dark, white-skinned type, which grows oily after an hour in a warm room, and which includes a good deal of pearl powder and a constant

moistening of the lips. She had superb hair, so dull and black that it looked heavy, as though its thick, sleepy coils might have been carved from metal. He was tall, thin, silent, resembling, with his grayish pallor and deep, broad-lidded eyes, the woman type of Burne-Jones.

A pupil of the sleek and sandpapered school occupied the fourth floor. This fact, known before she herself had been presented to them, had established her position in the pension. She was treated with good-natured but scarcely veiled contempt—in a word, as though she had been one of her master's pictures stepped from its frame.

On the sixth floor, above Jean, was another married couple, Adrian Farrance, a painter, and his wife. They had only been in the pension two weeks, but Jean was already intimate with Mrs. Farrance and helped to amuse the baby when she had come back from her music lesson and had finished practising for the day. Farrance, whose mother was a Spaniard, had lived in America from his seventh year. He was a man of thirty-two or three, tall, well formed, of an olive darkness, and having singular black-gray eyes streaked with brown and overhung by broad, handsome eyebrows, beginning and ending abruptly. He wore a close-clipped, pointed black beard, and a mustache brushed up from his clean-cut mouth. With his mingling of the antique and modern, he resembled a painting begun by Velasquez and finished by Dagnan-Bouveret. He had unusually beautiful hands, long, muscular, ending in clean, oval nails, which he kept with more care than was customary in the Maison Roget. Mrs. Farrance was extravagantly blonde, with a tall figure curving forward. Her naturally fair hair she had washed with concentrated soda until it had a dead, brittle look like spun sugar. Her eyes were of a very beautiful rich blue, and filled easily with tears. Her mouth was strong, determined, with full, dark-red lips, which had a trick of curling to one side when she spoke, and her complexion light and frail like a flower leaf of crapy texture. Her throat, breast, hands and arms were exquisite, and she moved with a kind of graceful awkwardness which was charming under the folds of the loose, picturesque house gowns which she al-



SHE HAD BEEN SITTING ABSENT-MINDEDLY ON A HIGH WOODEN CHAIR NEAR THE STOVE.

ways wore. She was passionately fond of the perfume of vervain and used it in such quantities that it would sometimes float beneath her door and struggle with the smell of cooking which usually pervaded the house.

Even during the first week of their acquaintance she had told Jean much of her past history. Her husband had been on the stage in America for several years, and when she married him she had been playing leading parts with him for three months. He had not used his real name on the stage. He was a great actor, Mrs. Farrance said. If he had only gone on for three or four years longer the world would have acknowledged him. She herself thought that acting was a great art—as great as painting. Her mother had been an actress too, and she, Mrs. Farrance,

had played Juliet when she was sixteen. She said that it was wonderful to play Juliet to Farrance's Romeo; she wished Jean could see him only once. He had not worn a beard then, and he was much, much handsomer without a beard. She had begged him not to let it grow when he left the stage, but he said that shaving took too much of his

time in the morning.

He had studied at the Beaux-Arts two years before coming to the Maison Roget, and afterwards at Julian's and with Carolus;

but he had far more talent for acting. It was always that way; people seemed to turn their backs upon their real talents and take up things which they could not do half as well.

"It is like compliments," she ended. "Haven't you ever noticed how one likes to be told that one's nose is lovely when it is really one's mouth? I am never half so pleased when people tell me how beautiful my eyes are as I am when someone happens to say that my mouth is pretty."

"But it is pretty, really," said Jean. "I love the way it tips to one side when you speak. I should have loved to see you say: 'And for that name which is no part of thee, take all myself!'"

Mrs. Farrance smiled and kissed her on either cheek. "You dear little Goody Topaz-Eyes!" she exclaimed, "I'll read the part for you some day; and perhaps"—she paused and looked at the girl thoughtfully for a moment—"yes; I'll dress up for you as Parthenia. It was my best part. Sometimes, do you know, the stage fever comes over me, and I feel as though I must rush out into the streets



and throw myself under one of those great omnibuses! You don't know what it is, child; but I was an actress for twelve years, and I love it—I love it ferociously. I adore the very smell of the gas in the theatre, the dust of the scenes, the dark little ways and ladders and coils of rope, the warm smell of the rouge and pearl-powder, the tinsel and tarlatan and glue and wigs; and then the slant of the stage and the twinkle of the footlights, and that great horseshoe of round balls which one sees are heads after a moment or two."

She began to cough suddenly, and Jean ran to her with a bit of jujube paste and a glass of water.

## CHAPTER II.

Although Jean was so intimate with Mrs. Farrance, she did not see much of Farrance, and when she did, was shy and tongue-tied. She thought him one of the handsomest persons conceivable, and agreed with his wife in looking upon him as a genius. He had a delightful voice in speaking, quiet, rich; Jean was sure he could sing wonderfully if he chose. She copied his care of his hands, and spent some time every morning in arranging with a little celluloid stick the rim of flesh about her pretty round nails. She imagined him as Hamlet, and often thrilled over his fancied pronunciation of the words, "I loved Ophelia." He was not at all her idea of Romeo, in spite of Mrs. Farrance's detailed description of his costume, voice, gestures and original method of stabbing himself in that character. He was far too cold and self-contained, she thought. Farrance, on his side, considered Jean a pretty, wild nymph, with a decided talent for music and a fortunate way with babies. The child did not scream so deafeningly now when he came back from his cours, tired out and discouraged. It lay on Jean's breast contentedly, sucking an India-rubber ring, while he lounged in an armchair and played with the fingers of his wife, whom he adored. He talked very little, being one of those men whose opinion is valued because seldom expressed; and would often pass the whole evening in entire silence, smoking cigarette after cigarette, changing Mrs. Farrance's rings to different fingers, sketching

in pen and ink on scraps of charcoal paper which had been blurred with unsuccessful drawings, walking up and down the narrow studio in a brown study, his fingers combing his short beard, a copy of *Gil Blas* or *Le Grelot* in his other hand. Sometimes his wife walked beside him for a little while, and Jean used to think how beautiful and strong his hand looked, sunk among the loose folds of stuff at her frail waist.

It was he who had given Jean the name of "Goody Topaz-Eyes," on one of the rare occasions when he had spoken to her. She had been sitting absent-mindedly one evening on a high wooden chair near the stove, stringing some gilt beads which she had brought back for the baby, and looking at Farrance, whom she thought absorbed in his pen-and-ink drawings. "Well, Goody Topaz-Eyes," he had said finally, "when you have quite taken me in, would you mind telling me what conclusion you have come to." Jean reddened even now, whenever she thought of this. She fancied him laughing at her, although he had been quite grave, and had not lifted his glance from his work. The other memorable remark that he had made to her had been when passing her as she stood with Venus at a *gaufre* stand on the Boulevard des Invalides. Jean and Venus were both eating these French waffles, and Jean knew that there was butter on her mouth. "I fancied you lived on air," he had said; "and now, since I've turned that corner, you've disposed of five waffles, one more than Venus can boast of. I shan't call you Goody Topaz-Eyes any more: I shall rechristen you 'The Waffle Fairy.'" To Jean's relief, he did not carry out his threat, which had the result, however, of keeping her away from waffle stands for two weeks afterwards.

As the *Maison Roget* was near the Gare Montparnasse, and as Jean went on foot to and from her music lesson on the other side of the Seine, she used to take Venus with her, dressed in her ordinary costume of dark woollen gown, white apron and colored silk head handkerchief. Against this the girl finally rebelled and entreated so piteously to be allowed to dress herself in a more usual style for the street, that Jean consented, making the condition that she should resume her handkerchief and apron when in the house. Venus went

with an Irish friend to the Bon Marché to purchase her new costume, and the result was unique. The passers-by turned more than ever to stare after the square, gawky figure clad in a gown of apple-green cashmere, with black velvet sleeves; its round woolly head bearing an enormous plaque of black felt ornamented with bows of green velvet and Eiffel-red feathers; its splay feet bulging under enormous low shoes of tan-colored leather, which had foxings of light-gray cloth and white porcelain buttons; its flat gray-black wrists protruding from a muff of imitation ermine, with a shirred green satin lining. Venus had spent the accumulated wages of six months on this outfit, and was radiant over its effect. Now, when the crowd stared at her, she was enchanted, and switched her apple-green skirt as only a Virginia ducky can, bridling and putting her toy muff to her lips, as she had seen ladies do in very cold weather. When she returned from her walk with Jean the first day of wearing her new clothes, the concierge had made her a low bow, saying:

"Mademoiselle, mes plus respectueux hommages! Vous avez eu un succès fou à la Maison Roget. Tout le monde parle de vous. Quel chien! Mon Dieu, ce n'est pas du chic ça, c'est plus que du chic, c'est du génie!"

Of the various articles which composed her costume the ermine muff was her favorite. She filled the little round blue cardboard box in which she kept it with camphor, even during the winter, and its daily airing did not dispel this odor, which was united morning and evening with the smell of Mrs. Farrance's vervain and the bouquet de cuisine.

After two years of unremitting work, Jean had made great progress on the violin. Her master said that in time she would even play remarkably. She knew that this "in time" meant at least five years more of labor as unflagging; but she was patient and utterly absorbed in her music, which, in her strange, independent life, took the place of sweethearts and bouquets and daily cotillions at the White Sulphur. She had been in Paris two years and at the Maison Roget for sixteen months. She was now nineteen. She had never allowed anyone to be attentive to her and had never compromised

herself to the slightest extent, in spite of her unusual and unchaperoned mode of life. The Bensons she had known in America; also the pupil of the *l'éché* school, whom she patronized in her gay, off-hand way, and tried to coax into going to Carlorossi or Carolus.

She saw more of Mrs. Farrance, however, than of anyone else, and had grown fond of the baby, who was named Anthony, called Tony, and had beautiful eyes, already exactly like those of Farrance. Tony was only eight months old, very fretful, on account of teething, and decidedly fonder of Jean than of his mother.

One afternoon in January, when the three were alone in Mrs. Farrance's apartment, she offered to carry out her promise in regard to the Parthenia dress, and sent Jean to an empty biscuit box to fetch it. The apartment consisted of two rooms, one the studio, an oblong of about nine by fourteen feet, the other a bedroom, curtained off with an old sail, painted by Farrance to represent tapestry, and not much larger than an ordinary cabin on a French steamer. The walls were lined from top to bottom with his sketches. There were some chairs of different countries and epochs, which had been bought as great bargains at antiquity shops. An old burgomaster's chair in black, worm-eaten walnut from Nuremberg; a Venetian chair, cased in cracked, gilded leather; two Louis xv. fauteuils, painted gray and covered with cheap silk, which Mrs. Farrance had embroidered scantily. There was a stove not much larger than a top-hat, but in which a whole goose could be roasted. In the other room stood a bed, also picked up in a curiosity shop—very pretty, with its Louis xvi. bows and rosettes; and a small looking-glass hung opposite over a carved console which had been turned into a washstand.

### CHAPTER III.

Jean found the biscuit box pushed under the bed, and lifted out the Parthenia costume piece by piece. The upper robe, a pale blue cashmere, was edged with a Greek pattern of silver in machine embroidery; the under garment, of white woollen stuff, had only a deep hem. There was a fillet of silver-gilt for the hair and bracelets for wrist and upper arm, connect-

ed by tarnished chains. Jean brought them into the studio, where Mrs. Farrance was excitedly taking out rouge and powder and hares' feet and little swansdown puffs from a cardboard box.

"It's getting dark," she said; "you must see me in all my glory. We'll pull a sail over the window and light the candles; but you mustn't watch me 'make-up'—it gives me the fidgets. I'll go into the other room, and you can wait here with the baby and shake out the dress."

She gathered up an armful of her little pots and bottles and went into the next room, letting down the drapery from its wooden hook, which Jean had gilded freshly the day before. The baby was asleep on a pile of cushions in the Venetian chair. Outside there was a slow, colorless rain falling. An orange-woman's stand, with its two orange-tinted lamps stuck about like a fiery species of the same fruit, made a vivid glare of color in the pale light. People straggled along, with and without umbrellas. A little girl of about six passed, running, her skirt turned over her blonde head and two enormous rings of bread dangling from either arm. Then three more children, also running, boys this time, looking like small ink sprites, with their Capuchin hoods of black oil-skin drenched by the rain. A great wagon of straw creaked by, covered with its cloth of faded, weather-beaten sea green. Then came fifteen huge gray percherons, straining under their load of

cream-colored sandstone. Jean thought that it took a good while to "make-up." She heard Mrs. Farrance coughing violently behind the lowered curtains. "It must be all that powder and stuff," thought the girl. "I wish she'd come out. Poor thing! I suppose she has her stage fever on today. I wonder if she's very ill; that cough sounds dreadful to me."

At this moment Mrs. Farrance pushed aside the imitation tapestry and came forward with a candle in her hand. Jean could not keep back a cry, she was so beautiful. In the soft candlelight her hair lost its dead, greenish tinge; her eyes were liquid, brilliant, under their darkened lids. There was a touch of rouge on each cheek, making them seem less thin. Her lips were parted. She had put the fillet in her hair, which was twisted into



AS SHE STOOD WITH VENUS AT A WAFFLE STAND.

a graceful knot at the back of her small head.

She laughed as she saw Jean's startled eyes, and put down the candle which she held. "Ah, it makes a difference, doesn't it?" she said in a soft, restrained voice, which was yet vibrating with excitement. "One can fool old age for twenty years as an actress. I could look like this at forty, perhaps at fifty. There's Sarah; think of it, she must be forty if she's a day, and she plays Camille and La Tosca and Frou-Frou, and makes everyone cry. If you saw her on the street at two o'clock in the day, with her face washed, it would be different; but on the stage she is lovely. Even with that figure she is the most graceful creature alive. Oh, what a life! what a life! and to have had to give it up!"

She stood quite still for a moment, staring past Jean out into the dark gray rain, her hands wrung together, her breast moving with short, eager breaths. Suddenly her whole figure seemed to relax in a long sigh. "Come," she said, "help me to dress."

Jean put the strange clothes over her head, and hooked them in unusual places as she was told. She drew a pair of sandals over the pretty, thin feet; clasped the bracelets on each arm and took her own little brooch of Rhine pebble to fasten the blue cashmere peplum on the left shoulder.

"How lovely you look," she said, when all this had been completed; "it is the very dress for you! No wonder he fell in love with you! I think all the actors in the troupe must have been in love with you."

Mrs. Farrance walked slowly up and down, her eyes sparkling, her lips trembling into smiles; just touching now and then with her delicate rouge-tipped fingers her bracelets and the fillet in her hair. She seemed to have forgotten Jean, who was sitting on the arm of the Venetian chair, patting the baby, whom she feared would be awakened by their voices.

"To have worked as I did for twelve long years—for twelve long years," the woman kept repeating, "and then to have given it up!"

Jean did not know what to say, or whether she had better speak at all. She lifted the baby, who had begun to whimper in his sleep, and hushed him gently against her shoulder. All at once Far-

rance entered. He looked tired, and when he saw his wife whitened to the lips. But she ran to him; she hung on his arm, radiant, smiling. She caressed his dark face with her narrow, wax-white hand. She laughed, she cried, she slipped to the floor and held him about his knees, beautiful, tragic, with the false color in her lips and the real entreaty in her great eyes. She fawned on him, calling him foolish love-names, stammering, choking in her excitement.

"Adrian, my Adriano, my little Adrian, my lover, my master! let us go back to it, the dear old life! I was so happy; I didn't cough at all. I should get well then, I know I should. And I would love you so! I would love you so! And you would be a great actor, and everyone would know it. This is killing me! I have had three years of it. I know I shall die! I know—" She leaned her head against his knees, in a terrible fit of coughing. Farrance looked over her head at Jean, his eyes cold and hard. They seemed to be saying:

"I owe this to you, Jean Carter. I thank you; I hope you are enjoying what you have done."

But the next moment he had lifted his wife in his arms and had carried her and placed her in one of the fauteuils, pushing the other one forward, so that together they formed a kind of sofa. He pressed her head against him with one hand and took her two little uncovered feet in the other. "My darling! you will give yourself your death with your feet like this, and in such weather. What's the matter, my poor heart, my poor tired bird? Cry it all out here on my breast. I would die for you! I'll do whatever you want; I'll go anywhere; I'll take you anywhere! I'll go back to America! Lilian! for God's sake!"

Jean sat staring at them, paralyzed. The baby began to whimper more fretfully, and she was obliged to move him about. She sat like a machine, waving him up and down, her eyes fastened on the Farrances, who were still clasped in each other's arms. She could not believe that it was Farrance who spoke; she could not believe that it was he who looked at his wife with those eyes, wild, passionate, imploring. Something made her tremble all over. She wished to rush out of the

room, and yet she could not place the crying, fretful baby there on his cushions and leave him to be comforted by a father and mother who had evidently forgotten his very existence. Their voices grew lower; she could not hear what they said. Once she saw Farrance bend his head over his wife's in a kiss which she thought would never end. She found herself gazing from the little round Dutch clock on the wall opposite, to them; then back to the clock. A nervous desire to laugh grew upon her. When at last he raised his head she heard herself give a sobbing, hysterical breath, which she smothered on the firm little chest of the baby, who thrust his strong, swarthy fist into her hair and tugged at it. The pain brought her to herself, and she sat quietly dancing the child, rattling his string of gilt beads to divert him, lending him one of her slim white fingers to munch with his feverish, swollen gums.

By and by she became conscious that she was suffering. It was a strange, vague pain which puzzled her. She thought at first that it was physical, and altered her position, taking Tony on her other arm. She tried to think only of him, to keep herself from looking at the man and woman murmuring to each other in low voices, stroking each other with movements full of a passionate tenderness, now pausing to kiss each other in a strained embrace. The blonde hair had loosened from its Greek knot and fell thickly down upon her breast. He lifted it in his hand and buried his face in it with an ardent gesture. Once, when his wife put her lips to his of her own will, Jean saw him shiver. She thought that it must be very late, that she must have been sitting there two hours. The clock showed that only twenty minutes had passed. The baby had fallen asleep again, but she still hushed him with mechanical movements of arm and body. She felt strangely, as though she had taken a large dose of quinine; there was such a surging and buzzing in her ears, and all the while that dull pain in her breast grew heavier and heavier. Then a feeling of anger came over her. How rude and unfeeling they were to turn their backs upon her and leave her there without even a word of thanks to nurse that heavy child into quietness—she, Jean Carter, on whom

they had not the slightest claim. They were treating her like a servant. Her breast filled with an angry breath. Something hot fell on her hand. To her amazement she found that she was crying. This puzzled her more than ever. For the first time in her life she could not define her sensations. Was she angry or hurt or sorry or physically ill, or perhaps all four together? Her face grew always



SHE SAT BY HERSELF ON THE DARK STAIRWAY.

paler. The little vein in her forehead pulsed hotly. Suddenly Farrance rose and turned to her.

"You can give me the child," he said; "we are very much obliged to you; we should like to be alone now."

Jean looked at him steadily for a moment and then put Tony softly into his outstretched arms. She thought at that moment that she had discovered her feeling, and that it was hatred. She had a savage desire to fly at Farrance and set her sharp little teeth in his dark hand. She said: "Good night; I'm sorry that Mrs. Farrance feels badly," in a quiet voice, and shut the door so gently that the latch made no noise in slipping into place.

#### CHAPTER IV.

After Jean had left the Farrances' apartment she went and sat by herself on the dark stairway. Her heart was sending great jets of blood into her arms and head. Her hands felt hot and swollen,



as they had felt one day when Venus was ailing and she had swept out the room herself. A feeling of furious anger, of hot loathing, rushed over her in gusts, and made her slight little body palpitate as she sat there leaning her forehead between the balusters, which she held in both hands. He had insinuated that she had been officious—that she had remained where she was not wanted. He was probably discussing her now with his wife, and calling her “a nice little thing enough, but forward.” She imagined him saying: “You spoil her, my dearest. Really she is beginning to be a nuisance. And fancy her not having the delicacy to go away at once this evening!” She felt that she must let him know how much she had longed to go away. It had cost her the greatest effort to sit there soothing Tony, hearing and seeing them in spite of herself. This must be what English people meant by saying that they had “a horror of scenes.” Jean trembled anew when she thought of the one which had just passed in the room above. It was horrible—odious! But why—why? She could not understand; she only knew that she was angry, that she detested Farrance, that she hoped Tony would be ill that very night—not ill enough to die, but to make Farrance long for her, implore her to come, even send the doctor to entreat her. She would be cold, firm, as hard as stone. She made up some droll little French sentences which she would say to the doctor, repeating them over to herself, to insure the correct intonation and elision. Then she sat clinching her small teeth and gazing into the sparkling darkness before her. “How I detest that man!” she told herself. “How I should like to tell him what a cad he is—what a cool, insolent, presumptuous cad! How could she have married him! How can she endure him! To have him scarcely speak to her every day, and then patronizing her in her wretchedness with ‘My darlings’ and ‘My owns,’ and—and kiss her so! I should die—I should run away! And then that great baby always staring, staring, staring with the same big, solemn eyes! And to have taken so much trouble and to be treated so!” She remembered suddenly a strange dream which she had had once all night long. She would start up, shudder, try to keep awake, fall to sleep

at last and dream it again. It was that she loved the son of the concierge, who was pilot on one of the mouches, or boats that run up and down the Seine, and came to see his father and mother twice a month. He was tall and dark, with light-blue eyes, clear, round, wicked. She dreamed that he had kneeled to kiss her hand, and that she had looked down at him quite content and full of affection. In her dream he had been the prince of all her love stories. It had been horrible, but so vivid; and the fact always remained—she had loved him in the dream. She shuddered and wondered why the thought of him returned to her at this moment. It was growing very cold there on the stairs. The smell of frying potatoes came up to her from the Bensons’ rooms. Mrs. Benson had a machine for making what she called “Saratoga chips,” and even Maman Cici acknowledged that Mrs. Benson could surpass her in frying potatoes. Jean shuddered again. She was not hungry; the rich smell disgusted her. She thought that she would go down to her own room and pick out darky tunes for Venus on her violin, using it like a banjo, without the bow; but when she opened the door Venus was not there, and the fire was low and sullen under a flaking of yellow-gray ashes. Jean hesitated; somehow she did not wish to be alone. She decided finally to call on Maman Cici, but had to knock three times before anyone answered. Maman Cici was speaking very excitedly to someone who answered with a gentle, low ripple of timid sound. “Entrez!” shouted Maman Cici finally, in the tone of one who says, “Eh bien! allez au diable! je m’en fiche!” When Jean entered she found the toilet table pulled forward, and three tallow candles burning in candelabra of imitation Saxe china on either side of the muslin-framed toilet glass. Piles of embroidered cambric were tossed to right and left, on the chairs, the tables, the bed—even the floor. Maman Cici, very purple, her forehead and long upper lip covered with little drops of perspiration, stood gesticulating in a chemise and petticoat of rose-colored surah, heavily embroidered and fluttering with little knots of ribbon. Her uncorseted form rolled amply into its natural contour. A little woman, thin, bent, with a tired brown face under a round black

bonnet, and her hands folded before her over her black skirt, stood receiving the outpour of reproaches, with an even undertone of meek explanation.

Maman Cici's one pronounced fad was a love of elaborate underclothes, and her large wardrobes were filled with them. Whenever a novelty of this description appeared at the Louvre or the Bon Marché, Madame Vamousin bought it immediately. She had nightgowns, petticoats, chemises, in all colors, in all shapes, in nearly all materials. One day she cried when she found that two charmingly embroidered nightgowns, which she had bought for a mere nothing, would not meet about her huge body, and had to be disposed of to the slim little Virginian, Maman Cici was very fond of Jean, but it made her unhappy to think of those wonderful nightgowns wasting their beauty on Jean's uncivilized, goggle-eyed black servant, when Auguste Vamousin, with his keen appreciation of the beautiful, might have had them to delight in.

"Figure to yourself," cried Maman Cici, when she discovered that it was Jean who had been knocking, her mottled shoulders undulating with the vigor of her movement, "figure to yourself, Jeanne, mon bijou, that this ninny has ruined—ruined my four lovely new sets of underclothes—has utterly ruined them, and Monsieur Vamousin comes to-morrow! It is his fête—the fête of Saint Augustin, and I had intended a pleasant surprise. But now, with his keen eye, he will see everything! And



SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES, STARING UP INTO THE GREAT HOLLOW ABOVE.

look at her, the idiot! How she stands there trickling out excuses like a robinet! Oh, what a disappointment! what a disappointment! What a life is ours, my dear child!" She turned round and round before the mirror, looking at herself from every side by means of the

little glass which she held in her hand. Her flesh showed through the eyelets of the embroidery as though it had been stretched over magenta silk, and her great back looked like a brick wall from which the stucco had been torn in the shape of a V. Enormous cotton ankles protruded from the edge of the thin pink material. Her feet, in their large gray felt slippers, reminded Jean of oblong hornets' nests. She wished to laugh in spite of her own anger, which still throbbed fiercely.

"But what is the matter?" she asked finally. "It looks very well, Maman Cici; how is it ruined?"

She came forward to examine the work more closely. "There are hundreds of things!" cried Madame Vamousin. "It is too long. The embroidery is too common. I ordered marguerites, and that idiot has put a pattern that one has seen for six months at the Bon Marché! I wished something quite novel, quite original. There, go!" she cried suddenly, turning again to the little sewing woman; "there is nothing to be done; it's too late. I shall have to take them, but you'll never get another stitch of work from me!" She snatched her huge blue satin corset from the bed and began hooking herself into it as the other left the room.

"They are all alike," she said, speaking between her gasps, for she had to hold her breath when she fastened her stays; "they are all alike, these couturières; all liars, all cheats, all idiots. But you look tired, little Jeanne. You have worked too hard today, and you have come to tell Maman Cici of your discouragement, *hein?*" She enveloped herself in a wide gray dressing gown trimmed with violet braid, and drew two easy chairs covered with red cretonne to the fire. Sinking slowly into one with the collapse of the deep feather-stuffed cushion, she held out her fat hand to Jean, who had established herself in the other, with one foot on the fender, her elbow on her raised knee and her chin in the hollow of her palm. "That is it, *hein?*" repeated Madame Vamousin. Jean moved her head in negation, without lifting her chin from her hand.

"No," she said, "I'm not discouraged; it's rage. I'm furiously angry."

Madame Vamousin made a comprehending motion with her head up and down. "Ah, is it not dreadful, the anger? It is

worse than anything. I suffer more from a fit of anger than when I eat too much compote. And I have been angry today! Heavens, in what a rage I have been!"

"What do you do when you feel like that?" said Jean.

Madame Vamousin opened her well-padded hands, shut them, opened them again. "Rien, absolument rien," she said with each movement.

"I shall do something," muttered Jean, with locked teeth.

"It will not help you, *chère petite*. I have tried everything; nothing helps."

"Then I will invent something."

"You cannot, you cannot, *cher bijou*," the other assured her. They were silent for a moment. Finally Jean said:

"When was the time that you were the angriest in all your life, Maman Cici?"

The broad, glazed face settled into creases of thought; the blue eyes grew grave, even sombre. She fitted her short forefinger, with its three circles of fat, into the cleft in her broad chin; with the other hand she balanced the short poker back and forth. "I'll tell you," she said presently. "It was the first time I saw my Auguste kiss another woman. I didn't even know that I loved him. It was his cousin; he had a right to kiss her; it had been a habit in the family for years. But that made no difference to me. I was beside myself; I hated him; I hated everyone. I felt uglier, fatter, redder than I ever felt in my life. Oh, yes; I know that Auguste loves me for my good heart—for that and my taste in dress and my gift for cooking. He doesn't love me in the ordinary way; but his way satisfies me—quite satisfies me. You comprehend, my child?" She paused and put the poker back into its brass holder. "Yes, that was the angriest moment of my life," she repeated.

Jean sat quite still, gazing into the fire until her eyes felt hot.

"But," she said after a pause, "you said it made you hate him. Why did you hate him?"

"Because I loved him," replied the other simply.

"You—you loved him, and that made you hate him?"

"Certainly, *petite*. You see you are a *jeune fille*. These matters can't be explained to you satisfactorily. When one

loves one sometimes hates, and when one hates one sometimes loves. It happens all at the time. Why, often one finds out that one loves in that way!—often, often! You don't think of a man, except perhaps as a *bel homme*; you don't talk to him; you don't care where he goes or from whence he comes or what women he speaks with, and, *pouf!* all at once you hate him; and then, nine times out of ten, you may be sure you love him."

Jean's heart beat furiously; her hands grew cold, her lips dry.

"But why? but why?" she kept repeating in a thick voice.

"Why? It's as evident as Carnot! Voilà! A man doesn't make you feel. Suddenly he makes you feel. There it is in two sentences. If he can't make you feel he is nothing to you; if he can make you feel he is something to you. I wouldn't cry over my ruined clothes for the sake of Boulanger, *hein?*" She opened her smooth lips in a great whispering laugh, which showed both rows of teeth far back, and the pink cushion of her large tongue.

"But to love and to hate together, it's impossible!" said Jean. "You—you couldn't hate and love like that at the same time; it's like the verse about God and mammon; it's nonsense, it's nonsense," she cried, growing excited all of a sudden. She got up and ran to the window, jerking it open. "It's like an oven in here!" she said. The noise of the street below rushed in on a gush of cold air. One could see the long shafts of the electric light on the Tour Eiffel turning slowly through the velvety-gray air, like the spokes of an immense wheel of white fire. A cab horse stumbled and slipped on the muddy street below. The cabman's harsh oath and the slash of his whip sounded sharp on the damp air.

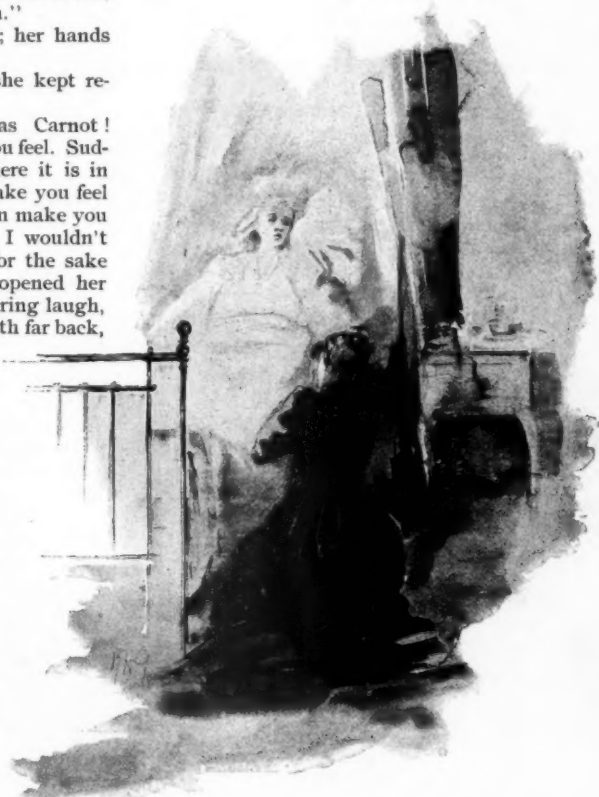
"*Voyons!*" called Madame Vamousin, "come away from that death-hole, *chérie*, or you'll soon be where you can neither hate nor love."

Jean closed the window and came back

again, with her little strong fingers knit together behind her head, which was bent back upon them, her gold-colored eyes fastened on the ceiling.

"It can't be; it's absurd," she was repeating over and over.

Maman Cici sat with lazy good-nature working her heels in and out of her gray felt slippers in front of the whiffing blaze.



SHE KNELT DOWN AND TOOK UP ONE OF THE WHITE HANDS.

"Ah, well! ah, well! You shall talk to me about it in three years, *petite*," she said wisely. "I have seen life; I know. I have married a man of twenty-six, and I was fifty my last birthday. I am honest, *hein, chérie?* I know what it is to look for the gray hairs in my head and find them; and to look for the gray hairs in his head and not find them! I know what

it is to wish every pretty woman in the world dead, dead, dead—and buried too ; and yet to love them after all. I am as bad as a man for that. I have always adored beauty. You know my Auguste."

"But to love a man and to hate him, all at once, it is as though you said, 'I feel very well today ; I will walk and ride to the Bon Marché at the same time.' It is just exactly like that."

"But no, not at all !" said Madame Vamousin.

"It is, it is !" cried Jean. She stamped her foot. Her eyes were brilliant, the pupils so dilated that about them there was only a narrow band of gold like a fairy wedding ring.

"It is !" she cried again, "and when I hate once I hate forever, let me tell you, Maman Cici." She came a step nearer to the placid great figure by the fire. "And when I hate, I hate !" She stood still a second, quivering, then rushed from the room, slamming the door behind her.

"Oh ! là, là !" said Maman Cici, turning ponderously to stare at the blank door.

#### CHAPTER V.

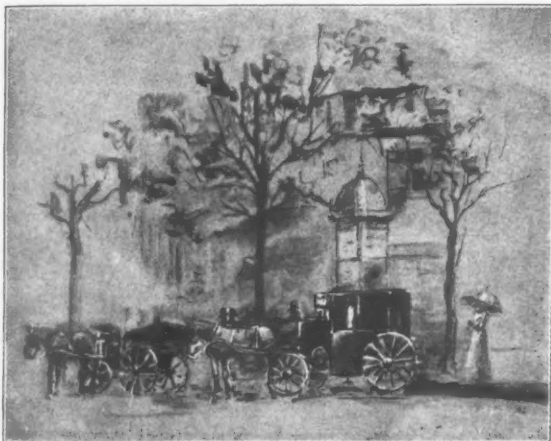
Jean rushed up the dark stairs two steps at a time, to her room door, which she tore open with a violent gesture. A flare of yellow-red light enveloped her ; Venus had made a genuine negro's fire in the little grate, and was toasting the bread

for their supper. An old German tea kettle of dark copper tottled and sang on the hob. Upon the soft mass made by the black girl's skirts a little white Italian wolf-dog had established himself. All looked bright, gay, homelike ; and somehow she was soothed by the sight of Venus with her blue head handkerchief, her blue gingham apron, her busy black hands, her serious, scorching face. It reminded her of Virginia, and of her small bedroom next to her Aunt Hetty's, where in the autumn she and Venus used to toast chestnuts on the hearth under a great heap of wood ashes.

This room was larger than that one and had been bare and white. A square of blue Algerian stuff, bought for twenty francs at the Louvre, at a bargain, lay in the centre of the floor. Sketches in oil and charcoal, the gifts of the different painters in the pension, were pinned about the whitewashed walls. There were two blue-and-white china jugs of nasturtiums in the window, which was draped with curtains of blue-and-white cretonne at nine sous the yard. A pretty red-serge dressing gown lay across the foot of the bed, which was covered with the same cretonne as that of the window curtains. On the shelf at its head lay the violin case, where Jean could touch it even in her sleep.

She went now and sat down on the floor beside Venus, taking her slim crossed ankles into both hands. It was sweet to feel that someone loved her as entirely and obstreperously as Venus. It was even in that mood a comfort to know that there was someone who would swear "Yes" or "No" to whatever she said quite impartially, only watching her face to see which word would be most acceptable.

She knew that she had only to say : "Vee, Maman Cici is a horrid old thing, who contradicts every word I utter, and I detest her !" for Venus to reply earnestly : "Yease, Miss Jean, she sut'ny is !" or : "Vee, I do love Maman Cici ; she is really



PAST THE LONG ARRAY OF DINGY VEHICLES



an angel!" to hear the ardent acquiescence: "Now, Miss Jean, honey, yo' is right!" She watched Venus toasting little oval slices of bread and wondered what she would say. She felt angry with Maman Cici too. With a sudden revulsion of feeling she almost felt angry with Venus when she thought how sure she would be to say whatever she imagined would please her mistress—never what was really in her mind.

"Get the violin, Vee," she said suddenly, "and let's sing 'Rise up in de chariot early in de mornin'."

"Don' yo' wan' yo' supper fust?" asked the girl, surprised.

"No, I don't; you can eat it all while I am playing. Go on, get it quick!"

Venus took the violin from its case, slowly unwound the white silk handkerchief in which it was always wrapped and handed it to her, saying at the same time:

"Don' yo' wan' no tea?"

"No, I don't. I'm tired; I'm cross. I want you to sing 'Rise up in de chariot' with me. You can eat it all. If I'm hungry you can make me some later. Now——"

Distending one of her purple-brown cheeks with toast and butter in an egg-like lump, Venus joined in the strange hymn:

"Rise up in dee chayiot—early in dee mawnin',  
Rise up in dee chayiot—early in dee mawnin',  
Rise up in dee chayiot—early in dee mawnin',  
Hope I may jine dee ban'!  
Aw, Lord, have mussy on me,  
Aw, Lord, have mussy on me,  
Aw, Lord, have mussy on me,  
An' I hope I may jine dee ban'!"

Jean paused a moment between the first and second verses.

"You'll choke yourself if you try to eat and sing at the same time," she said.

"Well, I'm thoo now," replied Venus. Then they went on:

"Wing away to heaben—early in dee mawnin', etc.,"

through the same mournful repetition of words and air.

Jean sat quite still finally, nursing the violin in her arms as though it had been a brown baby.

"Is yo' done?" asked Venus.

"Yes."

"Yo' ain' gwine play no mo' tuh-night?"

"No, no; I'm tired; don't talk to me."

"Nor'm, or co'se not. But please'm, play 'Possum up de sumion tree.'"

Jean burst into one of her clear staccato laughs. She played that and two others; then stopped again and said suddenly:

"Vee, were you ever in love?"

"Me! Lor'm! Nor'm!"

"And what do you think about this, then, Venus? Do you think anyone could hate you and love you at the same time?"

Venus got up and began to put away the toasting fork and scrape the crumbs into a wooden platter, which Jean used to set outside her window for the birds.

"Hit sut'ny is queer yo' axin' me dat, Miss Jean," she said slowly, as she walked to and fro; "I ain't thought uh dat nigger fuh iears an' iears."

"What nigger? What are you talking about?" asked Jean. Her voice was sharp, and the excited look began to come back into her eyes.

"Wait, I'll tell you," said Venus. Then she repeated solemnly: "Hit sut'ny is cuyious you ax me dat question."

She came and sat down on the floor beside her mistress, spreading her blue gingham apron tightly over her drawn-up knees, and wrapping them about with her long arms. She had a great mass of imitation rubies on her black forefinger, which the firelight made gorgeous. Her great, soft eyes swam sentimentally about under their thick lids.

"Miss Jean," she began, in a low voice, impressively, "dey waz a little boy onct when I waz a little gyrl, an' dee way dat boy treat me waz scan'lous. You never see a nigger as wuzn't bawn a fool ack so in yo' life. He useter heave rocks at me, an' gre't big ole sticks, an' chestnut burers an' rakes an' potatoes an' all whatever he could git he hands on. I 'clare I waz 'fraid to go 'bout! No sooner did dat boy lay eyes on me dan he waz arter me clippity-clip, a-tryin' to bust my head open wid his wickedness. He ack so scan'lus, dee preacher come hisself an ax my ma what make he ack so. An' she say she don' know. Den he go to dee boy's ma an' he ax her what make he ack so, an' she say 'twuz unbeknownst to her. So time goes on an' I grows up, an' den it all come out! Dat boy, he up an' tell on hisself. He say 'twan nothin' but love make he ack so. He say he love me so he jess had tuh fling dem rocks an' fence rails an'

chestnut burrers at me! He say he love me so hard he hate me; an' da's de truf as I'm-a-livin'! An' when you goes back tuh Charlott'sville you kin see him an' ax him fuh you'sef, now!"

Jean stared at her excitedly.

"It's ridiculous!" she said at last; "it's ridiculous nonsense! I don't believe a word of it! How could he hate you and love you at the same time? He couldn't, he couldn't if he wanted to. He didn't love you, I know he didn't!"

"Miss Jean, honey," said Venus, still very solemn, "dat nigger did love me—he did love me, he did love me, an' you can believe me when I says it, 'cause he loves me now this hyer minute, an' he say he alluz will!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

Jean got up slowly from the floor. She folded the silk handkerchief about the violin and laid it away in its case. Somehow this always reminded her of putting a child into its little coffin. Her eyes stung suddenly with tears.

"You can go to bed, Vee," she said in a low voice, "you look sleepy. And shut the door; there's a draught."

After Venus had gone she sat down in a deep tapestry chair which the Bensons had given her last Christmas, the dark-red serge, with its Capuchin hood, wrapped about her, her bare feet sunk in the dog's thick coat for warmth. Her face looked pale and small under the pointed cowl, which she had drawn forward. She sat staring into the coals, which settled lower and lower in the grate with little tinkling sounds, trying to catch the wheel of her thoughts by one of its whirling spokes and turn it another way, as she had sometimes shut her eyes in a train and forced herself to imagine it moving in the opposite direction. She could not do this. She went on saying the same thing over and over in her mind. Why had she been so angry? Why had she felt like crying out and rushing from the room when he had kissed his wife—that long, long kiss? She could see him now, and shuddered suddenly. Why had she always thought him so handsome, so wonderful? The others did not think so; only she and—his wife. Why had she always remembered every word that he had ever said to her? Why

had she always liked him until tonight, and then all at once, when he had— Why had she felt so angry with Maman Cici for saying that one could hate and love at the same time? Why had she kept the only note he had ever written her—three lines on a bit of charcoal paper; and why had she left it always in the case with her violin? It was as though another girl, more religious, had put it in her Bible. Why had she learned those few words by heart? They were utterly commonplace, even banal:

"DEAR MISS JEAN:

"Will you take dinner with us today? My wife has made a wonderful oyster-soup out of salsify, and wishes you to share our delight.

"A. FARRANCE."

She had thought that she valued it for the signature of one who would some day be a great artist. This reason faded away now, as the marvellous inventions of one's dreams become nonsense by daylight. She had kept it because— She gave a low cry and hid her face in her small, fire-burnt hands. How wicked, how hideous her heart had been for months without her knowledge. What had happened to her? What dreadful change had been working in her, silently, strongly? Was it this wicked Paris, that sank into one's pores like the stealthy poison of malaria? Was she becoming vile and conscienceless, just from breathing the same air with those others? She went again to the window, tearing it open, fronting the huge night with her little, slender body. The piles of houses jutted dark, malevolent, against the hollow agate of the sky. Past a circle of mist, the dark skeleton of the Eiffel Tower leaped upward like another Babel, and was lost in a murky cloud. The streets were empty, noiseless; the grimy doors of the closed portes-cochères seemed to her like the silent jaws of tombs where the wicked are buried. The horror of Paris came upon her. She thought of the crimes progressing, throb by throb, under those callous roofs. She thought how somewhere some poor wretch was perhaps being strangled or hacked to death with the first thing that came to hand. She remembered that someone had told her only the day before: "There is an average of two murders a week in Paris."

Two murders a week—two murders! Twice a week there was some poor creature who for one crashing instant said to himself or herself, "I am one of the two murders this week! I am being murdered—I! I! I!" It might be going on now, behind those black walls opposite, in the street below, in this very *Maison Roget*! "Oh, how little we know of you, you terrible city!" thought the child. "You are worse a thousand times than your worst book! You are cruel; you are deadly! You poison the sons that wish to live in you, but not of you! You make our hearts black and bad, little by little, without our knowing it! Oh, if it were only a bright October day in dear Virginia, and Venus and I were going to look for chincapins in the red woods! If it were a clear, blue Sunday, and I were only going to church with Aunt Hetty! and at the door I would stop while I shook the pink dust from her black dress. I can smell those dusty skirts of hers now, and the cologne on her folded pocket handkerchief, warm from her pocket. Dear Aunt Hetty! so good, so kind! What would she think of me if she could look into my heart tonight? What would she think if she knew that I had not read my Bible for months and months? Oh, I do love God; I do pray to him; I do believe in him! But it is just the way I was with Aunt Hetty. I didn't kiss her enough; I didn't hug her and tell her often enough how I loved her. I must think of Him oftener; I must read His words oftener; I must try to go to church sometimes. Oh, dear Father, forgive me! forgive me! Let me wake up tomorrow and find this is a hideous, hideous dream!" She dropped on her knees, staring up into the dim hollow above, and straining her hands together as though praying physically as well as mentally. "Oh, make me good! make me good!" she said over and over. "I want to be good more than anything. Let me find it a dream! let me! let me! let me!" There came a knock at the door. She sprang to her feet with chattering teeth. "Who is it?" she said, finally mastering herself.

"It is I," answered the voice of Farrance. "My wife is very ill. She keeps asking for you. She is suffering very much. Will you stay with her while I go for a doctor?"

Jean opened the door at once and they stood looking at each other. He was very pale—as pale as she was. "She is very ill," he said again; "you won't be afraid to stay with her alone?"

"No," answered the girl. She stepped back into her room to blow out the candle, and came out again, closing the door behind her.

"Thank you," said Farrance. He went after her a step or two as she began to mount the stairs to his apartment. "Thank you," he repeated; "you are as good as gold, child."

He heard the little feet pattering swiftly up the dark stairway above, but no answer came back to him. "Good little soul! good little soul!" he said to himself; "I was harsh to her this evening." He found himself running with all his might through the midnight streets without knowing in what direction. Then he stopped short, thought a moment, and went on rapidly toward the house of a Doctor Girot whom the Bensons had once recommended to him.

Mrs. Farrance held out her arms as Jean entered. "Dear, dear girl!" she said gaspingly. She was propped up among the pillows, her nightgown open at the throat, her hair tangled about her ghastly face. "Feel how cold my feet are," she whispered. "Do you think I am dying, Jean?"

"Oh, no! no! no! no!" cried the girl, clasping her; "it's the reaction from this evening. I will rub you. Have you any mustard leaves?"

She put several between folds of linen and placed them about on the fragile body, which was covered with a cold sweat. Rolling back the sleeves of her dressing gown, she knelt down and rubbed the icy feet and legs until the blood began to circulate.

"Dear girl!" murmured the poor woman again. Presently she noticed that Jean's feet were bare.

"Put on my slippers," she said. But they could not be found anywhere.

"Then put on Adrian's," she insisted. To please her Jean went and slipped her delicate, slim feet into the large man's shoes. She came back in them, with a strange, smooth motion, as though wading through something. Her little ankles were like little white flower-stems rising from clods of soil.

"How funny you look," said the other, laughing. "I wish Adrian could see you." And she fell into a fit of coughing, during which she clutched Jean until the tender flesh of her arms and breast was bruised under the desperate fingers. As the girl laid her back against the pillows she devoured her face with wide, agonized eyes, which seemed saying audibly; "Don't let me go! hold me! I depend on you to keep me here, Jean! Death is horrible! hold me fast, fast!"

After some moments Jean left her to kindle a fire in the little stove. She boiled some water and made a cupful of Liebig's beef tea, into which she put some brandy. Mrs. Farrance drank half of it, and a faint glow came into her white face.

"It is life!" she whispered, with a brilliant smile. "My good little darling!"

"I am not good, I am not good," said Jean, trembling. She knelt down and took up one of the white hands, covering it with kisses; holding it to her heart, which throbbed heavily. "Don't call me good," she implored; "it makes me so unhappy."

"Well, I won't, then," answered the other, smiling; "but you can know what I am thinking."

"Oh, I love you! I love you!" cried the girl, holding her fast with both strong little arms. "You are the best friend I have in the world. I haven't thanked you enough. I haven't told you how I love you. I wish I could bear it for you. I wish I could take all your pain and sadness and let you be well and happy—happy."

"Oh, my sweet little thing," said the woman, big tears rolling slowly down her face. She put one hand on the roughly curling hair. "My precious child," she said, "you make it so much easier for me."

"I make what easier?" asked Jean, startled.

"Death!" answered the other gently.

Doctor Girot came and pronounced Jean a remarkable nurse. She had done exactly what he would have done had he come half an hour sooner. Then he wrote a prescription, which he said would soothe the cough, and went away. Farrance came and sat on the other side of the bed and held one of his wife's hands against

his breast. He looked as ill as she did. "I believe if she dies it will kill him," thought Jean, dully, and then wondered why she did not cry—she was so sorry for them both. They sat that way a long while. Suddenly Mrs. Farrance said:

"She has been like a little angel to me."

"I know it," answered Farrance. He put out his slender, dark hand and laid it over Jean's: "Will you forgive me, dear child, for being rude this evening? I was so wretched."

She did not look up or reply, and then all at once fell into sharp sobbing. The next moment she was as quiet as ever. She lifted her eyes and looked, not at him but at his wife.

"Of course," she said in a low voice.

"I—I understood perfectly."

Mrs. Farrance patted her curls again with her thin hand.

"Yes, of course you did, darling," she whispered. "Adrian is so silly sometimes." Then added, with a smile: "But you are both too good to me."

## CHAPTER VII.

The next day Jean felt so tired that she gave herself the unusual luxury of going to her music lesson in a cab. She left Venus behind to wait on Mrs. Farrance, and walked slowly past the long array of dingy vehicles and broken-kneed horses at the nearest cab stand. Most of the wretched-looking brutes were feeding, their scarred noses thrust into bags of oats; while the others stared vaguely ahead of them with their great meek eyes, which went to the girl's heart. She wished to take them, with their poor bent knees, whip-streaked sides and jutting hip bones, into her loving arms and press them to her breast. Poor, patient, hard-working, uncaressed beasts, she thought, there must be a heaven for cab horses somewhere; and smiled through the tears which had filled her eyes at a whimsical thought which came to her. She fancied them in that happy place, sleek, gay, sitting on the boxes of golden cabs and lashing into a desperate trot or broken-backed canter the red-faced cochers who now belabored them.

She finally chose a cab which had the sign, "Chauffée" and a tolerably capable-looking gray between its battered shafts.

As the cabby came to the window to receive her directions, a sudden idea possessed her.

"À la Madeleine," she told him, and leaned back, pulling up the window and folding her long cloak closer about her. The glass soon became dimmed with her breath and the warmth of the hot-water tin. Paris went past her in blurred masses of light and shade and color. She tried to put more serious thoughts from her mind, and diverted herself by wondering how she would feel if, instead of the musty green cloth about her, had risen a fragrant padding of fine morocco; if, instead of the cabby's surly back and tattered rug, she could have looked through the clear glass of her coupé at the smart blue coat and crested buttons of a handsome livery; if before her a little carriage clock in its carefully padded case had been marking the hour of her appointment for lunch at the house of Madame la Marquise de Carrabas. She saw herself dressed in the most charming toilet and wrapped in black fox-fur from head to foot. Her gloves were made to order; her capote had been invented specially for her by Petit. She awoke from this dream to find herself before the Madeleine, and her cocher quarrelling savagely with a private coachman, who was appealing to a *garden de la paix* on behalf of his scratched carriage lamp. She dropped the fare into the hand which her cabman extended mechanically, while still abusing the other man, not ceasing for a moment, even while he assured himself that he had not been cheated by a centime of his *pourboire*. The funeral train of a little child was descending the stairs as she went up. It was a tiny coffin, pure white, and three little children walked on each side, holding the ribbons which were attached to its wreaths of artificial flowers and beads. Two women followed, their arms about each other's waists and thick black veils covering them from head to

foot. Jean seemed to feel an actual wave of anguish beat against her as they passed.

"How they are suffering! how they are suffering!" she said to herself as she entered the great church. "Oh, how sad, how sad the world is!"

The Madeleine is like a beautiful, noble-looking woman with a trivial heart. Jean shrank back as she entered the jarring interior. She had imagined something dim, prayerful, solemn beyond words. The crimson and gold and many candles pained her. Still, it was a place where people came to find God; and she slipped into a row of empty chairs and knelt down, hiding her face. She knelt there a long while without being able to collect her thoughts, which continued to wander on and on as they had done in the cab. Exquisite gowns floated before her. She saw herself in jewels of blue and carmine, as a recognized artiste playing at some great Parisian *soirée*. She saw the eyes of people fixed with admiration on the lissom rise and fall of the slight arm that drew the bow. She would wear a dress all white; soft; a row of moonlight-colored pearls around her throat. She would—Here



SHE KNELT THERE TREMBLING.



she heard a voice saying: "And help me, and help me, and make her well, for Jesus' sake." She roused herself and tried again.

What was it that she had come there for? To ask God to help her to be good. Yes, and to make her dear friend Mrs. Farrance well, even if she, Jean, had to give her life instead. Yes, and more; to tell her what to do to keep her heart from growing callous and wicked. Again her mind wandered. She would play Chopin as no one had ever played him. She would make those pretty, worldly eyes shed real tears. She would—All at once a great billow of harmony volumed through the church. It beat against her, as though she had been a rock on the shore and the night tide coming in. The truth rushed over her with those waves of sound—the forgotten truth which held her very life in its core. "My God, my God!" she whispered, panting, "I love him! It is an awful sin; forgive me, let me die!" The music seemed to lift her heart from her body and dash it from wall to wall. She shut her eyes and knelt there, trembling, grasping the wooden back of the chair in front of her, as though tossing on an actual sea. "My God, I will show Thee my heart, naked, naked as it is! I will not make one excuse; I will not say I did not know! I will tell Thee all, all! I know now, and yet I cannot help it! I love him, I love him! I wish to give my life for her—or I think I do, I think I do! Oh, my God, let it be true that I really want to do it! And yet it comes into my mind—it darts there before I can stop it—the thought that if she dies he may love me! Oh, my God! let me die here now in Thy house, with Thy music about me! I can be good here; I can put it from me; I can be as thou wouldst have me! I believe, help Thou mine unbelief. Jesus, Lord! Say to me as Thou didst to the poor thief: 'Today, today; not tomorrow, not in a week, a month, a year, but now, today, today thou shalt be with me in paradise!' Not even in paradise, dear Lord—only where I can rest, where I can think and have beautiful music, and my love for Thee without this awful fear in my heart. Oh, my Lord! my dear Saviour! I will wait; I will kneel here until dark, until they turn me out; only take me, take me; I'm afraid of myself! I have only

Thee, Thee and my poor Venus! Oh, poor Venus! comfort her; let her feel that it was best to take me. Let them send her back to Virginia, where such things don't happen." A great surge of longing swept her, a madness of longing just to see the dark-red soil and the haze on the autumn hills once more. She started up; she could not bear it; she would sail for America in two or three days. But the next moment she had fallen again to her knees. "No, no! don't listen to me!" she murmured. "Let it be now—this very hour!"

She knelt there a long time, swept by fits of trembling, that she unconsciously likened to quick scales being run over her body by a cold hand. She did not know how many minutes or hours had passed. She felt numb and stiff. The frenzy of emotion had died out. It was very dark. "I'm hungry," she told herself, astonished. Presently she looked up. It was very dark, except at a side altar to the Virgin, where a woman and a little boy were kneeling before a half-burnt candle. Jean went forward a step or two softly. There was no one else in the great place—only they three. She could see that the woman was dressed in thin, worn clothes. The child shivered where he knelt. She took out her little blue silk purse and looked at it in the faded candle-light. There was a ten-franc piece in gold. She went up to the child and bent over him, slipping the gold into his little rough hand. The woman turned, astonished; but when the boy held up the money she stared at Jean, her mouth working, and then broke into noiseless weeping, hiding her face in her apron.

"C'est ma fillette, ma toute petite fillette, ma seule, la seule de ma vie." She stopped sobbing and looked up pitifully: "Vous êtes trop bonne, ma'mselle; je ne sais—" Her lips began to tremble again; Jean was crying. She put out her small hand, and the woman took it and held it to her breast, then motioned to the child to kiss it. They all spoke in whispers.

"Je vais prier pour elle," said Jean at last, "et vous deux, priez pour moi." She stopped suddenly and touched the woman's forehead with her fresh, trembling lips, then went quickly out of the church. Nothing had happened—nothing, nothing.

ing. And yet something must come to her after all those prayers. She saw a flower stand across the way, under a blue-white electric lamp. The bunches of lilac, hyacinths, jonquils, glared with unnatural colors in the artificial radiance. She went over and chose a great bunch of Parma violets.

"She loves violets," she thought; "and



SHE SAW A FLOWER STAND ACROSS THE WAY.

I would take her a white rosebud too, only I wouldn't have enough to pay for a cab then."

The woman gave her the pale grayish-purple mass in a cornucopia of white paper, and she ran quickly and got into an empty cab which was standing near. All the way home she kept saying to herself: "It will come, it will come; it will tell me what to do. I believe, I believe! I know!" She set her teeth firmly; her eyes were wide and bright. "God did not take me because I have work to do for him! I was a coward; he didn't want me to die like a coward! But I feel brave now—brave, brave, brave! I should like to do the bravest thing in the world. What could that be? Wait, wait." She dropped back suddenly from her strained upright position; a little voice in her heart had answered: "Confess your sins one to another. Tell his wife that you love him!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Farrance was so much better the next day that she asked Jean to read to her. After listening to one or two chapters, she put out her hand and pressed down the book, behind which half the girl's face was hidden.

"Dear, why are you so pale?" she said.

"You look worse than I do. Are you suffering?"

Jean kept her eyes upon the leaves of the book in her lap as she drew her thumb across them with a sharp whirring sound.

"Yes," she said. "No—that is—yes."

"Do you think you took cold the other night?" asked her friend, anxiously. "Won't you take some quinine? There is some in that little box there, near your hand. Adrian thinks it is necessary in Paris; he takes some every day."

"Oh, it is nothing," Jean assured her. "I didn't sleep very well: my violin lesson went badly today."

"My poor little dear!" said Mrs. Farrance, tenderly.

Jean sat quite still for a moment or two, then threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and hid her face in the palm of her friend's hand. Her breast beat against the hard wood of the bed as though bursting, but no tears came. She was saying to herself, with ungrammatical insistence: "It isn't me, it isn't me, it isn't me!"

After a while Mrs. Farrance asked softly: "What are you doing, dear?"

"I'm trying to pray," said Jean.

"But what is the matter? Are you so unhappy? Why, child?"

"I am wicked, wicked!" whispered the girl.

"No, good, good!" contradicted her friend, stroking her bent head. "You are my own dear good little Jean, and you are going to tell me all about it."

"Yes," gasped Jean. "Yes," she repeated, kneeling up and pushing the hair from about her clear face. She lifted Mrs. Farrance's hand and kissed it strongly, solemnly, three or four times; then put it from her, stroking and

smoothing it out upon the crumpled bed-clothes.

"I mustn't touch you while I tell you," she said in a low voice.

"No, dear?" asked the other, surprised.

"No. It is very, very dreadful. It is something you couldn't think of. But I'm going away; and, please believe it, I do love you!" She gave a short sob. "I do love you—I do!" she said again.

"But, my child——" began her friend.

"You will think I meant to be wicked; but oh! I swear, I swear to you on my honor—I will put my hand on the Bible if you wish—I never dreamt it until——" She broke off, and then said, in a thick voice: "It's two days now."

"What is?" asked Mrs. Farrance. She had lifted herself up in bed on one arm, and was staring excitedly at the girl. "What are you talking about, Jean?"

Jean knelt there gazing at her without moving. Presently she shut her eyes for a moment, swayed a little. Her hands were clasped so hard that her arms trembled with the strain.

"What is it? what is it?" repeated the other. "Jean! speak! you frighten me!"

Jean opened her eyes again. They were dark, terrified, like the eyes of a dog dragged by its collar.

"Don't be frightened; don't, please," she said; "I'll tell you now." She stopped a moment, breathing shortly. Then her voice, suddenly small and strange, like a child's voice, said: "I love him—I love your husband. I didn't know it, but I love him." She drew a long shuddering breath and lifted both hands to her face. She heard the little clock ticking in the next room. She heard Tony stirring and gurgling in his sleep. Her heart seemed beating in her breast, her throat, her forehead, all at the same time. It seemed to her that hours passed. She thought of trivial, silly things: of how Mrs. Farrance had put on her little pink knitted shawl wrong side out, so that the pattern went wrong; of a darn in the counterpane which looked like a cat's head; of how Tony grew cross-eyed when he held the string of gilt beads too close to his dark eyes. Then she thought of her Aunt Hetty, and of how, if she had lived, this terrible thing would never have happened. She felt as

though she were kneeling in a great spiral of darkness, which rolled round and round her in thick coils. Suddenly she heard Mrs. Farrance saying, in a low voice that quivered: "My poor little darling child, come to me!"

She could not see anything when she opened her eyes. She had pressed her hands so tightly over them that the air was full of red whirling specks and great violet splotches that shrivelled and spread again.

"Come here to me, Jean—close," said the other.

"I—I can't see where you are," stammered Jean. She began to move towards the bed, still on her knees. Then she felt herself taken by the frail arms and held fast. She felt kisses, thick, almost passionate, falling on her head.

"My poor baby! my poor little unhappy baby!" said the woman. Then she began kissing and patting her again. She did not speak for a long time.

Jean lay quiet. She felt dazed, as though somehow she had jumped from a vast height without hurting herself. She could not understand why Mrs. Farrance held her and kissed her. She said to herself dully that it had all to be told over again more clearly: she had not made herself understood.

"Are you awake, Jean?" said the other suddenly. "You haven't fainted, have you?"

Jean made a slight movement with her head.

"Then listen to me, darling. You are torturing yourself over nothing. Don't think I don't comprehend; but I know just how good and white your heart is; and to love with pure, true love never hurt anyone yet. It isn't as though you were a woman, dear, and knew all the ways of love. It is different, utterly different. I know how hard it must have been for you to tell me; it was one of the noblest things I ever heard of; it was magnificent! There's something grand about you, darling! I—I never heard of anything so touching! I—I——" She stopped, and tears began to roll slowly from her eyes.

Jean lifted her head, her face deathly white.

"You mustn't be so sorry for me," she said, her voice breaking a little. "It's a

mistake. I haven't told you plainly enough. When I found out that I loved him, I thought how—how—" She stopped, and a deep hot crimson welled into her white face. "I thought how lovely it would be to—to have him kiss me once—just once—just a touch—like that!"—she let the tip of her finger brush the back of the other hand very lightly—"and—and—how I should love to be you!" She got to her feet shivering again. "That's all. May I go now?"

"No, darling, you may not," said Mrs. Farrance. "Kneel down by me here again: I must talk to you a long time."

"I—I don't think I can bear it," whispered Jean.

"Yes, you can, dear. I will soothe you and show you your own heart; yes, and a little piece of mine that I have never shown anyone. In the first place, dear, it isn't as though you had been nursing and indulging this feeling. As soon as you found out about it you were horrified. How you must have suffered, poor baby!"

"Yes—a great deal," said Jean.

"You had no one to go to; you did not know what to do; you thought you were one of the wickedest people in the world?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Then you determined to do the hardest thing that you could think of?"

"And because it says, 'Confess ye your sins.'"

Mrs. Farrance put her hand over her eyes and lay quite still for a moment.

"Jean," she said finally, "what has given you the greatest pain in all this? The thought of wronging me, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl.

Mrs. Farrance lay still again for several moments and then said: "Go and open that drawer there and look for a little flat olivewood box. The key is in the next drawer between the silk handkerchiefs. Now bring them to me."

The girl did as she was told, and as she laid them on the bed, Mrs. Farrance put her hand on the carved top of the little box. A faint, bright color had come into her face.

"You will see how I trust you and believe in you when I have shown you what is in this box," she said. "No one else in the world knows anything about it. But go and lock the door first."

When Jean came back Mrs. Farrance kissed the little key and then put it in the lock. When she lifted the lid Jean saw a yellowed photograph, two letters, and what looked like an artificial orange flower.

"Will you look at that face, dear, and take it to the light—it is too dark over here—then come and tell me what you think of it."

She leaned back against the pillows, pressing one of the letters to her lips from time to time, until Jean returned.

"I think it is beautiful," said the girl. "It looks good, too," she added.

Mrs. Farrance smiled, took it from Jean's hand, and tried to make out the features in the gray light. She could not do this, and laid it on her breast with the letter.

"I suppose you have guessed, dear?" she said. "That is the man I have loved all my life."

Jean looked at her wildly, but could not speak.

"I never loved anyone else—really—as one wants to love," Mrs. Farrance continued. "I have a true, true affection for my husband. He is dear; yes, I love him dearly, and I have pretended to love him more than I do for his own sake."

"He worships you," said Jean, stammering.

"Yes, I know. I have tried, tried, tried; there's no use. When one does not love a man at first—in that way—in the one way—one need never try—never, never."

The clock ticked on slowly for several minutes.

"But why did you—" began the girl.

"No one did anything," answered her friend. "That is the way it happens oftenest. I had a sister. She was so beautiful; younger than I was. She came home from school. It was so near my marriage that I had bought my wedding dress and veil and wreath"—Jean knew what the orange flower in the little box meant now—"They did not do a thing; but I felt—I felt it. Then—I don't think I can talk any more about it now; but I have comforted you, dear?"

Jean covered her face, her arms, her hands with wild kisses.

"Oh, I am so glad I have not hurt you!"

Oh, I do thank God I have not hurt you!" she gasped. "But what difference does it make with me? I am wicked, wicked, wicked all the same!"

"Suppose I told you that I was glad—thankful to you for loving him?"

"Oh!" Jean shrank away bewildered.

"My dear little child, look at me; it must be written on my face, I think. Yes, it is there. And after? Do you suppose I haven't thought with agony what will become of my poor, poor little boy without any woman to care for him; and of my Adrian? Oh, Jean!" she cried out, suddenly breaking down, "life is terrible, but death is worse—worse! I am afraid of it! Oh, I am so afraid of it!" She clung to the girl, strangling with sobs. "I try to think of heaven, and how lovely it will be, with great fields and rivers and lovely flowers, and how our souls will go there. And then—then I seem to see the whole world sliced in two, and look into all the graves that have ever been dug; and I see—O God! why cannot our bodies be taken with our souls? I am a coward—a coward! I think of it, and it

frightens me so that I feel like tearing my flesh with my hands! I feel it in the room; it comes and stands by me! My God, how horrible is all this! Jean, light the candles—light all the candles; bring your violin and Venus and play me some jigs, some negro dances. Dance for me yourself, Jean; dance 'Pretty little Lula.' Make it bright and gay. Wake up Tony; he has slept long enough. He looks ghastly lying there on his back in this dim light. Ah, there is Adrian at the door! Let him in, Jean—let him in quick, and get him to help you light the candles!"

Jean rushed to the door, her heart seeming to push her on with its savage throbs. She fumbled with the lock blindly.

"What is the matter?" asked Farence, in a startled voice, from the other side of the door.

"Nothing—nothing at all," she called gayly; then opened the door, stood for a second gazing at him with a forced, piteous smile, and then swung forward against him. She had fainted for the first time in her life.

*(Concluded in the October number.)*

## ENVIRONMENT.

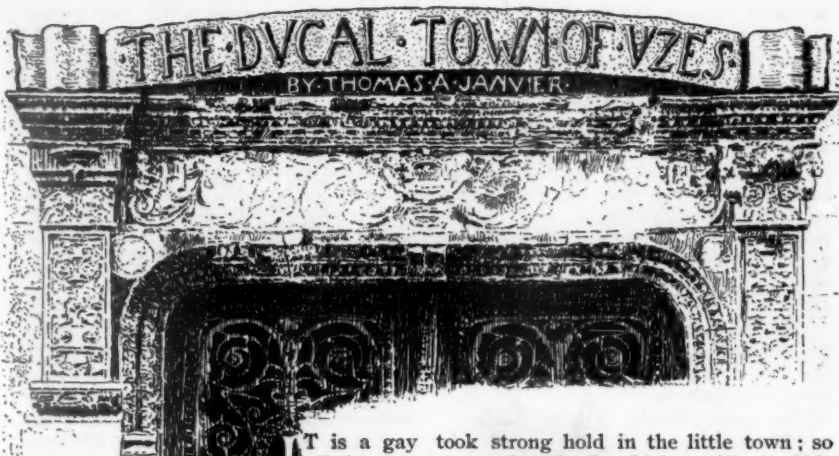
By EDGAR FAWCETT.

THIS earth, where so mysteriously we came,  
Girds us with kinships: in robust oaks dwell  
Our fortitudes; the willow and fern too well  
Our foolish frailty or pliancy proclaim;  
The dawns are our pure deeds; the erratic flame  
Of lightning flares our passions; the grave spell  
Of moonlight speaks our sorrow—and scarce we tell  
Our pictured lives from their terrestrial frame.

Wherefore, the closelier that we lean to look  
On those material and yet airy ties  
Which bind us to this orb through fated years,  
We almost feel as if great Nature took  
Our joys to weave her sunshine with, our sighs  
To make her winds, and for her rains our tears!







**I**T is a gay little town, this Uzès, standing gallantly upon a hilltop in the midst of a smiling country brimming with grain and oil and wine. Yet with its gayety is also dignity, as befits a town that flourished in Roman times—when its name was Ucetia—and that has continued to flourish

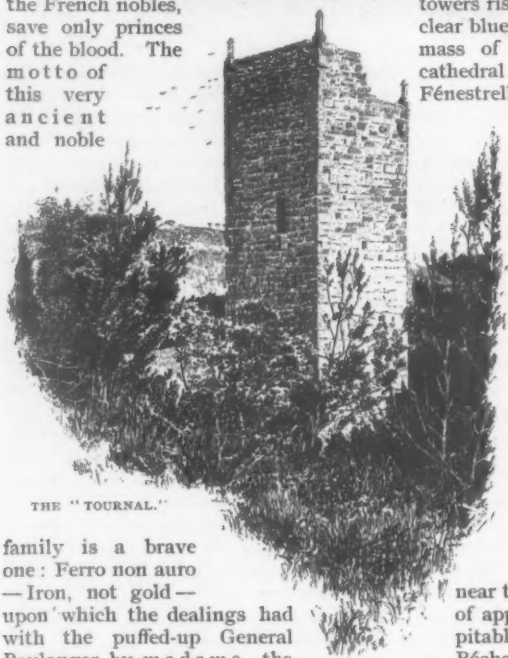
throughout the whole of the Christian era down to the present day.

To say that in the course of this considerable period Uzès has known nothing of sorrow and trouble would be to say too much; for it is but a mortal town, and mortals dwell in it. In Roman times the early Christians of Ucetia had their share of persecution, yet maintained their faith with a constancy that later Christians, lacking the stimulus of persecution, admire but do not emulate. One of the chief glories of Uzès is the crypt in which these first Christians worshipped, safely hidden under ground, as were their brethren of that same period who worshipped secretly in the Roman catacombs. Later, when Paganism was dead and when Christianity had grown strong enough to beget schism, there were persecutions of another sort in Uzès. The doctrine preached by Luther

took strong hold in the little town; so strong that the then bishop with all of his clergy save a single canon, and with them many of the townsfolk, accepted it. Whereupon the solitary canon excommunicated the bishop and all the other heretics—and then the fighting began! Down in the south of France the period of the reformation was a dismal time—when Catholics murdered Protestants and when Protestants murdered Catholics, turn by turn, through many desolate years. In Uzès there were bloody doings; who would know them fully must read both sides of the story, as set forth by the historians of the rival faiths; and it were better, perhaps, to permit the whole horrible business to rest in charitable oblivion in the dark chambers of the past. It is certain that Uzès lost more heavily in blood and treasure during these so-called wars of religion than it did in all the rest of its warrings put together—forays made upon it by Saracens, battles with royal armies and assaults by jealous neighbors during the hard-hitting feudal times.

Ucetia was a fortified camp in the time of the Romans. It was on the site of this camp that the lords of Uzès built their château-fort when the middle ages were not long past their prime. Main strength and the power to command were the requisites to success in those bluff days. The Seigneurs d'Uzès, possessing these useful qualities, took what they wanted and held on to it—and so became rich. By the same fighting qualities they became noble;

for Robert, Seigneur d' Uzès, fought so gallantly against the revolted Flemings at the battle of Cassel, one summer day in the year 1328, that at the end of the fight Philip of Valois made a viscount of him by letters patent dated at the camp. The dukedom came a long while later; when the male line of the first viscount had ended in one Jehan, and the title had been continued to the descendants of Jehan's daughter, Symone, who in 1486 married Jacques, Count de Crussol, Governor of Dauphiny and Grand Chamberlain and Grand Pantler of France. Charles IX. created the dukedom in 1565, and in 1572 made the then duke a peer; wherefore the Duke of Uzès ranks all other of the French nobles, save only princes of the blood. The motto of this very ancient and noble



THE "TOURNAL."

family is a brave one: *Ferro non auro*—Iron, not gold—upon which the dealings had with the puffed-up General Boulanger by madame, the present duchess, are in the nature of an instructive commentary, illustrative of the present tendencies of the ancient aristocracy of France.

It was toward evening—for we had lingered long at our midday breakfast over the fleshpots of the worthy Bargeton at Collias—that we drew near to Uzès along the road from Avignon; a broad highway shaded by a double row of plane

trees, that for the last six or eight miles of its course ascends softly the gentle slope of the valley in the midst of which flows the little river Auzon. It was the water of this river that was carried to Nîmes in Roman times by the aqueduct of which the great Pont du Gard was a part. A veritable garden is the valley of the Auzon; planted with vines and olives and fruit trees, and glowing (as we saw it that August day) amidst its greenery with broad fields of golden wheat stubble dotted here and there with great stacks of golden wheat straw.

Uzès sprang up before us as we rounded the bend in the road westward of the village of St. Maximin, its central group of towers rising in sharp outline against the clear blue sky; off to the right the heavy mass of the bishop's palace, and the cathedral with its very beautiful Tour Fénestrelle; below these valiant heights of stonework the irregularly grouped houses extending down the hillside in broken lines; everywhere dark green masses of trees; the setting of which picture was the abundant verdure of the valley and its background the hazy summits of the Cevennes.

The last mile of the way led steadily upward, and then a broad turn of the road brought us upon the boulevard—where were the walls and the fosse which disappeared, by the common consent of the duke and bishop, in the year 1725—at the point where stood in former times the *Porte de la Barrière*; and not a hundred yards farther on, hospitably near to this the most frequented line of approach to the city, was the hospitably open archway of the *Hôtel Béchard*.

This is an ancient and a famous hostelry, which through the uncertain number of centuries of its existence has maintained a most honorable reputation for comfort and good cheer. Its age is a matter of conjecture. It already was old and celebrated in the middle of the seventeenth century, at which period it was wrested from its appointed purpose to be made into a convent school by nuns of the



VIEW OF UZÈS.

Order of the Visitation. For a century or so these good ladies retained their hold upon it—yet all the while suffered to remain undisturbed the carved trophy of interlaced knives and trenchers upon the great chimney—and then relinquished it to become a tavern once again. Probably public sentiment was against the school and in favor of the tavern all the while.

The innyard into which we drove seemed to us a bit of animated ancient history. Along one side of it ran a gallery beneath which (reached by a ladder) were cages filled with live pigeons and chickens, ready to be in an instant slain and cooked for the benefit of hungry travellers; and a like fiery fate was in waiting for the rabbits in a hutch on the ground. Two or three farmers were harnessing their horses to high two-wheeled wagons, preparatory to driving homeward after their day in town. A horse was drinking at a trough; we could hear the neighing and trampling of other horses in the great stables on the left; down at the rear of the yard was a huge coachhouse where stood the carts and wagons to which these horses belonged. Everything was as it had been for more than two centuries and the old placid life still went on.

Madame Béchard, smiling like a day of sunshine, met us as we alighted from our carriage and summoned a waiter to carry in our luggage and a boy from the stable to care for the horse. M'sieur and Madame were very welcome, she said; and begged to know if we had travelled far that day, and if we were tired; and

called across to the kitchen to an unseen Marie to bring a pitcher of hot water for Madame to Number 10; and all with so cordial a hospitality that it seemed as though she had been expecting us for a week past and was truly glad that at last we had arrived. She herself led the way to our room, up a narrow stone stairway, along dark and rambling stone-paved passages, in which—as we found later—getting lost was an easy matter, and so to a large bedchamber furnished in heavy old mahogany and having a red-tiled floor—a room well aired and sweet smelling and very delightfully clean. Dinner would be served in a moment, she said, when she had made sure that all was to our liking; but M'sieur and Madame would have ample time in which to refresh themselves—she would see herself that the food was not suffered to grow cold.

As to the dinner that Madame gave us that night, 'twas a feast to be remembered, as was also the bottle of Ledenon that came with it—a wine soft to the taste and richly delicate, that rarely is found at more than a dozen miles away from the vineyards where it is grown. For table mates we had a couple of notaries, two or three well-to-do manufacturers and a stout wine merchant whose manner was dictatorial and whose voice was loud. With these townspeople were two travelling gents whose manner towards the manufacturers was deferential, but who treated somewhat slightly the notaries and who refused plumply to submit to the

wine merchant's dictatorial ways. They were merry creatures, these drummers; and the little party, more or less ignoring the high-stomached wine merchant, chirped together pleasantly while they appreciatively lingered over their repast.

When our dinner was ended we went to one of the little cafés upon the boulevard, and there sat at our ease while the townsfolk obligingly walked past us in review. Manufactures of some sort are carried on at Uzès. The promenaders were working people, and for the most part young girls, in groups of two and three and four; rather loud in their talk and laughter, and engaging freely in chaff with their acquaintances among the young men. The effect was that of a New England factory town, not French at all.

The general drift of the crowd was so decidedly in one direction that when we had finished our coffee we fell in with it, and presently perceived that the attractive force was the music of a band. In ten minutes we had come to the Marroniers, where we found half the town assembled, seated upon the old stone benches, or walking back and forth beneath the chestnut trees which were planted by the last Bishop of Uzès more than a hundred years ago. This terrace of a dozen acres, rising forty or fifty feet above the valley, was the bishop's garden in ancient times and the park below it was the bishop's park. Now the park belongs to the duke and

the terrace to the city, and greatly do the people of Uzès love their Marroniers, where in the heat of summer always are cool shadows and where cool breezes always blow. And few indeed are the cities whereof the chief promenade commands so lovely a view as there is from this terrace down the gentle valley of the Auzon.

As we came upon it by chance that night it seemed eminently unreal. Out beyond the heavy balustrade of stone was a black gulf, unfathomable in the light of the stars. The few lamps upon the terrace, obscured by the thick foliage of the chestnut trees, tended rather to intensify than to dispel the heavy shadows. About the place was a delightful air of mystery. The talk that went on among the promenaders and among the people seated on the stone benches was in low tones. In a dark corner we came upon a long-robed priest conversing in guarded whispers with a woman deeply veiled. The band was playing soft music from Faust. It was like a scene from an opera or a bit out of an old-fashioned romance.

The mystery grew deeper as we came homeward to our hotel, working our way blindly and repeatedly losing ourselves, through the very heart of the town. As is the way with walled cities or cities which once were walled, Uzès is a maze of narrow, tortuous streets, which wind between houses four and five stories high. By



THE CATHEDRAL.

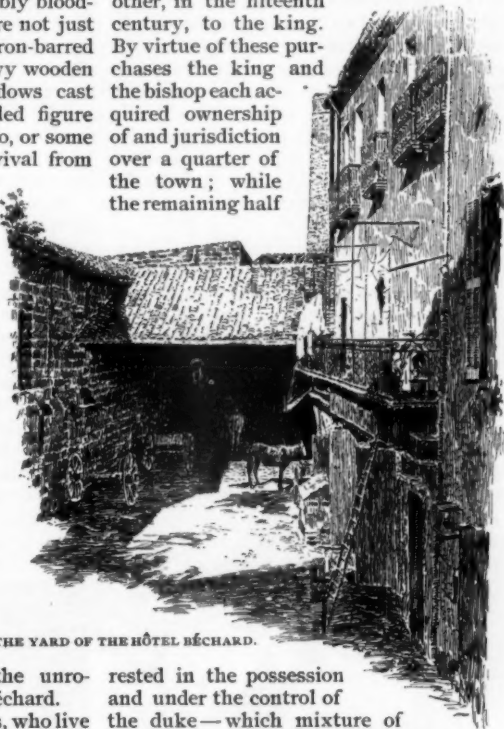
daylight each fresh turn in these endlessly crooked streets brings into view a fresh bit of picturesqueness; but by night, being but scantily lighted, it is rare work to go groping in them for a direct way. It was impossible not to believe—if, indeed, we were not really back in the middle ages—that all sorts of comfortably blood-curdling mediæval horrors were not just on the other side of these iron-barred windows and iron-studded heavy wooden doors; and in the dense shadows cast by the tall houses every muffled figure seemed to be a bedaggered bravo, or some such refreshingly criminal survival from that stirring time when not to be a part of a tragedy—or, at least, of a melodrama—was not to live at all.

In that dark wilderness of winding streets we felt that we were justified in expecting to have thrust upon us some startling sort of an adventure—something with a suddenly opened door and a plumed hat, and a cloak and a sword in it, with a clanging accompaniment of steel striking against steel. And, failing to fall in with any demonstration of this spirited nature, it was with an aggrieved feeling of personal injury that we followed a very sleepy waiter through the rambling passages to our room and tamely went unmurdered to bed in the unromantically comfortable Hôtel Béchar.

The 6000 people, or thereabouts, who live in Uzès are tightly packed together, as may be inferred from the fact that the whole of the town is not much more than a mile around. In former times, before the walls came down, the packing was even closer. At the best, life in a walled city must have been a smothering sort of process. Now the boulevard has given an additional street—a charming street, shaded by great old trees; and a suburb half as large as the city proper has sprung up on its western side.

In the tightly squeezed centre of the city, occupying the crest of the hill, is the castle—the Duché, as the townsfolk call it—whereof the keep is a great square machicolated tower surmounted by cren-

ellated turrets. Near it are two other towers, both of which belonged in former times to younger members of the house of Uzès. Later (their owners going to dwell in other parts of France) these towers were sold; the one, in the thirteenth century, to the then Bishop of Uzès; the other, in the fifteenth century, to the king. By virtue of these purchases the king and the bishop each acquired ownership of and jurisdiction over a quarter of the town; while the remaining half



THE YARD OF THE HÔTEL BÉCHARD.

rested in the possession and under the control of the duke—which mixture of ownership and authority tended not a little to the comfort of evil doers, inasmuch as it made refuge in a foreign territory only a matter of running around a corner or dodging across the street. This anomalous condition of affairs ended, so far as the king was concerned, in the year 1721, when the then duke gave his barony of Levis, near by Versailles, in exchange for the king's fourth of Uzès; but until the revolution the bishops held their own and continued actively their squabbles with the dukes in the courts. When the property of the church reverted to the municipality, the bishop's tower was made useful by putting a clock in it, and the king's tower now is the jail. Only the



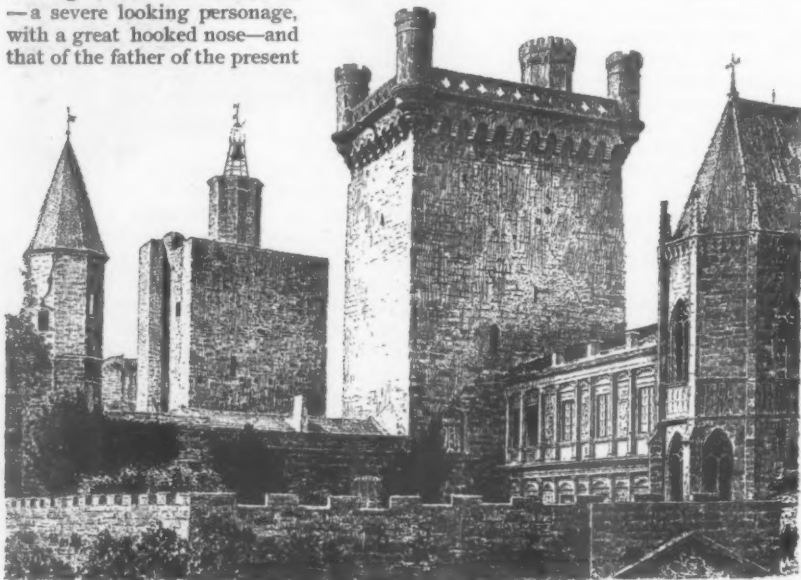
tower of the Duché maintains its primitive estate and dignity, being now, as it has been for more than 600 years, the castle of the lords of Uzès.

But the ducal castle—to the reasonable sorrow of the townsfolk and especially to the sorrow of the tradespeople—no longer is the ducal home. Save for a month in the autumn, when the shooting season is on, Uzès is forsaken by its family in favor of Bonelles, a country seat close by Paris, that is far more in keeping with the family's tastes and tendencies than is this rough old castle in a little town far down in the south of France. Therefore, nowadays, the people of Uzès turn the mill and the shopkeepers of Paris get the meal.

We fancied that one person, at least, was thoroughly well satisfied with this arrangement, the housekeeper, who showed us over the castle with a gracious air of proprietorship that implied her entire confidence in her own ability to take the duchess's place. There is not much to see in the castle now. All the old armor and most of the other portable objects of interest have been carried away to Bonelles. Some of the family portraits remain, including that of the first duke—a severe looking personage, with a great hooked nose—and that of the father of the present

young duke, a most attractive and interesting face that justifies the pleasant memories of him which survive in the town. Among the portraits of collateral relatives is that of the Chevalier Bayard, who, certainly, if this portrait is at all like him, must have required all of his chivalry to carry off his singularly forbidding personal appearance. As a matter of fact, the Duché is not a very comfortable place to live in. The rooms are few, and, excepting those of the main suite, are small. Whatever may be the dictates of sentiment, there doubtless is a good deal to be said on the score of practical comfort in favor of Bonelles.

The other great ancient dwelling of the town, now used to house the offices of the sous-préfecture and the courts of justice, is the bishop's palace. Like the cathedral adjoining it, there is little that is impressive about this building excepting its great size. That the old cathedral—destroyed during the religious wars of the seventeenth century—was very beautiful may be inferred from the single remnant of it, the singularly graceful bell tower, known as the Tour Fénestrelle. This round tower of six stories, in open arches,



THE DUCHÉ AND THE TOWER OF THE PRISON.

resting on a square base, dates from the twelfth century. Legend declares that it was the creation of a Saracen architect; and this very well may be, for there is much about it that suggests the elegance and refinement of the structural art work of the Moors. Each of its open-arched stories is a very little smaller than the story immediately beneath it; and the whole, rising high above the cathedral, is possessed by a spirit of grace and lightness rarely found in stone. That this exquisite tower escaped destruction when the old cathedral of which it was a part was razed, was due only to the fact that it was valuable as a watch tower! Now it is classed as a national monument and therefore is safe from harm.

Still another tower of which the Uzès folk are vastly proud is that called of the Tournal. It stands in the valley, just eastward of the town, and was the guard tower of a mill, the Moulin Bladier, that was presented to the Chapter of Uzès by Count Raymond IV. of Toulouse in the year 1095, just before his departure upon the first crusade. There is no beauty about it whatever. It was built strictly for business purposes, in those troublous times when robber barons ravaged the country as occasion offered, and when now and then the Saracens came swooping down upon the land. It was to Uzès that Louis XI., lying sick unto death at Tours, sent in the year 1483 for the choice meal—for which, then as now, this region was famous—that he hoped would prolong his life. On fourteen richly caparisoned mules was brought to him fourteen *salmées* of meal; "and probably," writes M. d'Albiousse, historian of Uzès, "this meal came from our Moulin Bladier." I am constrained to add that the rival historian of Nîmes, the Pasteur Frossard, throws out the uncharitable suggestion that the mill to which the king sent was "between Nîmes and Uzès," and therefore probably was that of which the ruins still may be seen at St. Nicolas, on the road from Nîmes to Uzès at the passing of the Gardon. Personally, I hold strongly to the conviction that it was from the Moulin Bladier that the king's fourteen *salmées* of meal came; for did we not, one August afternoon, pick out the way along the valley, up through the meadow and around the shoulder of the hillside by which

the fourteen richly harnessed mules approached the mill? And more, did we not hear the tinkling of their bells and the shouts of their drivers, and even see the shimmer of their plated harness as the train of them wound in and out among the trees? Therefore do I accept the probabilities of M. d'Albiousse, and deny flatly the asserted probabilities of the Pasteur Frossard.



A CORNER IN UZÈS.

In truth, I am under too great obligations to M. Lionel d'Albiousse not to accept unhesitatingly whatever of fact or of opinion he may advance. It was his *Stranger's Guide* to Uzès that made us acquainted with the little town and that helped us to learn so to love it in the course of a visit that extended over only three days. And he very graciously supplemented his printed information by much choice history and legend conveyed by word of mouth.

It was the book dealer at whose little shop upon the boulevard we bought the history who advised us that it would be for our benefit to see the historian himself. M. d'Albiousse had left especial word with him, he said, that he was entirely at the disposition of any person, a stranger, who was interested in the antiquities of Uzès. His home was only a little way out in the country; a boy would lead us; would we not go? And being thus prompted and encouraged, we set off.

Our reception at the quaint old house to which the boy led us—half farmhouse, half château, with a far outlook westward across a lovely valley to the Cevennes—was all that the book dealer had promised us, and more. M. d'Albiousse, a courtly gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, made us heartily welcome on the score of a common interest; and as he talked to us of the antiquities and the glories of his beloved city he led us out through an old terraced flower garden to some curious grottos which he himself had had the happiness of discovering upon the hillside. They were of Saracen construction originally, he said; and in the old records he had found how they had been covered in and hidden by order of a governor of Uzès 200 years ago.

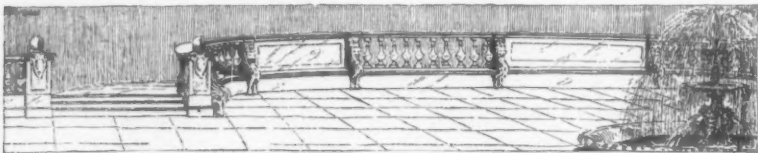
As we walked back to the house slowly he showed us his garden and his rabbit hutch and his aviary. His duties as judge of the civil tribunal of Uzès occupied only a part of his time. Every morning he drove into the city in a little cart drawn by an excellent donkey, a worthy animal; and so came home again in the early afternoon.



ON THE BOULEVARD.

Then his real life began. He was at work at that time upon an exhaustive history of Uzès. It was a delightful employment. With good luck, he hoped to finish it within ten years—such work could not be done hurriedly, as Monsieur no doubt well knew. When he tired of his writing, as, of course, sometimes must happen, it was his custom to come out into his garden, where he would feed his birds and rabbits, or, perhaps, only would sit restfully for a while amidst his flowers.

It was with a pang of real regret that we parted from this charming philosopher, who had found his way to happiness along so simple and so excellent a road. To me he seemed to be the very embodiment of what in Uzès—its restfulness, its placid contentment, its high-bred courtesy, its honest friendliness—had won so quickly and so completely our hearts. And it was, therefore, with a yet deeper sorrow that on the following morning we drove out and away from that gallant and generous and gracious little city, which seems to me more and more, as time passes, to have been a city in a dream.





A LONG SHOT.

## PLACER MINING.\*

BY JOSEPH P. REED.

**PLACER** mining is as old as history. In fact, if any reliance can be placed upon the traditions that have descended to us from prehistoric times, the yield from the auriferous deposits of the ancient world must have been enormous. There is hardly a country that has not yielded up the golden grain in some measure.

It is a well-authenticated fact that the Greeks traded extensively with the people who lived to the north and east of the Euxine sea, receiving gold dust and nuggets in exchange for merchandise from almost the same locality as the Siberian gold fields of the present.

Herodotus and Strabo have told of the fabulous richness of the Pactolus, from whose golden sand Croesus derived his wealth; and that such quantities were found in northern Italy that "after two months' working gold became one-third cheaper over the whole of Italy."

To write the history of placer mining

would be to re-write a large portion of the history of the world, for in ancient times all gold was obtained by washing—the finding and smelting of auriferous quartz being comparatively recent.

In Africa gold was so plentiful that Cleopatra's baths were said to have been partially filled with golden sand, which she threw about to her slaves and attendants with that wild recklessness that has made her famous. The wealth of India was largely derived from washing the sands of her rivers. Nearly all of Russia has at some time or other produced gold in the same way. China and Japan still employ hundreds of thousands of natives in this industry, as they have for centuries. The Indian of Brazil knew so little of the value of this metal that he used it for fishhooks until the white men gave him his first lesson in civilization by killing each other to obtain it.

The discovery of it in Brazil by the

\* The writer begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Professor Rossiter W. Raymond and A. J. Bowie, Jr., for statistics and other information used in this article.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

whites is well marked by the "Rio das Mortes," the River of Death, the name given the stream on the banks of which they found it, to commemorate a bloody encounter between the gold hunters, "who set upon each other like famished tigers, impelled by the 'auri sacra fames.'"

The remains of these old mines are still to be seen, though nothing remains but the red dirt, cut into squares by channels, divided by narrow ridges. These channels were used for washing gravel and were cut on an inclined plane. The water was introduced at the head, the dirt was then thrown in and the lighter particles of clay were washed away while the gold remained behind—an arrangement, by the way, very similar to the sluice boxes of early California days. The gold production of Brazil was estimated by Doctor Soetbeer to have amounted to 2,281,510 pounds troy from 1691 to 1875. If anyone has the curiosity to know how many gold dollars this would make let him estimate it at eighteen dollars per ounce.

Chili has for over three hundred years produced an annual average of \$600,000 in gold and nearly all of it from the washing of river beds. Bolivia and Peru have each furnished the world with enormous quan-

ties of gold dust from their placer mines; and in Venezuela and the United States of Colombia there are still rich placer mines in operation that have been worked for hundreds of years.

The gold mines of Australia are so well known that mention of them is not necessary, except to say that the largest gold nugget ever found was in this land of the midday sun.

When gold deposits were first discovered in this country we began to mine and wash them in the same primitive way that the ancients did; but it was not long before the inventive genius of the American citizen asserted itself, and today we have the most perfect system of hydraulic mining in the world, and hydraulic mining has become one of the professions.

The first placer mining of which we have any record was conducted by digging the sand or gravel, mixing it thoroughly with water, and then pouring it over sloping platforms covered with blankets or skins, in which the gold settled while the lighter sand flowed off with the water.

In fact, the only principle or rule for mining engineering was "to pour the gold-bearing matter in a shallow stream over an inclined plane provided with a rough sur-



face on which the small particles of gold can be caught." This rule applied also to gold-bearing quartz, it being first reduced to a powder by pounding.

On the 19th day of January 1848 James W. Marshall, while engaged in digging a race for a sawmill at Coloma, California, found some pieces of yellow metal which he and the men working with him at the mill supposed to be gold. "He felt confident that he had made a discovery of great importance, but knowing nothing of either chemistry or gold mining he could not prove the value of the metal or tell how to procure it in paying quantities."

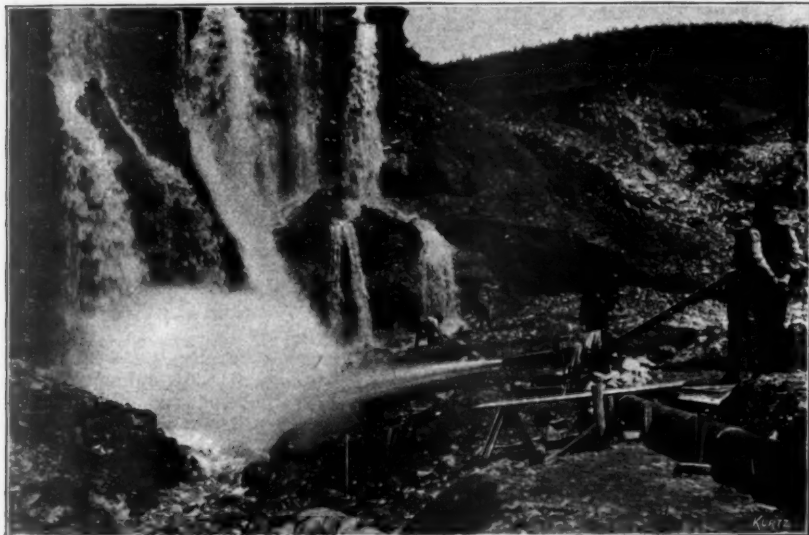
In the middle of February one of the men employed at the mill went to San Francisco and returned with Isaac Humphreys, a man who had worked at gold mining in Georgia, and after a few hours work he declared the mines to be richer than those of his own state. By means of a rocker he obtained daily about one ounce

gold appeared in the Californian, a newspaper published in San Francisco, on March 15, 1848. On the 29th of May the same paper announced that its publication would be suspended, the entire population having betaken itself to the mines.

The chief want of the placer miner being water, it soon became necessary to build ditches and bring the water from higher elevations to reach the side bars on the river banks.

The pick, shovel, rocker and wheelbarrow were the only implements then in use, but towards the end of 1850 the "Long Tom" was introduced. This again was superseded by long lines of sluice boxes, through which the water from the ditches ran and into which the gold-bearing gravel was thrown. This was slow and expensive, as wages were then ten dollars per day and only very rich gravel would pay to work.

Thus matters stood in the spring of 1852



THE "GIANT" AT WORK.

of gold, and soon all the hands of the mill were rocking for the precious metal.

Although gold had been found in Georgia and in North and South Carolina as early as 1799, the discovery of Mr. Marshall may be truly said to have been the beginning of placer mining in America. The first printed notice of the discovery of

when a man by the name of Mattison (from Connecticut, of course) put up a novel machine on his mining claim at Yankee Jim in Placer county. It was a very simple contrivance, consisting of a flume from a ditch on the hillside built out over the ravine where the mine was opened, thus giving the water a head or



KEEPING THE SLUICE BOXES CLEAR.

altitude of about forty feet. At this point the water was discharged into a barrel, from the bottom of which depended a hose of about six inches diameter, made of common cowhide and ending in a tin tube about four feet long, the latter tapering to a point or nozzle of about one inch.

This was the first hydraulic apparatus ever used for mining; simple in design, dwarfish in size, yet destined to grow out of its insignificance into a mighty giant strong enough to move mountains.

Mattison's experiment was immediately appreciated and his method adopted. Hose made of canvas enabled them to get greater pressure and more force, the canvas being strengthened by netting and bound with rope. Iron pipe was soon substituted for the canvas hose, the first experiment being made with 100 feet of stove-pipe. With the substitution of iron pipe it was found necessary to retain a short piece of canvas in order to obtain a flexible discharge piece. This was inconvenient and troublesome and resulted in the invention of a nozzle called the "goose neck," which was a flexible iron joint formed by two elbows working one over the other. With these improvements it was found that

water could be used under greater pressure and the greater the pressure the larger the amount of gravel that could be moved.

So improvement followed improvement until placer mining became a science, and today we have over \$100,000,000 invested in ditches, dams and tunnels in California alone. Water has been carried under and around mountains, over rivers in pipes hung on wire suspension bridges, across valleys by "inverted siphons" 14,000 feet long and 1000 feet deep, and along the side of perpendicular cliffs in flumes hung to the side of the mountain. In some instances corporations have built from 250 to 300 miles of ditches and canals for water, costing over \$2,000,000, before they could even turn the water into the sluice boxes. There are three prime requisites for successful placer mining—first, plenty of pay gravel; second, abundance of water; and third, ample dumping facilities for the tailings.

The richness of the gravel is not as important as the abundance of water, for with the latter almost any gravel that contains gold can be made to pay. The North Bloomfield company of California declared a dividend from ground that

did not average three cents to the cubic yard.

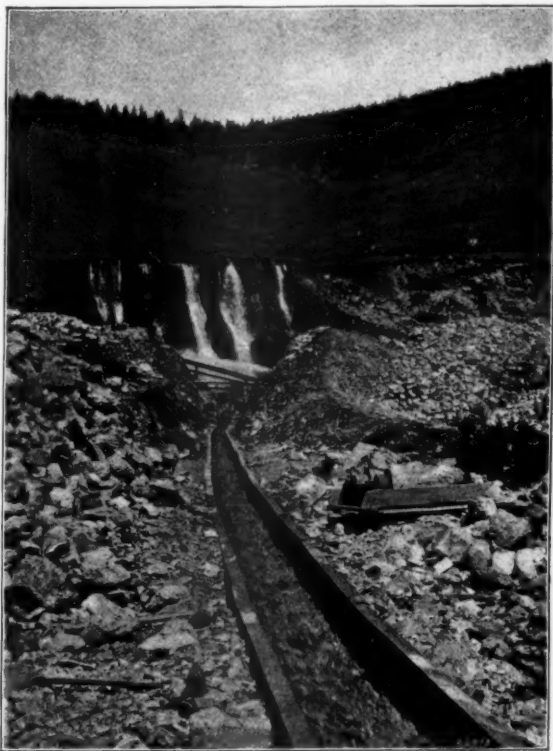
This, however, is a rare exception, as most of the placer mines of California, and particularly of Montana, will average from fifty cents to one dollar per cubic yard of dirt, and with the advantages of large reservoirs for the storage of water, which most of them are building, they will become enormously profitable. In point of fact, placer mining is the safest and nearly always the most profitable mining that can be invested in, for it is always possible to thoroughly prospect it by panning the gravel in all parts of the ground, and it is equally so to determine the amount of water that can be depended upon, the possibilities of storage, the catchment area and the dumping facilities, after which it is a mere matter of calculation as to the cost of the preliminary work and the running expenses, the amount of gravel the supply of water will wash daily and the richness of the gravel washed.

If, for instance, there are 150 working days and it is possible to wash 1000 yards of gravel per day and the ground will average fifty cents per yard, the income yielded will be \$75,000 per annum, which may and may not be profitable, depending on the original cost and the amount of gravel in sight. Modern hydraulic mining is carried on with such care and accuracy that the amount of gold lost in washing is hardly to be considered, while under the old style it was estimated always that from one-third to one-half of the fine gold was carried off in the tailings.

In opening a placer mine, after the estimates have been made as to water, gravel and dump, the first thing to do is to find the deepest or lowest point in the

bedrock or basin containing the gravel, for the sluice boxes must be lower than the lowest point, or it will be impossible to wash all the gravel away from what will prove most likely the richest part of the entire deposit.

This may possibly show that it will be necessary to run a tunnel for some distance in order to get under the lowest point.



THE SLUICE.

If this is not so, then the first thing to do is to build a dam or reservoir and the ditch for bringing the water down to a point above where operations are to be begun; for "the giant" will do more work in opening the way for the sluice boxes than twenty men.

The ditch is dug along the mountain side from the reservoir at a grade of from six to twenty feet to the mile, depending on the amount of water and the grade of

the gulch, as the source of supply should be at sufficient elevation to cover the greatest range of mining ground at the smallest expense, great hydrostatic pressure being always desirable. In places where a ditch is not feasible, a wooden flume is built to carry the water around or over rocky points. "Inverted siphons" are used to cross wide ravines, made of iron pipe, increasing in strength and thickness as a greater depth is reached.

It is wonderful what an enormous quantity of water can be brought from one side of a valley to the other in this way and without the loss of very much elevation, though, of course, the greater the difference in altitude between the inlet and the outlet the more rapidly the water will flow.

After the water has been brought to the desired point above your operations, which should be not less than 150 feet above the gravel to be washed and as much higher as possible, the ditch ends in a head-box or pen-stock, from which the water is piped in as straight a line as possible to

"the giant," leaving the box in a thirty-inch pipe, which is gradually narrowed down until it enters "the giant" through one of from nine to fifteen inches and leaves it through a nozzle of from two and a half to nine inches diameter.

The power of this water has recently been the subject of much newspaper discussion, the origin of which is explained by the following letter from Honorable Stephen J. Field of the Supreme court, and the extracts made from some of the replies he received, copies of which he has kindly allowed me to use.

"WASHINGTON, D.C.,

"Jan. 23, 1891.

"HONORABLE JAMES G. FAIR :

"Dear Sir,—Last evening I dined at General Schofield's and met the President. There were a number of distinguished people present besides the President, among whom were the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senators Sherman, Stanford and McMillan, Secretary of the Treasury Windom,



LIFTING A LARGE BOWLDER OUT OF THE WAY.

and Mr. McKinley and Mr. Wheeler of the House. During the evening the conversation turned upon California and her wonderful products and mining operations. I took occasion to speak of hydraulic mining, and the wonderful manner in which the hills were torn down by hydraulic machinery. I stated that I had understood you to say that such was the force of the water thrown through a hose, when it came from 100 to 200 feet in height, that boulders weighing



A LINE OF FLUMING ON BASIN CREEK, MONTANA.

half a ton could be moved by streams playing upon them, and that the force was sometimes so great that it would be impossible to cut the stream. At this statement much surprise was manifested, and I thought that a smile of incredulity passed over the features of the guests. Seeing this, I said that I would prove the facts stated, in a communication to them.

"Now I write to you for the information desired. Please send me some carefully prepared statistics as to hydraulic mining, particularly as to the power exerted by a column of water thrown by such machinery, and as to how large boulders can be moved by the force of the stream, and on the point whether it is true that the force of the stream is sometimes so great that it cannot be cut. I would be much obliged if you could give me full particulars in regard to these matters, in a communication that I can use if necessary. I propose to send a letter to each one of the guests, stating the facts, and thus remove the incredulity which they evinced when the statement was made by me. I want to show that it was only the result of a want of experience in hydraulic mining, their situation being somewhat like that of the king of Siam, who was offended when an English visitor told him

that in his country water was often so hard that he could walk on it.

"Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and believe me to be,

"Very sincerely yours,

"STEPHEN J. FIELD."

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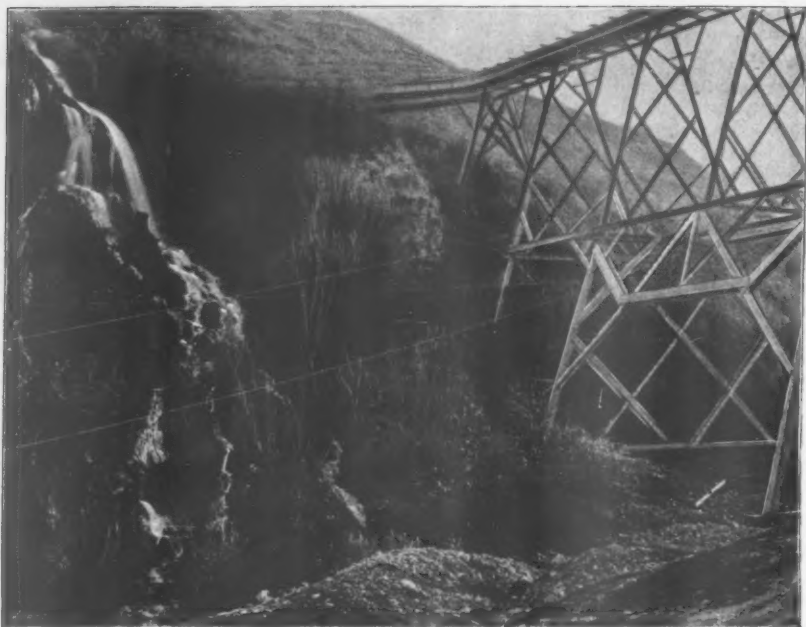
[Extract from a letter sent by Senator Fair.]

"At the Spring Valley Hydraulic Gold mine in Cherokee, Butte county, California, our largest stream was through an eight-inch diameter nozzle under 311 feet vertical pressure, delivered by about half a mile of two-and-a-half feet diameter iron pipe, and I have seen one of these streams at, say, twenty feet from nozzle, move a boulder weighing about two tons in a sluggish way, and throw a rock of 500 pounds as a man would a twenty-pound weight. No man that ever lived could strike a bar through one of these streams within twenty feet of discharge, and a human being struck by such a stream would be instantly killed, pounded into a shapeless mass.

"To verify this, here is an estimate of power developed under similar circumstances:

"Say eight-inch diameter nozzle, 300 feet head, delivered through pipe large enough to eliminate friction; 300 feet





FLUME CROSSING A RAVINE.

head  $\times$  433 pounds  $\times$  fifty (square of eight-inch diameter) = 6500 pounds  $\times$  28 (feet velocity per second) = 182,000 pounds aggregate pressure, or ninety-one tons; but by want of cohesion in the column of water after leaving the nozzle this great force is rapidly dissipated, and at about 240 feet the momentum is lost.

"Very truly yours,

"LOUIS GLASS."

\* \* \*

"The water which in large hydraulic mines is used under a pressure varying from 200 to 500 feet, is discharged through machines styled giants, or monitors, with nozzles from four to nine inches in diameter. Leading up to these nozzles the supply pipe tapers, and is lifted to keep the stream from twisting; hence the water as it issues is practically solid.

"A six-inch nozzle under a 200-feet pressure will discharge fourteen cubic feet of water per second, equal to 326 horse power. The same size nozzle under 450-feet pressure will deliver twenty-one cubic feet of water per second, which would be equal to a blow of 588,735 foot-pounds per second,

equivalent to 1070 horse power. It is absolutely impossible to cut such a stream with an axe, or to make any impression on it with any other implement.

"The velocity of the water as it issues from the nozzles would in the cases mentioned vary from seventy to 105 feet per second. The greater the distance from the discharge nozzle the less effective would be the blow; but were a man to be struck by the stream as it comes from the pipe, his body would have to resist a continuous force of from 261,000 to 953,000 foot-pounds per second, with the result that it would be cut into fragments. There never has been such an accident, but at distances of 150 to 200 feet men have been killed by very much smaller streams.

"I trust that I have given you the information you desire, but should you wish to ask me any further questions, I shall be most happy to answer them.

"Believe me, faithfully yours,

"AUG. J. BOWIE.

"To Hon. Stephen J. Field,  
Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court,  
Washington, D.C."

It can readily be imagined with what force and rapidity such a stream would tear and break up a bank of gravel, and with the addition of the sluice water how much can be forced through the boxes.

The sluice boxes are simply watertight open drains, made of heavy boards with the bottom covered with what are called riffles or riffle blocks, which may be of either stone or wood, with space between for the gold to settle in.

The water rushing through these boxes, carrying tons of gold-bearing gravel with it, washes and dissolves the dirt, and the gold, being heavy, settles to the bottom of the little spaces between the blocks where it meets the quicksilver that has been sprinkled through and becomes amalgam, and so remains until the clean-up. When the riffle blocks are taken up, only a small stream of clear water is allowed to run through. The amalgam or quicksilver, with the gold, is scooped up and put into wooden or iron buckets, and the residue washed down to the next riffle, and so on down the entire line of sluice boxes. When this operation is completed the water is turned off and the workmen gather up with silver spoons any gold or amalgam in the nail-holes or cracks.

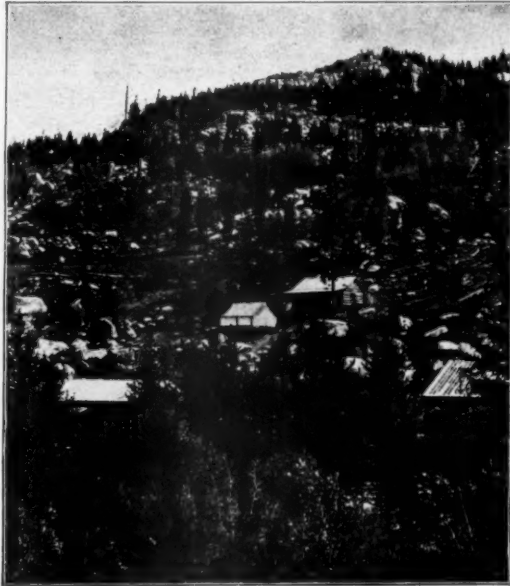
The quicksilver and amalgam obtained are well stirred in the buckets, and all the coarse sand, nails and foreign substances which float on top are skimmed off. The amalgam must be well broken up, rubbed and washed repeatedly. After this washing the amalgam is deprived of the free quicksilver by straining through a canvas or chamois skin bag. This can be retorted as it is, or it can be still further cleaned by a hot bath in water and sulphuric acid. After the amalgam has been purified it is ready for retorting. The retort is lined with a thin layer of moist clay to prevent the gold from sticking to the sides, after which the amalgam is packed tightly into the retort, an iron pipe is fitted into the top, which is her-

metically sealed to the retort, leading to a bucket of clear cold water in which the vaporized quicksilver is condensed.

After the quicksilver has all been driven off and the retort removed from the fire or furnace, there will be found remaining a cone of pure gold, ready for the United States assay office or the bank.

There are terms, expressions and names used in placer mining that are not met with elsewhere, and yet it is next to impossible to explain what they mean without practical experience.

"The rocker" is a cradle with a hopper at one end which has a perforated bottom. This stands over an inclined canvas stretcher. The gravel is thrown into the hopper, water poured over it, and the cradle rocked. The fine sand and gold fall through the holes on the canvas, the gold sticking to it and the sand rolling off.



A MINER'S CAMP, MONTANA.

The "Long Tom" is a rough trough about twelve feet long, narrow at the top and wide at the lower end. This is also set on an incline with an iron plate on the bottom which is perforated for the gold to drop through. It is practically a rocker lengthened out and made stationary.

"Flume" and "sluice" boxes have been fully explained. The former are for bringing in the water and the latter for carrying it away (together with the dirt and gravel) and for catching the gold.

"Ground sluicing" is simply washing the gold in trenches cut in the bedrock and very often without any wooden riffles, the rough, natural rock serving to retain the gold. "Booming" is ground sluicing

on a large scale, the only difference being that instead of washing the gravel by means of a continuous stream of water, the contents of the entire reservoir are discharged at once, and all the material which has been collected below it is swept away into the sluices. The rush of the water carries off the boulders and dirt, leaving the nuggets and heavier particles of gold to be collected from the bedrock floor.



A PLACER MINING TOWN.

### A BALLADE OF LOVERS.

BY MARION M. MILLER.

IN the greenest of meadows, by bluest of brooks,  
 Surrounded by lambkins abnormally snowy,  
 Sit, marked by beribboned and garlanded crooks,  
 Strephon and Chloe:  
 While the half-whetted scythe and the overturned pail,  
 The blush on a cheek that is ripe as a cherry,  
 Betoken, as signs that were ne'er known to fail,  
 Robin and Mary.

From Claude-like scenes in the classicist books,  
 From songs like Lord Byron's conventional Ζώνη,  
 Peer out with affected and simpering looks,  
 Strephon and Chloe:  
 While, fresh from a Hardy or Blackmore tale,  
 A-singing a roundel of "Derry-down-derry,"  
 Come, breathing the odors of meadow and dale,  
 Robin and Mary.

#### ENVOY.

Prince, praise if you please those inanities showy,  
 Strephon and Chloe:  
 My choice of models is quite the contrary,  
 Robin and Mary.

## DISSECTED EMOTIONS.

BY JOHN B. ROBERTS.

FEW general readers appreciate the fact that the expression of face, so dear in one beloved, is a mechanical process similar to that by which a marionette is pulled across the puppet stage. In the latter instance fibres of hemp or metal, controlled by an unseen hand, draw the miniature figure across the stage and give it the verisimilitude of life. In the former case small muscular fibres, controlled by the unseen nerve centres, pull the skin hither and thither, making wrinkles and folds, until even the immovable bones seem to assume new shapes and forms.

Muscle, it should be remembered, is that portion of an animal, human or brute, which by contractility produces motion, whether for retention of food, protection from enemies, progression from place to place, or other animal functions requiring such motility. It is the red structure exposed in the market, and well known in the case of food animals as flesh or meat, as distinguished from the whitish or yellow adipose tissue, or fat.

Beneath the skin of the face are numerous bands or sheets of this muscular tissue, which have one end fixed by attachment to the more or less stationary bones of the face, and the other end connected with the inner surface of the skin. Contraction or shortening of any bundle of such muscular fibres must bring the two ends nearer together, and cause the more movable end and its attached skin to approximate the fixed end. This causes the skin to become rucked up into folds with intervening wrinkles, very much as a seamstress "gathers" a piece of linen or muslin by tightening a thread previously carried through the stuff with a needle. These wrinkles are necessarily formed at a right angle to the direction of the muscular pull. If the skin is very thin and flexible the muscular contraction causes many



SADNESS, INTENSITY—DOROTHY DENE AS CASSANDRA.

and delicate wrinkles to appear; but, if the skin is thick and stiff from either nature or disease, such slight muscular effort will produce no visible wrinkling of the surface. The greater muscular contraction required in this case to give visible evidence of its occurrence will, moreover, be likely to cause few and thick wrinkles, or elevations, of the surface. This, of course, vitiates the beauty and impairs the fascinating grace of the facial expression.

However emotional an individual's brain may be, he can give no facial expression of his emotions to his fellows unless this muscular machinery be in perfect order. The nerves running from the

brain to the special muscle fibres must carry the order instantly and correctly, and must be obeyed as instantaneously by the muscle as the telegrapher's instrument must respond to the finger touch on the key at the distant station. Loss of contractility in the muscle, or failure to transmit the motor impulse through nerve to muscle, renders the face expressionless and as dumb as he whose speech organs have been paralyzed.

The muscles of facial expression are difficult of dissection because they are small, of rather pale color, of loose texture, not solid and firm like the biceps, for instance, and from the fact that one end of the muscle is not fixed, being inserted in the skin. If you dissect away the skin of the face you dissect away one attachment of the muscle. The muscles of expression have one attachment to bone and another to skin. They thus differ from most of the other muscles of the skeleton, which are used for motion and locomotion.

There are two great muscular landmarks on the front of the face, about the eyes and about the mouth. We have two muscles encircling the orbits of the

eyes, the orbicular muscles, called the orbicularis palpebrarum of each side. These muscles are attached at the inner end to the superior maxilla or upper jawbone and the frontal or forehead bone, and on the outer end to the external edge of the orbit, where the junction of the frontal and malar bones



LAUGHTER—FRANCIS WILSON.

is. They are sphincters or closing muscles of the eyelids.

A similar orbicular or sphincter muscle surrounds the mouth, the orbicularis oris. It is this muscular mass which constitutes the lips. The orbicular of the mouth differs from the orbicular of the eyelids in that it has no fixed attachments at the ends. The fixed attachments are above and below, at the middle of the muscle. It is attached under the nose and on the chin, so that when its fibres contract it is drawn toward these lines. When we contract this muscle the lips are puckered, as in whistling. These two sets of muscles are the two great muscular landmarks of the face.

A large muscle comes down from the top and back of the head, having its posterior attachment at the back of the skull and its anterior attachment to the skin of the forehead, the occipito frontalis muscle. In our present study we deal only with the frontal portion.

An important element in expression is a little muscle which, having its attachment at the root of the nose, runs over to be attached to the skin under the eyebrow.



BENEVOLENCE—JOHN GILBERT.



This is the corrugator supercilii, or wrinkler of the eyebrow. It pulls the head of the eyebrow downward and inward, so as to make a sort of angle in the eyebrow at its inner portion. It is the frowning muscle, but may also be called the muscle of pain.

Then, arising from the malar or cheek bone, and going over to be inserted in the mouth, at

the angle of the lips, is the greater zygomatic muscle, the zygomaticus major, which draws the angle of the mouth upward and outward. It is the laughing muscle. The lesser zygomatic muscle is inserted into the outer part of the upper lip, draws it upward, backward and

outward, and gives an expression of sadness.

Next, a muscle coming down from just below the orbit to be inserted into the upper lip, the elevator of the upper lip, is observed. You must notice also a muscle arising from the nasal process of the upper jawbone and running down to be inserted into the upper lip and the wing of the nose. It is the elevator of the upper lip and wing of the nose.

Another small muscle which goes down from the canine fossa below the eye to be inserted at about the same point as the greater zygomatic, is the elevator of the angle of the mouth.

Then below we have the depressor of the angle of the mouth, the depressor of the lower lip and the elevator of the lower lip, all arising from the lower jaw not far from the chin. The orbicularis oris shuts the mouth firmly against the teeth when the inner fibres act—the so-called biting of the lips seen in anger or menace—but if the outer fibres act

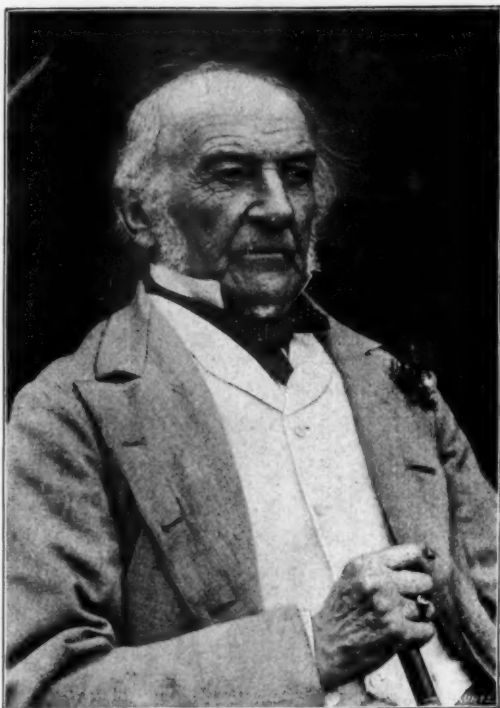
it pouts the lips out as in whistling. This is seen in the whistling of a man surprised at un-

expected intelligence.

When the muscle is relaxed the lips turn out in a flaccid condition, where, for example, the face is expressionless. One sees it well marked in the types of insanity.

It must be remembered that the muscles, as a rule, are in pairs, one of the pair on the right side of the face and one on the left. The orbicular of the mouth is single, but it is truly made of two lateral halves, as is the occipito frontal and the pyramidal of the nose.

I have given very crudely the anatomical appearance of the face when dissected.



GRAVENESS—MR. GLADSTONE.

Let us now take up the action of these various muscles.

If the frontal muscle acts, what does it do? It raises the eyebrows and makes transverse wrinkles in the skin of the forehead. This may be called the muscle of attention. When your eyes are wide open and you are listening attentively this muscle is acting. When this muscle acts excessively, the appearance of astonishment is produced.

Take now the corrugator supercilii, which draws the eyebrows inward and downward at their nasal ends, making thus vertical wrinkles between the two eyebrows. This gives an angularity to the inner part of the eyebrow, and expresses by a frowning cast of countenance mental and physical suffering. This is well shown in the photograph of Ellen

Terry, in which one sees the angles made in the brows and at the same time some indications of the vertical wrinkles between the two eyebrows. We have also the dropping of the corners of the mouth, indicating sorrow, which is due to other muscles acting in the lower portion of the face. There is also some rolling upward of the eyeballs, adding to the pathetic expression. I might say here that the pathetic nerve was so called because it was formerly supposed to produce this position of the eyes; but more exact physiological anatomy has long since shown the fallacy of this supposition. The eye is not rolled up by the muscle supplied by the pathetic nerve, but by the superior straight muscle of the eyeball.

The greater zygomatic muscle, which arises from the cheekbone and is inserted into the outer part of the mouth, tends to draw the angle of the mouth upwards and outwards and gives the expression of laughter or joy and causes wrinkles under the eyes. It is the muscle of laughter. The risorius, often improperly called the muscle of laughter, is a little muscular band which comes across the cheek from the fascia over the masseter muscle and is inserted into the angle of the mouth. It draws the corners of the mouth backward and is the muscle of grinning or smiling. The supposed twinkling aspect of the eyes is due not to any marked change in the eye itself, but to this pushing up of the muscular mass of the cheek. This action is well shown in these photographs.

In this connection it is important to study the naso-labial line, so marked in some faces and not so marked in others. It is well shown in its normal course and site in the photograph of Gladstone.



SORROW—ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.



PAIN—MISS EAMES AS MARGUERITE.

tracts it draws down the corners of the mouth, as in sorrow, it causes obstruction of the flow of blood in the veins of the neck and these vessels become distended. By the wrinkles in the neck and the distension or swelling of the throat it gives to the expression present in the individual an element of intensity.

The action of the depressor of the lower lip is that of irony or scorn, which is produced by its drawing the lip downward and thrusting it a little outward. The expression is that of scorn, but, at the same time, the woman has her eyes wide open and suggests the idea that some one has done something of which she does not approve. Contempt is shown by the depression of the lower lip and attention by the concentration of the eyebrows. Actors appreciate the im-

In laughter the naso-labial line is a double curve like an old italic "s." In pain, the line is straight. In grief, it is convex outwards, and in contempt we have it drawn in the lower end and extended around the angle of the mouth.

The elevator of the angle of the mouth acts with the zygomatic in expressing the condition of joy. The elevator of the upper lip, and the elevator of the upper lip and wing of the nose act together and raise the middle portion of the mouth, giving the curve of grief to the naso-labial line and producing an expression of sadness. The corners of the mouth are apt at the same time to be a little drawn down by the depressors of the corners of the mouth and the platysma, which indicates sorrow. This is seen in this same picture of Miss Terry. The expression called "turning up the nose," indicative of contempt or disgust, is effected by upper lip and is exhibited

Another muscle not yet mentioned is the platysma myoides, which arises from the shoulder and is inserted into the jaw and the angle of the mouth.

When this muscle con-



REFLECTION—JOHN McCULLOUGH AS OTHELLO.



SCORN, ATTENTION—CHARLOTTE WOLTER AS QUEEN ELIZABETH.

portance of these lines and often exaggerate them by painting. The elevator of the lower lip wrinkles the skin of the chin and thrusts the lip forward, at the same time raising it. It expresses doubt or disdain. The tremulous action of this muscle is very noticeable in children about to cry. The depressors of the angle of the mouth pull down the corners of the mouth and indicate sadness. It causes the expression popularly known as "down in the mouth." It is often aided by the platysma in this function, while the elevation of the upper lip by its special elevator may make the downward drooping of the corners of the mouth seem more marked. Grief is expressed by these factors in varying ratios.

The orbicularis palpebrarum muscle is composed of two portions, a thin and a thick portion. The former lies along the border of the lids near the lashes and is employed principally in involuntary wink-

ing. The rest of the muscles encircle the rest of the lids and the orbital margin. The whole muscle is brought into play when the eye is shut tightly as in coughing, vomiting or straining. Under these circumstances it makes pressure on the eyeball, preventing venous congestion forcing the globe forward. When the upper portion of the muscle draws the eyebrow down, antagonizing the frontal, which tends to elevate it, the expression of meditation or reflection is given to the countenance.

There are a few fibres of the orbicularis which draw the lower eyelid downward, giving the appearance of benevolence, frankness or honesty. I do not refer to the well-marked lines caused by the muscle of laughter, the greater zygomatic, pushing up the cheeks so as to make lines under the outer part of the eye, but to a couple of small lines directly under the eye, due to the lower lid being depressed by the orbicular of the lids. It is shown in this photograph of John Gilbert. When the orbicular muscle pulls down the brow

by its upper fibres he has a meditative or reflective mien.

There is one small muscle remaining which is called the pyramidal of the nose. It arises from the bone of the nose and runs upward. It draws down the inner end of the eyebrow and gives the expression of menace.

We have also the triangularis nasi, which stretches across the bridge of the nose. It wrinkles the skin on the side of the nose longitudinally and is said to be the muscle which indicates lewdness. In natural or true emotions the muscles about the mouth and those about the eyes act involuntarily together, giving expression to the face. It is possible, however, to bring into action by a direct exertion of the will muscles ordinarily not associated, whereby a grimace is produced.

To recapitulate, I may group the actions of the more prominent muscles. The

muscles which belong to the upper portion are the frontal, the corrugator of the eyebrow, the orbicular of the eyelids and the pyramidal of the nose. The frontal muscle shows attention by drawing up the eyebrow and opening the eyes wide. The orbicular of the eyelids shows meditation by drawing down the brow and partially closing the eye. The corrugator of the eyebrow does not show scorn, as is stated by many books, but is the muscle of pain. The pyramidal of the nose draws down the skin in the centre of the forehead and is the muscle of threatening or menace.

In the middle section of the face we have the zygomatic major, the muscle of laughter, assisted by the elevator of the angle of the mouth; the elevator of the upper lip, a muscle of sadness; and the elevator of the upper lip and the wing of the nose, a muscle of disgust when used alone, of sadness when assisting the elevator of the upper lip and the zygomatic minor. The zygomatic minor lies between the zygomatic major and the elevator of the upper lip. This is to me an interesting point, since this muscle lies between the muscle of laughter and the muscle of sorrow. We know how close sorrow and laughter are, for we see a child laughing one minute and crying the next. In fact, we may see the child's lip tremble by the action of the elevator of the lower lip and not know whether it is going to cry or laugh, but by a word we may convert what was going to be a cry into a laugh. The lesser zygomatic muscle lies between two muscles, the greater zygomatic and the elevator

of the upper lip, which give expression to these two opposite feelings, which are, however, so closely related. Authors differ as to whether the lesser zygomatic is a muscle of sorrow or laughter; that is, whether it assists one or the other of these muscles. The muscle is so small that it is difficult to isolate it with the electrical current, hence the uncertainty as to its expressional value. It shows, however, that we are unable to separate anatomically mirth from sadness just as the emotions are at times inseparable in facial expression.



SMILING—FLORENCE SAINT JOHN.



Now, if we go over these muscles we can see what emotions may anatomically occur together and what emotions cannot. It is impossible for a person to give attention to external objects and be in a state of meditation at the same time. It is a mental contradiction; nor can the frontal muscle pull the eyebrow up at the same time that the orbicularis palpebrarum pulls it down. It is also a contradiction and impossible. Here, then, the physical impossibility corresponds with the psychological impossibility.

Again, the muscles which draw the angle of the mouth upwards and outwards in uproarious laughter cannot act at the same time with those which pull the corners of



LAUGHTER—J. T. POWERS.



SMILING—TERESINA TUA.

the mouth down in deep grief. Neither can these emotions occur mentally at the same time. We find that many emotions can be brought together clinically, which, on anatomical grounds, we would say at first could not take place. Close study, however, shows the complete coincidence of physical structure and possibility with psychic laws. It is a curiously interesting study of the laws of mind and matter.

It is not properly appreciated how much the mouth has to do with expression. The eyes, which are supposed to be so important a factor in expressing emotion, have very little of such effect, except by the rotation of the balls and the position of their lids and brows. They rotate upwards and we have pathos. They move sidewise and we intensify some expressions, as in scorn or jealousy. Yet it is astonishing what a small share in facial expression the eyes possess. Cover up the face of a person, leaving only the eyes exposed, and being careful that none of the lines about the lids are shown, and it is practically impossible to tell whether the person be in the depths of grief,

be laughing or crying, or in any other emotional state. It is worthy of remark, this fact, in that in poetry and in prose we often read of the longing depicted in the eyes or their infinite sadness, whereas in reality it is the arrangement of the muscles which gather the different wrinkles about the eyes, and even these do not have the powers of expression of the muscles in the lower part of the face. It is the mouth, however, which has the most expressional value. If the corners of the

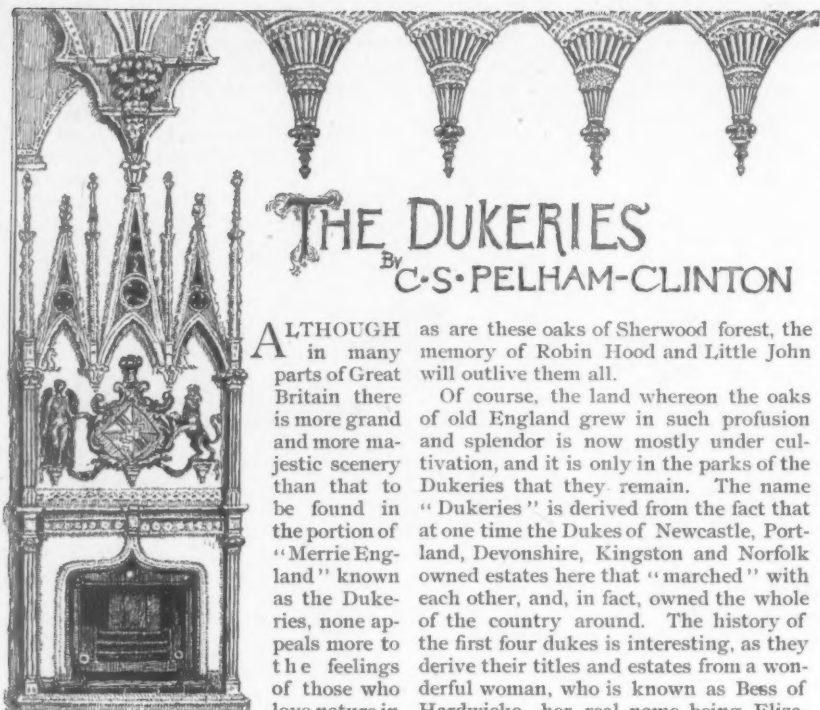
mouth are drawn upward we have an expression of laughter; if downward an expression of grief. If we give to the lines indicating the eyes a little cant upward and outward in the first instance, and downward and outward in the second, the expression of laughter and grief are exaggerated. The opening of the eyes cannot, of course, be altered in this way, but they appear to be made oblique by displacement through muscles of the tissues of the cheek.



## THE BRIDAL DRESS.

BY ISABEL GORDEN.

OH! the rustle to it and the glisten to it!  
 Pray thee, listen to it.  
 It is white and bright, with a shimmer of light,  
 Like the moon on the snow on a winter's night.  
 'Tis from Worth, they say.  
 Who is he, I pray?  
 There are pearls sewn over it.  
 And the laces which cover it—  
 Was there ever such lace?—like the dainty white trace  
 Of the frost on the pane; of such wonderful grace;  
 Was it ever woven by human hand,  
 Or was it the gift from a fairy's wand?  
 Then the orange blossoms so white and so sweet,  
 Fit to garland my lady from head to feet.  
 Oh! the whiteness of it.  
 Oh! the brightness of it.  
 Yet none too white  
 Or none too bright.  
 My bride is the daintiest maid that I know,  
 The dearest and fairest and sweetest, I trow,  
 Ever told of in song or story,  
 Ever sung of in tales of glory.  
 Come weal or come woe,  
 Nothing fears me, my bride,  
 The world's before me  
 And I've you by my side.



## THE DUKERIES

By C. S. PELHAM-CLINTON

ALTHOUGH in many parts of Great Britain there is more grand and more majestic scenery than that to be found in the portion of "Merrie England" known as the Dukeries, none appeals more to the feelings of those who love nature in her almost primeval loveliness, and at the same time in her softer moods. As Mrs. Hemans says :

" Away from the dwellings of careworn men  
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen ;  
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;  
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strain,  
And youth is abroad in my green domain."

In summer and winter in " the Dukeries " the beauty of the scene is equally great and equally refreshing, and yet there is ample to reward the search of the antiquarian, plenty to interest the savant as well as the admirer of Dame Nature. There are ruined abbeys, long disused churches, and, going back to a still further date, evidences of the early Britons. The historian and those who love to linger over ancient stories of bold adventure and chivalry can find in this part of England plenty to interest them. Robin Hood and his " merrie men " have left their lasting mark here, and, ancient

as are these oaks of Sherwood forest, the memory of Robin Hood and Little John will outlive them all.

Of course, the land whereon the oaks of old England grew in such profusion and splendor is now mostly under cultivation, and it is only in the parks of the Dukeries that they remain. The name " Dukeries " is derived from the fact that at one time the Dukes of Newcastle, Portland, Devonshire, Kingston and Norfolk owned estates here that " marched " with each other, and, in fact, owned the whole of the country around. The history of the first four dukes is interesting, as they derive their titles and estates from a wonderful woman, who is known as Bess of Hardwicke, her real name being Elizabeth, daughter of Squire Hardwicke of Hardwicke, in Derbyshire. In 1534 she



THE APPROACH TO BUCK GATES.



THE GREAT HALL, THORESBY HOUSE.

married Robert Barley of Barley, in Derbyshire, and shortly he died. After twelve years of widowhood she married Sir William Cavendish, whose estates were in Suffolk. These she persuaded him to sell and to buy Chatsworth. The old house was demolished, and she commenced to rebuild a palace. He died before it was completed, leaving three sons and three daughters. Again she married, this time Captain of the Guard Saint Leo, who also died, leaving her all his immense fortune. Then George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, came into her toils, and after insisting on a marriage between the earl's heir and her daughter, Mary Cavendish, and her son Cavendish and the earl's daughter, she married him. He died in 1590, and Bess of Hardwicke survived him seventeen years. From her son William Cavendish come the dukes of Devonshire, as he was made Baron Cavendish, and his great-grandson Duke of Devonshire. This brings the Devonshires into the "Dukeries." A third son of Bess was Charles Cavendish, who purchased the estates of Bolsover and Welbeck. His son was made Viscount Mansfield, and then earl, marquis, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle in 1644. His work on *Horsemanship* is historical, and the manuscripts are still at Welbeck. His son Henry married

the daughter of William Pierrepont of Thoresby, and, dying without male issue, the title became extinct. His eldest daughter married John Holles, Earl of Clare, who was made Duke of Newcastle. He inclosed a part of Sherwood forest and made Clumber. His only child, a daughter, married the Earl of Oxford, and the title was again extinct. The duke left his Clumber property to his sister's son Thomas, Earl of Pelham, who took the name of Holles, and in whom the title of Duke of Newcastle was again revived. This was in 1715. The title fell to his brother and then again became extinct for the fourth time since its creation, being revived each time to the female heir. His sister, Lucy Pelham, had married Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and her son became Earl of Lincoln and also Duke of Newcastle.

The Portland family is descended from the Bentinck who came over from the Netherlands in the time of William of Orange, and was created in 1689 Earl of Portland, and late in 1716 Duke of Portland. He married Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, who was a granddaughter of Bess of Hardwicke by her marriage with Sir William Cavendish. Her father, who was Duke of Newcastle, left her as a dower the estates of Bolsover and Welbeck,

and the ancient abbey of this name became the family seat of the Portlands.

The Duke of Kingston is connected with the Dukeries from the Manvers family. Henry Pierrepont, one of the Manvers family, married the second daughter of Bess of Hardwicke by her marriage with Sir William Cavendish, and the issue of this marriage was created Earl of Kingston. His son Henry died without heirs and was succeeded by a nephew, Robert, who was in turn succeeded by his brothers. One of the latter became Duke of Kingston, but in the next generation the title became extinct, and a grandson on the female side assumed the name of Pierrepont and was created Viscount Newark and Earl of Manvers. The Norfolk family came into the Dukeries by the third daughter of "Bess" having married the seventh Earl of Shrewsbury and being given as a dower Worksop manor. The eighth Earl of Shrewsbury died without male issue, and his daughter married Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and afterwards Duke of Norfolk. In 1840 the Duke of Newcastle purchased Worksop manor for the Norfolks, and it was sold again last year.

This may be uninteresting reading, but it is necessary to explain how five dukes came to have property in a small corner

of England, and how the name of the "Dukeries" arose.

In describing the objects of interest to be met with in a district so rich in historical associations as is the Dukeries, I might fill a volume of no mean dimensions. Seeing, however, that such a space is not at my disposal, I find it necessary to condense my description to such an extent, as, while not being meagre or shorn of any material facts, must be neither prolix nor at all padded.

Commencing in the northwest of the county—Nottinghamshire—I will take as a centre the town of Worksop. By the way, had there been an "h" after the "s" in the name of the town it would have strangely belied its character, for there is not a single factory in the place. The history of the town can easily be traced back to feudal times, and indeed it has been said, though with what truth I do not know, that a settlement was established there in Saxon times. Those interested in matters ecclesiastical will at once make for Worksop priory, where the two patron saints, Saint Cuthbert and Saint Mary, have gained a reputable renown by bestowing their names, the first upon that part of the sacred edifice relegated to the common people, and the second upon the holy of holies, or that preserved for the



"MAJOR" OAK, SHERWOOD FOREST.

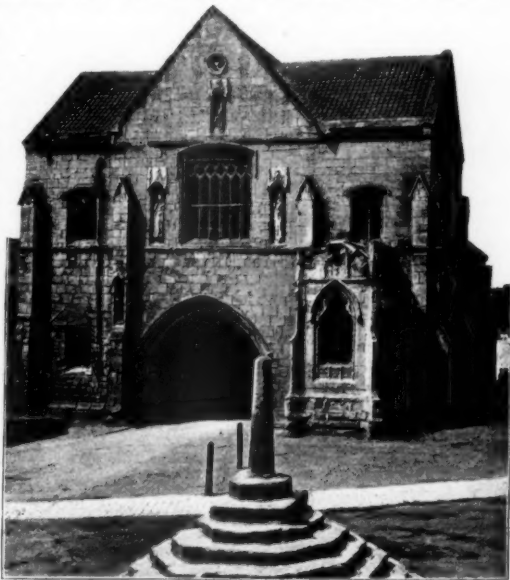




WELBECK ABBEY, WEST FRONT.

canons. The priory flourished for nearly 1000 years, being there before the town; and then came that tide in its affairs—which came also in the affairs of most monasteries in England—when our polygamous King Hal wanted some pocket money, and thought he might as well kill two birds with one stone, and spite the Pope by taking the endowments of the monasteries and fill his pockets into the bargain. Without entering upon the merits of his action, let it be said that by reason of it all that now remains of the once monastic and venerable pile is a parish church and a triangular, roofless ruin. It goes without saying that the landed dukes of the district have not neglected the fabric, the Duke of Newcastle being the generous donor of a splendid reredos. Of the cloisters and gatehouse of the priory, I may say that the former will naturally lead one to think of the “chantings” of the pious men who nightly passed through them; and that the latter, which is a fine specimen of old-world architectural beauty, now simply forms an archway over the public road. Before leaving the priory for the manor take a glance at this old conical pillar in front of the

gateway. There are some steps which go all round it, and a shaft. That is all. In the time of the commonwealth the banns of marriage were proclaimed from these steps; for then, mark you, the shaft was surmounted by a cross. Probably, too (although this is not, as was the last statement, vouched for by the parish registers), proclamations and market meetings were made and held around this cross.



GATEHOUSE, WORKSOP.



CLUMBER HOUSE.

Leaving the priory, first of all pausing at a well whose water has effected, it is said, some wonderful cures, we make for the seat of the great man of the district, the house which everybody in the county knows—Worksop manor. Had you seen this 130 years ago, you had seen one of the largest houses in the kingdom. There are not many houses which can boast hundreds of rooms, and yet this restored mansion—now inhabited by one of the “great unpaid”—contained before 1761, when

it was burned down, no fewer than 500 rooms. I am almost inclined to suggest that Robin and his merry men might have so worked it with the then owner that they could have even occupied the fifty “spare” rooms which the castle, no doubt, then contained.

Of course, our old friend Bess of Hardwicke had a hand in building this princely abode. Her fourth husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, commenced, and she completed, the building of it. Its architecture



BYRON'S BEDROOM, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

and its park, let alone its recollections, will well repay a visit. But let us away to Clumber, which was given by William the Norman to one of his nobles named De Busli, who also got Worksop as part of his “fee.”

Clumber is just the sort of place one would like after some years of hard town life: for here one may wander through the park of 4000 acres and listen to nothing but the sounds of nature—birds singing in the trees, in-

sects humming on the wing, animals scampering through the undergrowth and fish sporting in the immense lake. Clumber house was built in 1770 by the Duke of Newcastle, but here as well as at Worksop manor fire has made sad havoc. In 1879 a fire broke out which might, but for the prompt action of the servants, have destroyed the whole building. As it was several valuable pictures and other "articles de luxe"—for the Dukes of Newcastle have always been great virtu connoisseurs—were destroyed. Since then a beautiful private chapel has been built, adjoining the lake. Passing through Thoresby—containing a noble house, a natural park and a high-minded owner—and Budby—a quiet little out-of-the-way village where the vernal delights of country life may be fully appreciated—we arrive at that part of Sherwood forest known as Birkland and Bilhagh. The government long ago gave these lands to the Duke of Portland in exchange for his property at Saint Marylebone. His Grace kept Birkland, but exchanged Bilhagh to Earl Manvers for some estates in the vicinity of Welbeck abbey. In Birkland and Bilhagh it was that King John hunted red deer, that Robin Hood and Little John played their little game of outlawry, to "benefit the poor and oppressed." This part of the

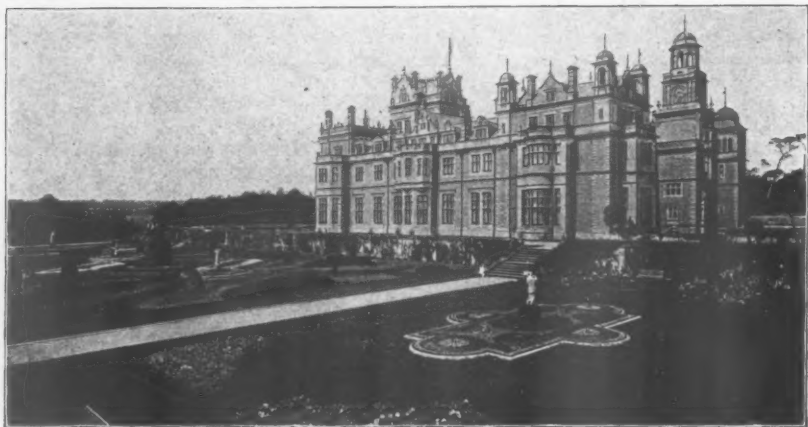
forest doubtless afforded them plenty of shelter, if we may judge from the size of the oaks, which are so prolific in both timber and foliage. Take as a specimen the famous "Major" oak, whose trunk will accommodate a dozen persons of ordinary size without inconvenience. Years of storm and sunshine have not made much havoc with this monarch of the forest. In another tree, just near the pretty village of Edwinstowe, we find several hooks, and it is said that here Robin used to hang his prime joints of venison. It is locally known as "Robin Hood's larder."

Having surveyed this and similar monarchs of the forest, the road leads through the village of Ollerton and what is left of Rufford abbey. When we remember that Ulf the Saxon held the Manor of Rugforde and that three or four generations after an Earl of Lincoln founded the abbey, we can easily understand why the sportive King John loved to come round this quarter for hunting purposes. For while the abbey did not grow, the oaks did, and thus, it came about that a place of worship became one of the most secluded spots for hunters.

About two miles from Edwinstowe is the hamlet of Clipstone, where it is said King John owned a famous hunting rendezvous and where the Lion King, Richard, when



THE LIBRARY, CLUMBER HOUSE.



THORESBY HOUSE.

met by Robin Hood, invited that worthy to his court. The manors of Clipstone have successively belonged to the earls of Richmond, Pembroke, Surrey and Warwick. The Talbots got the estate from James I., but it is now owned by the Duke of Portland.

Having by this time arrived at the southern extremity of the Dukeries, I must turn northward and steer direct for Worksop. Before getting there, however, there are one or two more places of interest. First and foremost is Welbeck abbey and park. Directly after entering the park is the famous "Greendale" oak, the Methuselah of trees. A coach and four can easily be driven through a hole in the trunk. The tree is estimated to be 1500 years old.

Sweyn, King of Denmark, has the honor of being the first to have his name associated with the monastic establishment at Welbeck. But it was preserved for the Cuckneys, who held the land as a crown fief under the Normans, to found the abbey itself and to allow the Leicestershire monks to inhabit it. Of course

all that now remains is merely a sign and relic of what has been. Although all these old places abound in many and varied relics of days gone by, none boasts a more valuable collection than his Grace's of Welbeck; among other rarities being Queen Mary II.'s coronation ring, Queen Henrietta Maria's carved rosary of cherry and plum stones, the dagger of bluff King Hal and the earring worn by Charles I. when he was executed.

Leaving Welbeck and lingering for a moment on Cresswell crags, five miles southwest from the starting point, you leave Worksop on your left, cross Gateford hill, with its well-timbered park, keep through Auston stone quarries and journey to Roche abbey, and thence through Osberton, Serlby hall, Odsock priory, Bolsover hall—residence of Peveril of the Peak—Hardwicke hall, and last, but not least, the abbey home of Byron at Newstead.

The story of Robin Hood is too well known to need repetition, so all that remains for us to do is to recommend the reader to visit the Dukeries.



## THE COURT JESTERS OF ENGLAND.

BY ESTHER SINGLETON.

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act IV., Sc. I.



HOUGH the professional fool or jester figured in the English court from an early period, it was not until the reign of the Tudors and Stuarts that he became an important character. Then it is that he assumes his liberties, banters flippantly with the king, and plays

with the crown and sceptre as with his own cap and bells and bladder of dried peas.

The terms fool and jester are used interchangeably by the ancient English writers. The court fool described in the old plays was either an idiot and, therefore, "a natural fool," or a witty and "artificial fool," while the jester, whose name was probably derived from the old word *gest*, a romance or story, was jocolator, actor, minstrel and buffoon, as well as fool.

The jester wore a motley or parti-colored coat, belted in by a girdle, and trunk hose elaborately slashed and puffed, or a skirt garnished with bells. His headgear was a hood shaped like a monk's cowl and decorated with asses' ears; a high-pointed cap covered with bells; a coxcomb, fashioned like the crest of a cock; or a round cap in which was wreathed an imposing feather.

"By my troth, the thing that I desire  
most  
Is in my cappe to have a goodly  
feather."

Folly carried an inflated bladder filled with dried peas, a wooden dagger, a rattle, or a puppet on a wand. Occasionally he was in a

long tunic or petticoat made of rich material. Yellow was the fool's true color, and in the prologue to King Henry the Eighth Shakespeare speaks of the "long motley coat guarded with yellow." A purse or wallet was hung from the belt to receive the tips by which a brilliant quip or a timely observation was rewarded.

But although the jester had access to the king at all hours and his privileged tongue could speak things that none other dared approach, poor Motley had his hardships, such as a bed with the hounds and spaniels, frequent whippings, and last but not least, he was forced to entertain the king, to make merry, to string rhymes, and to be ready with his wit whether gay or sad, serious or jolly. Fuller describes the office of jester in his Holy State as "something that none but he that hath wit can perform; and none but he that wants it will perform."



WILL SOMMERS.





WILL SOMMERS'S ARMOR.

The eloquent protests of Sir Philip Sidney and other writers against all fools, and especially those that were introduced upon the stage, caused the playwrights to leave them out of their lists of characters long before their office was abolished.

Shadwell's play of *The Woman Captain* (1680) is supposed to be the last drama in which a fool is introduced. Here he says: "It is out of fashion now for great men to keep fools." And in another old play called *Thorney Abbey* (1662), one of the last in which a fool appears, he thus bemoans the fate of his kind in the prologue: "The poet's a fool who made the tragedy to tell a story of a king and a court and leave a fool out, when in Pacy's, and Sommers's, and Patche's and Archee's times, my venerable predecessors, a fool was alwaies the principal verb."

"We that have good wits have much to answer for," says Touchstone, and indeed the masters of the professional fools were most exacting. And where is there an instance of unfaithful service on the part of a jester? Motley sat at the feet of the king, unmuzzled his wisdom to order, twisted arguments as his master desired, and laughed in his sleeve to think that "fools

may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

The first English jester of whom we have any record is Hitard, who belonged to Edmund Ironside, and who received in 1016 as a gift from this king the town of Walworth, of which he held possession during four succeeding reigns. Before he left England for Rome, where he spent his last days, he surrendered his rights to the town and placed the deed upon the altar of the Cathedral of Canterbury as a gift to the Church.

William the Conqueror possessed several jesters, one of whom, Gallet or Gollet, a native of Bayeux, saved his life from conspirators; and another, Berdic, is mentioned in the Domesday Book as lord of three towns, all rent free.

Among the court jesters of Henry I. was Rahere, who built the Church and Priory of Saint Bartholomew in London as a thank-offering on his recovery from a serious illness; and the next jester known by name is King John's William Piculph or Picol.

Henry III. had in his court a certain Master Henry for a jester, who may have been identical with Henry of Avranches, the poet-laureate or versificator—a term sometimes given to the jocularator, as the jester was called at this period.

In the *Archæologia* there is an entry giving the name of the fool of Edward II.: "To Dulcian Withastaf, mother of Robert, the king's fool, coming to the king at Bad-dock, of the king's gift, 10s."

The principal fool of Edward II. was Robert Withastaf. Edward II. had also several female jesters. One rode into the great hall at Westminster where the king was celebrating the feast of Whitsuntide by a banquet, and made the company laugh by her pranks and jests.

The first court jester who made England merry was the famous Scogan—also written Scogin, and Scoggin—said to have come of a good Suffolk family. Graduating at Oxford, he became a tutor there; but he was expelled because of his irreligious spirit and unscrupulous behavior. Presenting himself before Sir William Neville, he asked for and received the post of household fool. Sir William Neville, vain of his jolly retainer, took him to court and introduced him to Edward IV.,

who was so enthusiastic over his merry-making that Sir William was forced to leave him there, and the king conferred upon him a house in Cheapside and a country mansion in Bury. That Scogan and the Archbishop of Bury were good friends and indulged in high jinks will be seen by the following verse which describes their revels :

"They'd haunch and ham; they'd cheek and chine;  
They'd cream and custard, peach and pine,  
And they gurgled their throats with right good wine,  
Till the Abbot, his nose grew red.  
No De Profundis there they sang,  
But a roystering catch to the rafters rang,  
And the bell for matins, it went ting-tang  
Ere the last of them rolled to bed."

Although Scogan's sayings "of witty mirth and pleasant shifts" were published under the title of Scoggin's Iests, there is nothing in them that appeals to the modern sense of humor. One of his practical jokes against the king, from whom he had borrowed money, gained him great applause. Scogan failed to appear with the sum on the day named for payment and, fearing the king's displeasure, concluded to "play dead." He requested his friends to lead the funeral procession before Edward, who was overwhelmed with regret, and pausing over the bier said he freely forgave Scogan the sum he was owing. The jester sprang to his feet, saying: "The news is so revivifying that it has called me to life."

At length Scogan became so insolent that he was banished and forbidden to stand on English soil; whereupon he went to France and, filling his shoes with the earth of Picardy, re-

turned, establishing his safety by remarking that he was not on English ground.

His last expressed wish was a jest: "Bury me under one of the waterspouts of Westminster abbey, for I have ever loved good drink all the days of my life."

In 1608 a little book was printed in London bearing the delicious title of A Nest of Ninnies, written by Robert Armin, a well-known actor of the Globe theatre, and an original performer in many of Shakespeare's plays. This curious allegory gives many quaint pictures of English customs. The world, a beautiful woman, goes to a philosopher's cell to be





A FOOL OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

entertained, and is received with these words: "Mistresse, I will not say welcome because you come ill to him that would be alone; but since you are come, looke for such entertainment as my folly fits you with, that is, sharp sauce with bitter dyet." He then relates to her the stories of the celebrated fools and jesters of the period—a nest of ninnies. Much space is devoted to the favorite jester of Henry VIII., Will Sommers, who is thus introduced: "The world casts her eyes aside and sees a comely foole indeed passing, more stately, and who was this? forsooth Will Sommers, one not meanly esteemed by the king for his merriment; his melody was of higher straine and he looked like the noone broade walking. His description was writ in his forehead, and ye might read it thus:

Will Sommers, born in Shropshire, as some say,  
Was brought to Greenwich on a holy day—

Presented to the king; which foole  
disdain'd  
To shake him by the hand, or was  
asham'd.  
Hower'e it was, as ancient people say,  
With much adoe was wonne to it that  
day.  
Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all re-  
port,  
And stoop he did, too; yet in all the  
court  
Few men were more belov'd than was  
this foole,  
Whose merry prate kept with the  
king much rule,  
When he was sad, the king and he  
would rime;  
Thus Will exiled sadness many a  
time."

Will Sommers belonged to the class of "artificial foolcs," and his ordinary appearance may be imagined from the wardrobe account of Henry VIII. in the *Archæologia*: "For making a dublette of wursteede lyned with canvas and cotton for William Som'ar oure foole. Item, for making of a coote and cappe for oure saide foole. Item, for making of a dublette of fustian lyned with cotton and canvas for oure same foole. Item, for making of a coote of green clothe with a hooode to the same, fringed with white crule, lyned with fryse and bokerham for oure foole aforesaid."

"The world was in love with this merry foole," says Armin, and "longed to heare his friscoes moralized and his gambols set down." And among the friscoes which Armin relates is an account of how he filched ten pounds from the pocket of Cardinal Wolsey: "Of a time appointed the king dined at Windsor, in the chappel yard at Cardinal Wolsey's, at the same time when he was building that admirable work of his tombe: at whose gate stode a number of poore people to be served with alms when dinner was done within; and, as Will passed by, they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes, and finding the king at dinner and the cardinall by attending, to disgrace him that he never loued, 'Harry,' sayes hee, 'lend me ten pound.' 'What to doe?' saies the king. 'To pay three or four of the cardinall's creditors,' quoth hee, 'to-whom my word is past, and they are come now for the

money.' 'That thou shalt, Will,' quoth hee. 'Creditors of mine?' saies the cardinall. 'Ile give your grace my head if any man can justly ask me for a penny.' 'No,' saies Will. 'Lend me ten pound; if I pay it not where thou owest it, Ile give the twenty for it.' 'Doe so,' saies the king. 'That I will, my liege,' saies the cardinall, 'though I owe none.' With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate, distributes it to the poore, and brought the empty bag. 'There is thy bag again,' saies hee, 'thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger.' 'Who received?' saies the king; 'the brewer or the baker?' 'Neyther (Harry),' saies Will Sommers. 'But, cardinall, answere me in one thing: to whom dost thou owe thy soule?' 'To God,' quoth hee. 'To whom thy wealth?' 'To the poore,' sayes hee. 'Take thy forfeit (Harry),' sayes the foole: 'Open confession, open penance—his head is thine, for to the poore at the gate I paid his debt, which he yields is due: or if thy stony heart will not yield it so save thy head by denying thy word, and lend it mee: thou knowest I am poore, and have neyther wealth nor wit, and what thou lendest to the poore, God will pay thee tenfold: he is my surety, arrest him, for by my troth hang me when I pay thee.' The king laught at the jest, and so did the cardinall for a shew, but it grieved him to jest away ten pound so."

No matter what outrageous and daring bolts Will might level at the court, bluff King Harry would smile, or laugh heartily as he cried "Out on it;" "Well, William, your tongue is privileged;" or "I promise thee, Will, thou hast a pretty foolish wit." And Will might go "without garters, without a girdle, without a hatband, without points to his hose, and without a knife to his dinner," but he never lost the friendship of the king. Henry VIII. could see his wives beheaded, but he could not spare Will Sommers, who remained with him until the last.

There are several stories of Will Sommers's generous conduct, which endeared him to the people. One regards his former master, Richard Farmor, of Northamptonshire, who was found guilty of a præmunire for sending eighteenpence and some shirts to a priest convicted of denying the king's supremacy. For this offence the

rapacious monarch seized all of his goods and reduced him to misery. Touched with pity, Will Sommers dropped some expressions in the king's last illness which caused the remains of the estate to be restored to its owner.

The last trace of Will Sommers is found during the reign of Edward VI., in the *Archæologia*, where among the household expenses the sum of twelvecence is entered "for painting Will Somer's garments." He probably died not long before Armin wrote the *Nest of Ninnies*, for the old author seems so confident that his audience will remember the jester.

"Now, Master Heywood," said Queen Mary one day to her jester, "what wind blew you to court?"

"Two, specially," he answered; "the one to see your majestie——"

"We thank you for that," said the queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?"

"That your majestie might see me," was the reply.

John Heywood's familiarity with this



ARCHIE ARMSTRONG. From an old engraving.

austere queen was not only owing to the license of his office, but partly because of his long service. Introduced to court by Sir Thomas More, his ready wit made him a favorite with Henry VIII., by whom he was beloved and rewarded.

Heywood was a court jester and not a court fool, his duties being merely to manufacture jests and to sparkle with wit.

John Heywood, sometimes called "the Epigrammatist," was born about 1500, at North Mims, near Saint Albans. He was educated at Oxford, and became an author. His writings brought him into the notice of Sir Thomas More, who appreciated his skill in music, and his inexhaustible supply of ready wit.

Heywood had been manager of a troop of juvenile actors that played to amuse the Princess Mary when a child, and long before her ascent to the throne he had described her in a poem written in 1534, when she was eighteen years of age.

He frequently wrote songs to amuse her, sometimes making himself the subject, and he composed a ballad on the occasion of her marriage with Philip.

When the coronation procession passed through the streets of London, as Queen Mary, clad in violet velvet and mounted on her small white palfrey with golden trappings, approached the palace, Heywood rose and delivered an oration. From that day until her death he was her constant attendant, being frequently admitted to her privy chamber to exercise his art of entertainment and pleasantry.

"His merriments were so irresistible," says Wharton, "that they moved even the rigid muscles of Queen Mary, and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes and his jests."

Even in her last illness he was frequently summoned to recite, to read his plays and to cheer her with music. Among his recorded witticisms is the epigram that he pronounced on hearing that a certain master of arts had assumed the cap and bells: "There is no great harm in that. He is merely a wise man in a fool's coat; the evil is when the fool puts over his motley the wise man's coat."

"How do you like my beer?" asked one of whom Heywood was the guest. "Is it not well hopped?"

"So well," answered Heywood, "that



ARCHIE ARMSTRONG. From a drawing by Cecill.

had it hopped a little farther it would have hopped into water."

After the death of Queen Mary Heywood exiled himself in Mechlin. He died in 1565, and it is said that he spent his last hours jesting with death.

Heywood's longest single composition is *The Spider and the Flie* (London, 1556). This contains ninety-eight chapters in octave stanzas. The author, himself a Romanist, vindicates the cause of the Church and the reign of Queen Mary, whom he characterizes as a maid with her broom (the civil sword), executing the commands of her master (Christ) and mistress (the Church). The flies are supposed to typify the Catholics and the spiders the Protestants. The most exciting portion is the spiders' preparation for battle in their cobweb castle, where there are "battlements in every loope." Heywood has been called the first writer of English comedies, but his plays, all written before 1534, are little more than a connecting



link between the old moralities and the drama.

Elizabeth had several jesters: Pace, "the bitter fool;" Clod, who called himself her "lump of clay;" Chester, immortalized as Carlo Buffone in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*; and the celebrated jester, Richard Tarleton, who was also a comic actor of great renown. The date of his birth is unknown, but he was a native of Shropshire. While keeping his father's swine, an officer of the Earl of Leicester's household, passing by the pasture, talked to the lad and, pleased with his "happy unhappy answers," took the "merry lout, nothing loth," with him; and from Leicester's service he passed into court. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, says: "Tarleton was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen, and out of good humor, he could undumpish her at his pleasure. Her highest favorites would in some cases go to Tarleton before they would go to the queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access to her. In a word, he told the queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains and cured her melancholy better than all of her physicians."

Tarleton was usually present when the queen dined, wearing his fool's apparel, and she frequently took him with her when she dined abroad, so that she might be sure of a supply of wit.

Tarleton was appointed one of the queen's players in 1583, and held this post in addition to that of jester until his death in 1588. He was a great favorite as an actor, and is classed by Sir Richard Baker with Richard Burbage and Edward Allen. Much of his merriment lay in his looks and actions, and "the self-same words spoken by another would hardly move a merry man to smile; but which, uttered by him, would force a sad soul to laughter."

When he appeared on the stage with his

peculiar squint and comical manner, the people shouted with delight; and they cheered and screamed at his improvised speeches, extempore jokes and witticisms directed to the audience and his facetious allusions to current events.

Tarleton was also celebrated for his jigs, ludicrous metrical compositions in rhyme, which were sung and danced by him as he accompanied himself with the pipe and tabor. The tunes to several of these are preserved in Dowland's musical collections. One, written before 1588, entitled Tarlton's Jigge of a Horse-load of Fooles,



THOMAS KILLIGREW.

probably drove the audience into fits of laughter when it was sung by Tarleton for the first time at the Curtain theatre, Shoreditch. It is a humorous and satirical attack upon the corporation of London. Tarleton introduced himself in the first verses, and in the following stanzas he presents the audience with puritan fools of state, Doctor Duncce, lawyer fools, Sir John fools, and fools of the court—"a large and loving familie,"—until at last he cries: "A foole's bolt is soone shott," bids the audience farewell, calls out, "Hey-rey horse with my familie," and is gone in a twink.

When on the stage Tarleton entertained the audience with whatever of buffoonery

occurred to him, and he broke lances of raillery and sarcasm with the people in the pit. Shakespeare levelled his bow of satire directly at Tarleton and his imitators in Hamlet's advice to the players at Elsinore: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

The rattling off of rhymes and hilarious extempore fun-making on the stage received the name of "Tarletonizing," a proof of Tarleton's talent and popularity.

The authors of the period allude to him, his likeness was seen in private houses, in

alehouses, in inns and on tavern signs, and gamecocks were named for him. In his edition of Ben Jonson's works, Gifford says that "Tarleton was perhaps the most popular comic performer that ever trod the stage, and his memory was cherished with fond delight to the period of the revolution."

A portrait of Tarleton, supposed to have been executed by John Scottowe, in the reign of Elizabeth, is in the Harleian MS., accompanied by these verses:

"The picture here set down  
Within this letter T : \*  
Aright doth shew the forme and shape  
Of Tarlton unto the.

When hee in pleassunt wise  
The counterfet expreste  
Of clowne with cote of russet hew  
And sturtups with the reste.

Whoe merry many made  
When he appeared in sight;  
The grave and wise, as well as rude,  
At him did take delight.

The partie now is gone,  
And closlie clad in claye;  
Of all the jesters in the laude  
He bare the praise awaie.

Now hath he plaid his parte,  
And sure he is of this,  
If he in Christe did die, to live  
With Him in lasting blisse."

Tarleton is supposed to have fallen a victim to the plague, for he died at his house in Halliwell street, Shoreditch, on September 3, 1588, and was buried on the same day.

His death was a public sorrow, and many elegiacs were composed upon him. Among these is one from "Wits' Bedlam" (1617):

"Here within this sullen earth  
Lies Dick Tarlton, lord of mirth;  
Who in his grave, still laughing,  
gapes,  
Syth all clownes since have been  
his apes.  
Earst he of clownes to learne still  
sought,  
But now they learn of him they  
taught;  
By art far past the principall,  
The counterfet is so worth all."



JEFFREY HUDSON.

\* See the initial letter of this article.

Tarleton was the author of ballads and tracts, and arranged the play of *The Seven Deadly Sins*. A great number of books were published relating to him, and his witticisms are recorded in a book entitled *Tarleton's Jests*.

In the court of James I. were three fools of note: Tom Derry, whose name was given to a gallery in Somerset house; Stone, mentioned in Selden's *Table Talk*; and the celebrated Archibald Armstrong, a native of Arthuret, Cumberland. From an early age Archie Armstrong was attached to the king's household, and was a buffoon as well as jester, often appearing in court with a gay set of fiddlers of whom Sir George Goring was master.

Archie was often ill-treated by the young prince and his friends, one of their favorite pranks being to toss the poor jester in a blanket. But he accompanied Prince Charlie on his expedition to Spain in 1623, and was in great favor at the court.

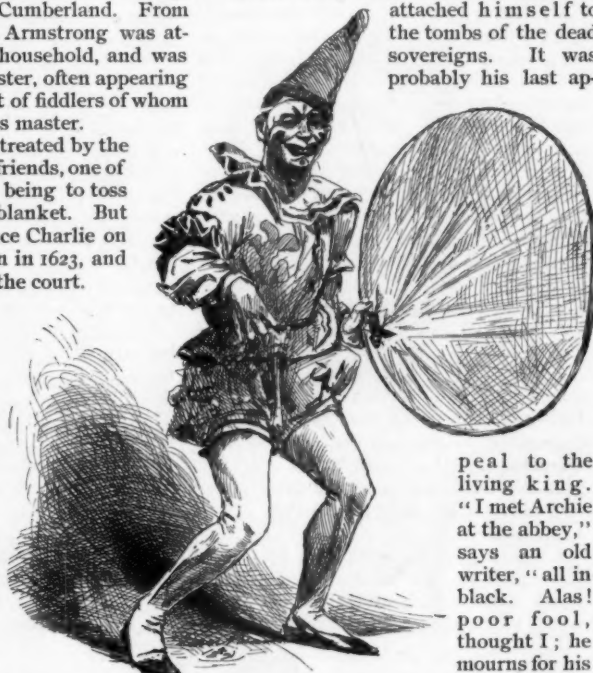
After the death of his king Archie remained at court to serve Charles I., who provided for him with great generosity. He held the post of jester until 1637, when he was deposed, owing to his irreverent jokes on the religious dissensions of the period and his discourtesy to the prelates. His gravest offence was in poking fun at Archbishop Laud. One day, when his eminence and several noblemen were dining with the king, Archie begged the privilege of saying grace. This granted, he folded his hands and pronounced these words in solemn tones: "Great praise be given to God and little Laud to the devil," which made the archbishop wild with rage.

Another time, when meeting the archbishop on his way to the council, and quite aware that he was the cause of the religious trouble, Archie planted himself in front of the prelate and asked: "Wha's fool noo? Doth not your grace

hear the news from Striveling about the liturgy?"

The jester was taken at once before the star chamber, where the king sat in council, and though he pleaded his cause with wit, all was in vain; he was discharged from the king's service and banished from the court. Exasperated and chagrined, he exclaimed: "If neither fool nor wise man may escape the council, I will be neither."

Archie now procured a suit of sables and attached himself to the tombs of the dead sovereigns. It was probably his last ap-



A NINETEENTH-CENTURY FOOL.

peal to the living king. "I met Archie at the abbey," says an old writer, "all in black. Alas! poor fool, thought I; he mourns for his country! I asked him

about his fool's coat, 'Oh,' quoth he, 'my lord of Canterbury hath taken it for me, because either he or some of the Scots bishops may have use of it themselves. But he hath given me a black coat for it; and now I may speak what I please, so it be not against the prelates, for this coat hath a greater privilege than the other had.'"

Archie amassed considerable wealth while he held the office of royal fool, and purchased land in his native place, where he spent the rest of his life. He died in 1646, and, strange to say, was buried on April 1—"All Fools' Day."

In order to make a large sale for the fifth edition of a little book entitled *A Banquet of Jeasts* (1636), Archie's name was prefixed, and under it these lines were printed :

"Archee, by kings and princes grac'd of late,  
Jested himself into a fair estate;  
And in this book doth to his friends commend  
His jeeres, taunts, tales, which no man can of-  
fend."

All that is known of Archie's successor, Muckle John, are the following entries in the account books, which give some idea of his costumes : "A long coat and suit of scarlet-colour serge, for Muckle John, £10 10s. 6d. One pair of crimson silk hose and one pair of garters and roses for Muckle John, 61s. For a pair of silk and silver garters and roses and gloves suitable for Muckle John, 110s. For a hat covered with scarlet, and a band suitable, and for two rich feathers, one red, the other white, for Muckle John, 50s. Stag's-leather gloves, fringed with gold and silver. A hatband for Muckle John. One pair of perfumed gloves, lined with sables, 5s."

Another character that should be mentioned here is Henrietta Maria's dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, who, though not a jester, frequently entertained the court by his merriment. His first advent at court was peculiar, for he was presented to the queen in a pie at a banquet, as the gift of a courtier.

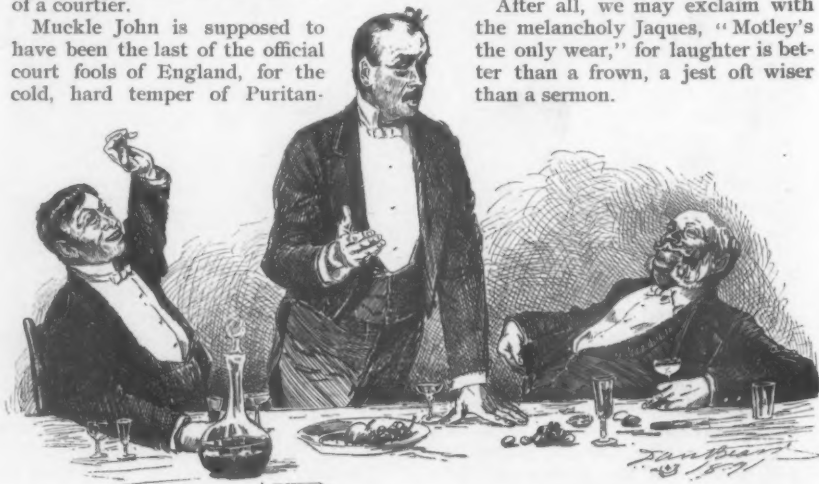
Muckle John is supposed to have been the last of the official court fools of England, for the cold, hard temper of Puritan-

ism drove merry-hearted Folly from the court. Some authorities claim that Charles II. brought back the official jester in the person of Thomas Killigrew, Master of the Revels, Groom of the Bedchamber and the privileged companion of the king. But the chain had been broken, and the jester was not the same as of old. An instance of Killigrew's familiar banter with Charles II. is told in the following story : Once he stood before the king in cockled hat and shoon. "Whither away?" asks Charles. "I'm going," replies the jester, "to hell, to ask the devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take charge of the affairs of England; for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business."

Pepys calls him "a merry droll and gentleman of great esteem with the king," but another writer says that his wit was "poor and frothy discourse." However, he managed the masks and revels at court, introduced the Italian opera into England and gave many practical hints in times of national perplexity.

The days of fools and jesters are over, but are there not a few witty fools and foolish wits remaining among us? Are there not some bright spirits left who, like Touchstone, can give the "retort courteous," the "quip modest," the "reply churlish," the "reproof valiant," the "countercheck quarrelsome," the "lie with circumstance," and the "lie direct"?

After all, we may exclaim with the melancholy Jaques, "Motle's the only wear," for laughter is better than a frown, a jest oft wiser than a sermon.



A NINETEENTH-CENTURY JESTER.

## THE WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

"UNITY, fellowship and coöperation."

I think I am not far afield in taking the above line from the "Constitution" of the Woman's Press club of New York city, which states that the advantages arising from this trio of good qualities are its expressed object of existence, as a watchword descriptive in the aggregate of its methods. Perchance some day, when the club is a bit older, a badge may eventuate, and those three words become its motto. It could not have a braver, nobler, truer one, and the mere knowledge of the fact that such a club moves and has its being is a distinct and splendid jewel in the crown of our common womanhood.

People may prate of the envies, the bickerings and small spites among womankind; they may exist—I do not know, and would not wish to. But right here in this city, in the profession of journalism, is to be found a band of earnest women, actuated in their development into what is called "club life" by motives than which none can be higher, more ennobling, more elevating, kindlier or more womanly.

The club was organized only as lately as the year 1889, and its first meetings were held in the rooms of Mrs. J. C. Croly, to whom it owes its foundation and who is its presiding officer.

This seems but a natural sequence when it is remembered that Mrs. Croly, "Jennie

June," was the originator of that very potent fact in the life of today—"woman in journalism."

Thirty-five years ago, when Mrs. Croly began her literary work, this century had not yet been called "the woman's," and she was the first woman upon the staff



MRS. LIPPINCOTT—"GRACE GREENWOOD."

of a daily paper in this city. She created, so to speak, the demand for women contributors and correspondents. To her active brain is also due the origin of the system of duplicate correspondence, now enlarged and multiplied into the syndicate system.

From the very beginning of her career Mrs. Croly has held editorial positions: she has written for every possible department of innumerable magazines and newspapers—has carried on for thirty years a syndicate of her own!—was for years the president of Sorosis: is the editor now of *The Home Maker*; and last, but by no means least, occupies the presidential chair of the Woman's Press club at their cosy rooms at 24 Union square, East.

The first vice-president of the club is Mrs. Eliza Putnam Heaton, whose marked, vivid and characteristic personality must make itself healthfully felt anywhere. Mrs. Heaton is about twenty-seven years of age, the daughter of the Reverend J. W. Putnam, of Danvers, Massachusetts, who has also led a literary life.



MISS HELEN WATTERSON.





MRS. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Mrs. Heaton was graduated from Boston university in the class of '82, was married almost immediately to John L. Heaton, one of the editors of the Brooklyn Daily Times, and is now a member of the staff of the New York Recorder.

Mrs. Heaton did many kinds of journalistic work, however, before attaining the dignity of her present position, such as New York letters, the "Ellen Osborn" fashion articles and articles on woman's work. She made the voyage from Liverpool to New York two years ago in the steerage of the steamship Aurania, accompanying a party of the immigrants as far as Chicago, on their way towards their new home. Mrs. Heaton has a small son of whom she is very proud. She can easily walk forty miles a day, is an ardent canoe-



MRS. MARY E. BRYAN.

ist, a capital amateur photographer, and a fine, record, mountain climber.

The second vice-president is Miss Helen Watterson, one of the most striking and original young women, not only in the club, but among the feminine journalists of the country.

Miss Watterson is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, a graduate of the University of Wooster in the class of 1883, where she was one of three girls who pursued the course in competition and companionship with men, and whence she bore off distinguished honors. At once she turned her attention to journalism, both for occupation and income. Her special and editorial work, both for the Cleveland Leader and Sun, marked her from the start as a writer not only of promise and ability, but of high aims.

Miss Watterson held her posts on the



MRS. ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

papers of her native city for three years, and then came to New York to write a column in Mr. Dana's Evening Sun, signed "The Woman About Town," wherein brilliance, pluck, dash, and strongly accentuated spontaneity are visible every day.

Besides this column, Miss Watterson receives regular assignments, writes special articles, and has a desk in the reportorial room of the paper beside her confrères. She is frank and cordial in manners, wholly unaffected and straightforward. She has a fine head and gray eyes, in whose depths sparkles a fund of quiet humor.

The two honorary vice-presidents of the club are Mrs. Lippincott, the "Grace Greenwood" whose musical pseudonym is a household word, and Mrs. Mary E.

Bryan, the warm-hearted, warm-mannered chairman of Literature in Sorosis.

Mrs. Lippincott, born Sara J. Clarke, began writing for the public press at a very early age, and was the first Washington correspondent of her sex, beginning in the year 1850. She also edited a Philadelphia magazine and presided over the destinies of two literary weeklies; and made her first visit to Europe as a special correspondent.

After her return from abroad she married, resided in Philadelphia, and there founded and edited *The Little Pilgrim*, the first juvenile publication in this country which furnished for children reading matter from the pens of able and distinguished authors.

Grace Greenwood holds the honor of having been the first woman received as a public lecturer by lyceums throughout the country. Mrs. Lippincott adds to a gracious and agreeable presence a cordial and yet reserved manner.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan is one of the successful women of Dixie. She did her first journalistic work on a little Louisiana paper just after the war. Subsequently she became editor of *The Sunny South*, and is said to have kept two serials running at once in that periodical, as well as supplying much of the "copy," etc. Indeed, furnishing two serials at a time seems to be a favorite diversion of the clever, energetic, black-eyed and cheery little woman, for she is now paid \$10,000 a year by a New York publisher in return for writing two serials a year and a short story each month, as well as all



MRS. ISABEL MALLON.

sorts of other matter, such as rhymes, answers to "correspondents," etc.

Doctor Louise Fiske Bryson is chairman of the club's Executive committee and unites thorough training to a remarkable scientific aptitude.

Doctor Bryson's journalistic and literary occupations lie strictly in the line of medical literature. Her work appears in the *New York Medical Journal* and the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, and she also does some writing bearing on scientific subjects of a kindred nature.

To Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper, New York correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*, belongs the honor of sending out from the metropolis weekly letters which are pronounced by competent authorities among the cleverest and most instructive.

Mrs. Tupper is the daughter of Walter L. Sessions, M. C. She is young and fine looking, with expressive eyes and smile, and dark hair with which she can sweep the ground about her feet. Her manner at the club is peculiarly winning. Mrs. Tupper's first writing was done for the *Buffalo Express*, then for the *Chicago Daily Herald*, and she is now a special writer for the *American Press Association*, for the *Sunday World*, and her poems are well known to the readers of periodicals.

In Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon—the "Bab"



MISS MARY F. SEYMOUR.



MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

who writes every sort of thing that women like—Mrs. Tupper finds an able coadjutor, for Mrs. Mallon is chairman of the Entertainment committee.

"Bab's" first journalistic effort was made with an article on fans, written, she says, in evil days, to "raise the wind." Suffice it to say that the flutter and breeze caused by those special fans has never subsided, and the hand that waved them finds the steadiest employment in conducting four different departments for a monthly magazine, regular syndicate articles and much miscellaneous work. Mrs. Mallon is a Baltimorean by birth and was early married to an Englishman.

Mary F. Seymour, the editor of the *Business Woman's Journal*, is a native of Illinois, and her father was a well-known legal, scientific and literary light. Her first printed work was rhymes, written at the age of thirteen, and her first money was earned for a "copy of verses," sent by the child to "Jennie June," for one of the magazines under her control. Miss Seymour is assisted in her duties as "chief" by an able corps, and the *Business Woman's Journal* is published and managed by a stock company composed exclusively of women, to whom its founder sold the magazine a year ago, she remaining president and general manager of the enterprise.

Miss Seymour has established a business training school for girls, and by its methods her philanthropy has been instrumental in preparing nearly 1000 young women for lucrative positions.

Miss Seymour enjoys the distinction of holding the offices of Commissioner of the United States court of Claims, Commissioner of Deeds of New Jersey, and Notary public of New York county, the first of these offices not having been legally held before by any woman.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is too well known to require an added line of description. Her journalistic career began at the age of thirteen, and eventually she became the editor of Frank Leslie's *Ladies' Journal*, *Ladies' Magazine*, and many other publications. Mrs. Leslie is also a financier and a linguist.

She has entertained royalty at her home in the persons of Dom Pedro of Brazil and the empress, and she enjoys the unique distinction of having been decorated with the order of Commander of El Busto del Libertador from the government of Venezuela.

Miss Mattie Sheridan, the youngest member of the New York woman's jour-



MISS MATTIE SHERIDAN.

nalistic guild, began her literary work when a child, having been first a contributor to the *Chicago Tribune*, then society editor of the *New York Daily Graphic*, and now occupying a leading position on the *Daily Continent*, at a salary said to be \$4000 a year.

Miss Sheridan is a native of Kentucky,



MRS. MARGARET MOORE.

loves her work, is devoted to her friends and pleased with her good fortune.

Mrs. Margaret Moore is of Irish parentage, a Roman Catholic, a devoted adherent of Parnell's, and an ardent patriot.

Her first journalistic labors were performed in her native land, where her witty, caustic and brilliant letters, over the signatures, "The Green Lady of Donegal," and "Erina," attracted attention of such a nature that their author was imprisoned by the English government.

Mrs. Moore was the first Roman Catholic Irishwoman to address a political meeting. She modestly says of herself that she is "either orator, conversationalist or chatterbox, according to the humor of the person who may describe her."

The Countess Ella Norraikow has, so



THE COUNTESS ELLA NORRAIKOW.

far as journalism is concerned, an unique record. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and when very young one story from her pen was published. After this came marriage and travel over the limits of the world. Finally, after the death of her husband, coming to New York, she met her present husband, an exiled nobleman, was married to him, and decided to devote herself to literary work.

The countess has contributed to all the local newspapers, as well as to the Detroit Free Press, the Youth's Companion and other publications. She is at present occupied on a volume to be called Russian Life: the upper, middle and lower classes. She has also written of the police and spy system of Russia, and a brief History of Nihilism.



MISS ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan is one of the youngest of the guild, being only twenty-three years of age. She is half Spanish by parentage, although born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her first newspaper writing was done just five years ago. Since then she has accomplished a great variety of special work for the large southern and western dailies, notably conducting for twelve months the woman's department of Peck's Sun.

Last May, by invitation of the World, Miss Jordan came to New York. Her chief feat in her chosen profession, so far, has been a gallant journey into the almost inaccessible and romantic regions of the Virginia mountains. This expedition was undertaken and accomplished alone and on horseback, and forms in its record, and



MISS EMMA TRAPPER.

in the relation of many of its pathetically curious incidents, a decidedly remarkable chapter in woman's journalism.

It is but three years since Miss Emma Trapper entered upon her professional life, and from the beginning she has been connected with the New York Press. As a member of its staff, she put her best energies into the achievement of a better condition of affairs in the lodgement provided by hotel keepers for their women servants.

At her earnest and persistent request the Health Board finally consented to permit Miss Trapper to accompany the inspectors on their midnight peregrinations, and she visited with them some fifty hotels in this city, and in eighteen were found flagrant violations of the law.

The idea of this inspection tour was the young journalist's own, and so widespread was the interest felt in it that the



MRS. FLORENCE CARPENTER IVES.

London Queen and Pall Mall Gazette noticed it most favorably, and the Health Commissioners at home afforded every facility in their power for carrying out the enterprise. Miss Trapper is a native of Baltimore and her parentage is German.

Mrs. Julia Hayes Percy is treasurer of the club, and although she has been in journalism only four years, she is one of the few women who derive their maintenance solely from the use of their pens. Mrs. Percy has never written either fashion or society articles, but has occupied herself with reporting the more important happenings of the day and hour.

Mrs. Florence C. Ives is the daughter of Frank B. Carpenter, the well-known and distinguished portrait painter. She was born in New York city and gradu-



MRS. LEE C. HARBY.

ated from Rutgers Female college. She was early married and for ten years lived in Europe, spending much time in London, Dresden, Dublin and Paris.

Mrs. Ives's journalistic life is of three years' duration, and she has been connected with the Press ever since that paper was started.

She writes art criticism, society news, fashions, gossip and articles about women, and in point of fact has had a pen in all sorts of newspaper work that a woman can do. Mrs. Ives goes to the Press office every day and is the corresponding secretary of the club.

Mrs. Lee C. Harby, whom many persons suppose to be a man—and whom the New York Historical association elected a member of its body under that hallucina-



tion—was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and comes from Revolutionary ancestors on both sides of her family. For twenty years, however, Mrs. Harby lived in Texas and the Lone Star state claims her among its daughters of talent.

Her first peep into the world of journalism was not taken until 1880, and her article in the Magazine of American History, entitled *The City of a Prince*, attracted favorable attention from the press of Russia, England and Germany, as well as winning for her the recognition mentioned above from the Historical association of New York. In the autumn of 1889, encouraged by her successes, she removed to New York.

Mrs. Harby is a contributor to the New York Home Journal, the Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia, while she has travelled through the South in the interests of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, besides doing regular work for the new St. Louis journal, *The Chaperone*, and for the New Orleans Times Democrat.

When Margaret Manton Merrill was twenty years old she was the founder, owner and editor of the Colorado Temperance Gazette. She is of English parentage, being the daughter of Bishop E. W. Merrill. She has been in journalism for twelve years, her best successes having been in the difficult line of stories for children, while she has likewise made clever translations from such diverse tongues as the Scandinavian and the Sioux.

Miss Cynthia Westover, the recording secretary of the club, is the daughter of O. S. Westover, a western geologist, from whom she inherited in a marked degree a profound love of natural history. Miss Westover early made the selection of geology for her specialty, and for several years taught mineralogy to a class of New York teachers.

Miss Westover's writings have been the result of practical knowledge and the



MISS MARGARET MANTON MERRILL.

direct outcome of digging in the mines and earth with her own pick. On the subject of silver she has written extensively, while at present she holds the unique position of private secretary to Street Commissioner Beattie, and during his recent illness managed the office successfully.

Who is the prettiest? Who the wittiest?

Of these moot questions I know not. I do know that here are

gathered together a band of upwards of sixty women united by high and noble motives and displaying in their everyday intercourse with one another the cordial relation of sisterly helpfulness and the good feeling and good fellowship which are destined to render social life what it was intended to be, a recreation for the mind as well as a relaxation for the body.

Women are gentle, considerate, sympathetic to one another; and who but a woman can so look into another struggling woman's eyes and say, "I know all about it; I have been just where you are; I'll do all I can for you; I'll introduce you and recommend your work; keep up a brave heart;" and, with a touch of warm lips on a teary cheek the downcast one goes on her way, at least, if not rejoicing, strengthened for the wearisomest task.



MISS CYNTHIA WESTOVER.



# THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

BY

DANIEL COIT GILMAN

THE Johns Hopkins University belongs to the class of American institutions that are not connected with any religious denomination and are not dependent upon national, state or municipal support. Its foundation is due to the generosity of a single man, who selected the original board of trustees and by his will bequeathed to them for the maintenance of a university property valued at \$3,500,000. The conditions of this bequest were very simple, and within a brief period after the testator's death instructions began. The fifteen years that have since passed are sufficient to show the tendency of the establishment.

It is not easy to determine how far the Johns Hopkins university has been governed by the state of the times and how far it has influenced the educational progress of the country. Certainly, the election of President Eliot to the leadership at Harvard and the organization of Cornell university under President White were events of the greatest significance in American education. For both these men were innovators on a broad platform, one in the old-



THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



D. C. Gilman, whose work in connection with the Johns Hopkins university has attracted the attention of leading educators the world over, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1831. In 1852 he was graduated at Yale, after which he spent some years in travel and study in Europe. On his return to America in 1855 he became librarian of Yale and shortly after was invited to accept the professorship of physical and political geography at that college. Mr. Gilman was also secretary to the governing board of the Sheffield Scientific school, superintendent of the public schools of New Haven and secretary of the State Board of Education. When invited to become the first president of the State University of California, in 1870, he declined, but accepted the position on its being again offered him two years later. In 1875, while at the University of California, he was elected first president of the Johns Hopkins university. Mr. Gilman has published many addresses and reviews, has written a memoir of James Monroe, and is an LL.D. of Harvard and Columbia.



JOHNS HOPKINS.

est, the other in the newest environment. So, too, the state universities of the North-west, especially that over which Doctor Angell presides at Ann Arbor, were governed by the spirit of progress and adaptation. Not only in these institutions, but in many others, and especially at New Haven, the idea of the university, as distinct from the idea of the college, had been developed, emphasized and defended. Yet most of the old foundations were weighted by the very traditions and conditions that contributed to their success.

On the 22d of February 1876, with the heartiest expressions of good will on the part of the people of Baltimore, and with the kindly, half-expectant, half-sceptical courtesies of people at a distance, the plans of the Johns Hopkins were made public. There was nothing startling in these announcements, nothing that was in opposition to the traditions of the past, nothing that showed apprehension of the future or indifference to the present.

More evident than any other purpose was the purpose of development. Acorns, not oaks, were to be planted. Germs that came from Harvard and Yale, from the University of Virginia and from Ithaca; germs, too, from Oxford and Cambridge, from Germany and France were here to be

cultivated. Some of them would doubtless die; some were sure to live. The fittest would survive. The Hopkins grove must be one which would thrive on this soil, under these skies, or else it would come to premature decay. Wise men in England, wise men in Germany, wise men at home, men who had made a study of the history of institutions and had investigated the secrets of social progress, enforced the importance of a modest, tentative, gradual unfolding of the scheme of the university. Hence, the foundation at Baltimore began without formulas and rules, without decrees of the faculty or the trustees, without regulations, and yet with that which was more binding than any code, the unanimous recognition of certain clear and definite principles in respect to the methods, the duties and the possibilities of a new university. From the begin-

ning until now the Johns Hopkins university has been pervaded by a spirit of its own—call it, if you please, the genius loci—which has animated its leading trustees, its principal teachers, its most successful scholars. It would be difficult to define or describe this academic spirit. It may not be pure spirit. Some may say that it is materialized. But certainly all who have occupied the chairs of advanced instruction have shown the qualities of leadership, devotion to duty, love of intellectual exertion and inquiry, delight in watching and helping the development of character, and a sense of responsibility for the maintenance of truth and the destruction of error. The writer of these lines can speak thus freely because of the anomaly of his position. He is neither a trustee nor a professor, while he holds the most confidential relations with the officers both of instruction and government.

In accordance with the principle of development adopted at the outset, but one faculty, that of philosophy or the liberal arts, has thus far been instituted, though several professors have been designated for the school of medicine and surgery which will be organized when there is more money. In the philosophical faculty the original professorships were Greek

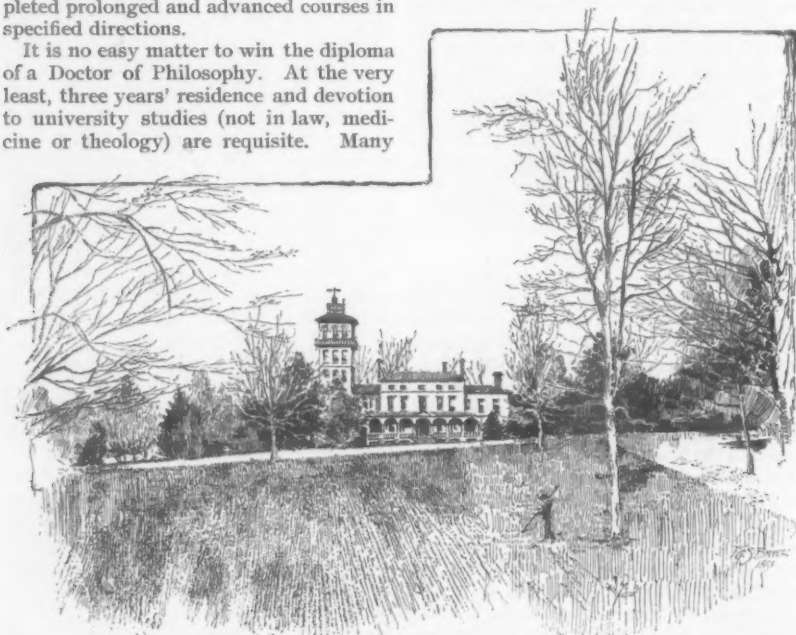
and Latin, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology. Subsequently the range of studies was so extended that it now includes English and Anglo-Saxon, French, Italian, German, Gothic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian and other oriental languages; history, jurisprudence and political economy; ethics, logic and psychology; geology and mineralogy, electricity and magnetism, with many more subordinate and related subjects. The entire staff of teachers is now more than sixty, and the number of students 466.

Only two degrees are given in the faculty of philosophy—Bachelor of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy—and these are awarded at the close of definite courses of study after rigorous examinations. The multiplication of academic titles and the bestowal of degrees in a careless or wholesale manner receives no encouragement. The authorities intend that the first or baccalaureate degree shall be given to those only who have received a liberal education in the fundamental arts and sciences; and the second degree of Doctor or Master to those only who have completed prolonged and advanced courses in specified directions.

It is no easy matter to win the diploma of a Doctor of Philosophy. At the very least, three years' residence and devotion to university studies (not in law, medicine or theology) are requisite. Many

candidates give four, five and some even more years to study after taking the first degree. One great subject, like chemistry, physics, Greek, history, etc., must occupy the student's attention and there must also be two subordinate and related subjects. In the subordinate subjects written examinations must be passed. On some theme connected with the principal subject a thesis must be written, presenting the writer's own thoughts or the result of his own observations and work. If this thesis is accepted, the examination proceeds, first in private and afterwards before all the chief instructors. With their approbation only is the candidate promoted.

The buildings of the university have direct reference to the needs of students, and yet they have the defects of their qualities, for while convenient and well equipped they are not at all remarkable for architectural charm. Indeed, it is extremely hard to find any point of view from which the halls appear to advantage. If it be true that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most, then there must be



CLIFTON HOUSE—JOHNS HOPKINS' COUNTRY RESIDENCE.



READING ROOM OF MAIN LIBRARY.

beauty here, but it is the beauty of adaptation and not that of decoration. There are three admirable laboratories, for physics, chemistry and biology, and a large new building has been projected for the libraries and seminaries. Levering hall, a gift to the Young Men's Christian association, is an attractive structure, and that is all that can be said. Strangers who arrive at the railroad stations and ask the cabmen to drive them "to Johns Hopkins," are quite likely to be taken a mile to the east and landed at the doors of the Johns Hopkins hospital. The truth is that the university, in accordance with its evolutionary principles, is "growing its shell." When its doors were opened no one could tell whether there would be fifty scholars or 500; whether they would be tyros or graduates; whether they would choose letters or science; all was uncertain. Hence, old buildings in the heart of the town were reconstructed for academic uses, and as definite wants have been indicated, one and another and another commodious structure has been added.

Already the Johns Hopkins university has its traditions. Memorial tablets begin to appear upon its walls, commemorating those who have been its benefactors by their counsels or their gifts. The bust of Sidney Lanier, the poet of the South,

—who, before his untimely death, lectured here on literature—and the bust of Charles D. Morris, the Oxford fellow, who exerted a strong influence upon the early undergraduates, look down upon the students when they assemble in the largest hall. The face of Sylvester, the greatly honored mathematician, now an Oxford professor, may be seen in medalion, photograph or crayon, in many of the lecture rooms. The likenesses of Professors Freeman, Bryce, Von Holst, Cayley, Sir William Thomson, and many more who have lectured here are pleasant memorials of their visits. But, on the whole, the lack of material ornament is constantly felt. The ornaments of good traditions and of lofty ideals are, indeed, beyond price; but if some loyal graduate, some watchful observer at a distance, some generous neighbor, should add the material to the ideal, should provide nobler halls, richer museums, and ampler illustrations of literature, archæology and art, his benefactions would be most welcome. It is by no means indifference to the attractions of architecture and decoration that has led to apparent neglect; it is the inability to do everything that would be desirable with an income of \$160,000, and the belief that men and measures are first in importance—halls, museums and collections standing second in rank.





The methods by which the interior affairs of the Johns Hopkins university are carried on cannot well be described within the limits of this article, and indeed they are portrayed with sufficient detail in the annual reports and registers and circulars. A very large amount of freedom is allowed to the principal instructors, but a large amount of coöperation is likewise expected from them. There are many boards of control, many standing committees, many organized societies, many seminaries, many laboratories, and each within certain limits is autonomous. On the other hand they are all regarded as members of one body, each for all and all for each, so that nothing like rivalry or jealousy or indifference to the public opinion of the society or disregard of the known wishes of the higher authorities has ever appeared. An old phrase, which was used, I believe, some centuries ago in the University of Paris, has been in constant use in Baltimore, and I hope it may long be current—*Societas magistrorum et discipulorum*. Here are masters and pupils, not two bodies, but one body, a union for the purpose of acquiring and advancing knowledge. In this society there are different grades or ranks, each has its rights and each has its duties, but there

are no diversities of interest, no divergent efforts. In little things and in great there is constant control. Not a dollar is expended without the requisite sanction. Not a degree is conferred without the authority of the faculty, not an appointment is made without conference and consensus. Every board keeps a careful record of its proceedings, which will bear scrutiny like the books of the treasurer's office. It is doubtful whether any important measures have been adopted and put into operation without the definite approval of an authorized body. But all this interlocking of woof and web leads to no tangling. The loom is steadily moving without much friction. Not yet, but one of these days, the woven pattern will appear. The worth of a university cannot be estimated by the books of its treasurer. It does not consist in buildings nor in grounds, nor in laboratories nor in stocks and bonds, nor does it depend upon the number of students nor on the number of teachers. The worth of a university can only be measured by the characters it has developed for the public service and by the contributions it has made to literature and science.

I have already said that the effort is

made to maintain a sharp distinction between collegiate and university methods, but as this distinction has been so generally neglected that it is somewhat obscured, a few further explanations may perhaps be welcomed.

In the educational systems of enlightened countries the period between boyhood and manhood, adolescence, is recognized as requiring special care. Lasting habits of intellectual life are usually formed between the limits of fifteen or sixteen years of age and the attainment of a majority. This is the time when thorough training by trained teachers is essential.

Consequently, in the public schools of England, in the lycées of France, in the gymnasia of Germany, in the American colleges, strict disciplinary methods have wisely been maintained. Frequent tasks have been appointed; lessons have been contrived to exercise the various mental powers, judgment, observation, memory, imagination; modes of testing individual progress have been elaborated, prizes, honors, admonitions and reports; schemes of study, designed partly to store the mind with useful knowledge, partly to develop the love of letters, partly to illustrate the methods of scientific inquiry and partly to reveal to the student his own strength and weakness, have been carefully arranged. Such complex machinery sometimes grows rusty and sometimes it is guided by bungling hands, nevertheless, the best proof of its value may be seen in its products. Take a thousand men who have received an education by these methods in the liberal arts and sciences, and compare their



THE APPROACH TO CLIFTON HOUSE.

lives with those of a thousand men who have not had such advantages, and there can be no question of the value of discipline. It is the function of a college to give this discipline. From this brief sketch of the distinctive features of collegiate discipline we shall now turn to those of the university.

After the mind has been trained to the habits of accuracy, method, remembrance, discrimination, after it has been made acquainted with just standards of measurement, after it has been introduced to several branches of knowledge, a different kind of cultivation

is called for. Perhaps the greater number of young men then look toward those pursuits which will yield an income. Those who wish to study longer were expected in old times to follow one of the three so-called learned professions. Now there are hosts of modern callings which require prolonged preparation. Much greater freedom may be allowed the student at this period of his education. The university methods recognize more positively individual needs. Independent investigation, in limited fields and under proper guidance, may be encouraged. Coöperative study to some extent takes the place of formal lectures. The approaching responsibilities of life are felt so strongly that there is less occasion for the artificial stimulants to exertion which were found important at an earlier age. In short, the university methods, especially those of the philosophical department, deal with individuals, rather than with classes. Under their influence students learn less from one another, more from their own ex-

ertions. They recognize in their teachers men who are themselves learners, probably also producers, and they draw inspiration from such examples and strength from such helpers. There should be nothing provincial, nothing sectarian in university methods. They should elicit, by the processes of educational assaying, the golden ingots of truth.

Baltimore has the geographical advantage of being near to Washington. The trains of two independent lines run frequently, almost hourly, between the two cities, and they make the distance in an hour or less. In the various institutions of the capital, literary and scientific collections have been formed that are worthy of the nation's enterprise and wealth, and these collections are growing larger all the while. Every effort is made by the officers of the government to classify, interpret and exhibit to the public the national possessions. The great museum, originated by Professor Baird, has been amplified by Professor Goode, and is now so arranged that it illustrates the progress of man, the development of human society in different parts of the globe, from the primeval beginnings of cliffs and caves to the highest triumphs of inventive skill and scientific acumen. This is our South Kensington. But it contains much more than the products of industry and art. The wealth of nature revealed by mines, fisheries, forestry and tillage is also well displayed. Not far away are the new rooms devoted to the medical and surgical museum of the army. The agricultural department and the botanical garden have also their lessons. The United States geological survey, the coast survey, the signal service, the naval observatory, the patent office, the bureau of education, the Corcoran gallery are all attractive to students and, under proper regulations, may be visited. Then there are the great libraries, crowned by the Library of Congress, soon to be more accessible than ever. Here too are manifold illustrations of the mode by which a republic is governed. A student may observe the methods of law making, of administration, of judicial

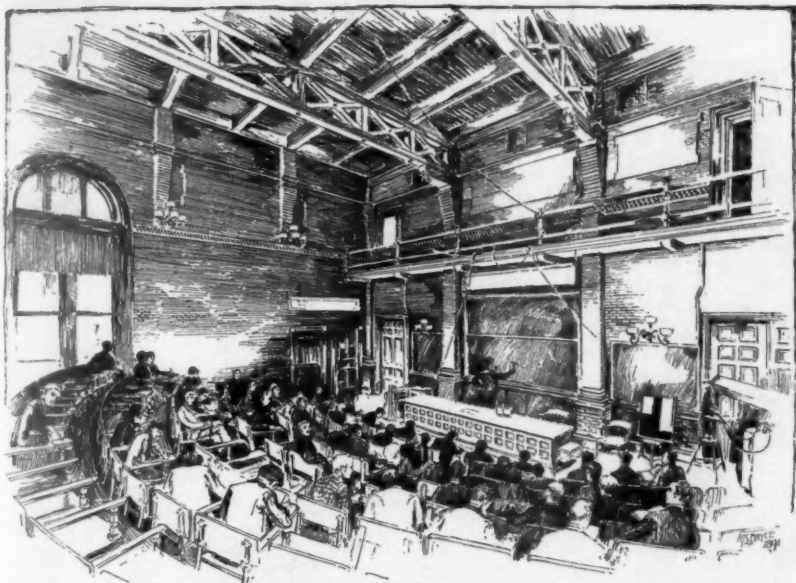
procedure, and of diplomatic intercourse. Such a vast number of object lessons cannot be followed in any other American city. It is not surprising that the Roman Catholics, the Methodists, the Baptists and the advocates of a national university have all fixed their wistful gaze upon these collections and are ready to make the most of their opportunities. Ready access to the men of science and the men of affairs is even a greater advantage than ready access to books and museums, for the saying of Frederic Harrison is perfectly true that "no study and no books can supply the place of personal intercourse with those who know and those who lead."

In these days, when the phrase "uni-



HISTORICAL SEMINARY.

versity extension" is on everybody's lips, and when people seem to think that because the name is an exotic the idea is a discovery, it may be worth while to remind the reader that at least half a century ago the lectures of Professors Silliman and Olmsted at Yale college were opened to the public. On the accession of President Eliot to the leadership at Harvard many special courses were announced as open to those who were not members of the university. Cornell university began with a brilliant array of non-resident lecturers, whose courses were accessible to the citizens of Ithaca. So, when the Johns Hopkins university was opened, in the very first year there were ten courses of twenty lectures each to which the ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore were invited. This plan of opening definite courses of study to the public

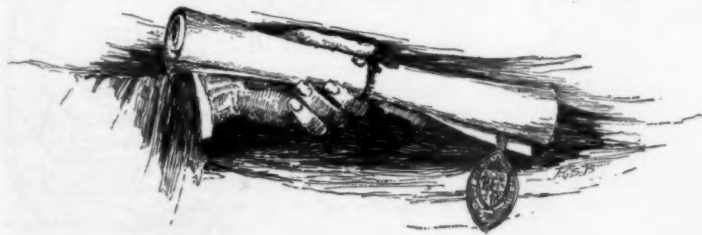


LECTURE ROOM OF THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

has ever since been maintained. In certain literary courses there have been 600 or 700 hearers, and it has sometimes happened that scores, and sometimes that hundreds of applicants have been refused tickets of admission because the hall was not large enough for such an audience. Besides these public lectures, there have been from time to time special classes for the instruction of teachers and special classes for the benefit of the girls' schools, sometimes delivered within the academic walls and sometimes in rooms at a distance. Many members of the faculty have given short courses of lectures or single addresses before public audiences in the city, and three or four of the girls' schools have been accustomed to engage

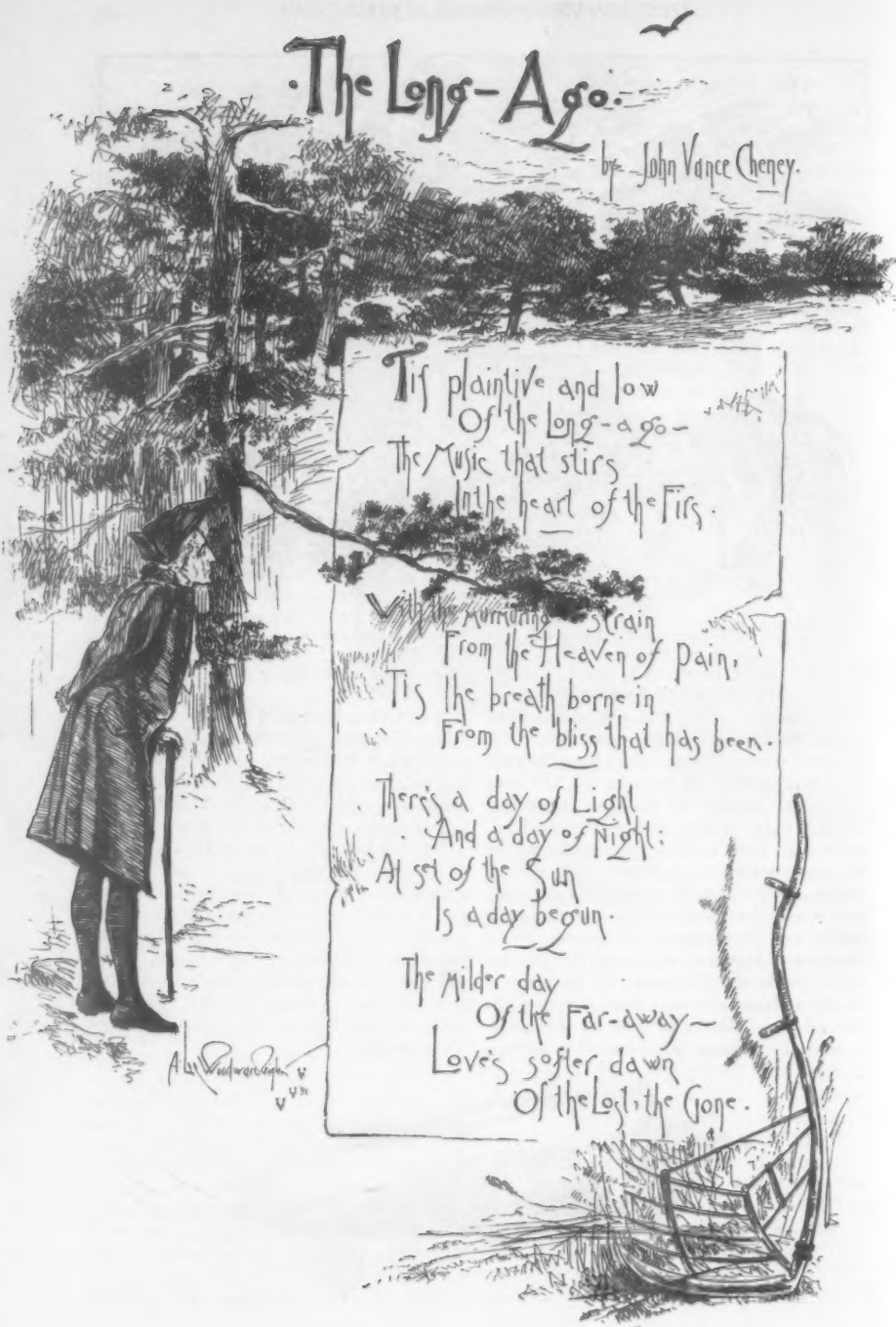
every year examiners from the university.

It has often been said that the aim of the Johns Hopkins university was to benefit everyone in Baltimore. At the same time the fact is recognized that the benefits of a university can only be secured by the methods of a university, which are not those of a lyceum bureau. University education, if it means anything specific, means education in a university—education acquired in libraries, laboratories, observatories, seminaries, in companionship with many scholars of different degrees, and under the guidance of qualified teachers, who are not only apt to teach but apt to inspire, and apt to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge.



# The Long-Ago.

by John Vance Cheney.



'Tis plaintive and low  
Of the long-ago -  
The Music that stirs  
In the heart of the firs.

With the humming strain  
From the Heaven of pain,  
'Tis the breath borne in  
From the bliss that has been.

There's a day of Light  
And a day of Night:  
At set of the Sun  
Is a day begun.

The milder day  
Of the Far-away -  
Love's softer dawn  
Of the Lost, the Gone.

Alfred V. Ward





### PICTORIAL JOURNALISM.

BY VALERIAN GRIBAYÉDOFF.

THE last few years have witnessed the introduction and development of an innovation in daily journalism which at present gives every indication of remaining a permanent feature. Indeed, when one considers the prominence of outline

illustration in the make-up of a modern newspaper, and the short space of time that has been required to popularize it, it is not going too far to characterize this innovation as a veritable journalistic revolution. What are the facts? Leaving the



JOHN A. COCKERILL.

New York Daily Graphic out of the question, which was essentially a pictorial sheet of the style of Harper's Weekly, one can say that ten years ago but a single regular daily newspaper in this country, the New York Truth, indulged in any form of illustration. It published day by day a small, coarse, outline cartoon, more or less cognate to the subject under consideration. At the present writing it is hard to find a daily, weekly or monthly periodical that does not embellish its columns with pictures of some kind or other. Roughly estimated, I should say that there are 5000 illustrated periodicals in this country.



The majority, of course, are dependent for their pictorial matter upon large cut manufacturing concerns, but many employ their own artists and possess the necessary plant for the production of engravings. The artists at work in this new field

certainly exceed 1000 in number, and supply on an average 10,000 drawings a week. As regards the capital invested in this new industry, the reader can readily believe it to be enormous.

It would be hard to trace the precise origin of daily newspaper illustration, or at least hard to determine the originator. The New York Herald, I believe, under the elder Bennett, published a woodcut representing the ruins of the old Merchants' exchange, as far back as the forties, and the New York Sun also dropped into occasional illustrating during the early part of its career. I myself have seen a file of the New York Telegram, almost twenty years old, containing sundry political cartoons from the facile pencils of Messrs. George Crouch and Thomas Nast, and to come down

to later times the Pittsburgh Telegraph in 1875 commenced using woodcuts in its Saturday issue. Besides which we all know that for many years past democratic victories have been heralded in most country papers of that persuasion by the appearance of the regulation rooster, with open beak and tail erect, at the head of the triumphant announcement. But these efforts have been isolated and spasmodic, and even Truth, which from the date of its birth, in December 1879, made a special feature of outline illustration, found no imitators.

Truth's attempts at illustration—it may be said parenthetically—were not of a nature to inspire the public with much faith in the future of newspaper art. The engraver, for example, required two or

**LIFE IN THE TSAR'S DOMAIN.**  
AND SKEWING OF GENERAL TRAPPOFF  
BY TARA HANCOCK.

How the Russian Nobles Observed an  
Audience with Her Intended Victim—  
Russians of the ARMY.







S. H. HORGAN.

formance, the attempted assassination of a Russian general in St. Petersburg, etc., etc. The different attempts on the czar's life also called for a stock cut which shows Alexander II. staring blankly into space while a dynamite bomb plays havoc with the background. Portraiture was also of "stock" nature, the same cut often representing at discreet intervals a large number of different individuals. Truth's methods doubtless afforded plenty of amusement to the initiated, but I cannot remember a single instance of its being adopted elsewhere.

In the meanwhile, however, Joseph Pulitzer and Colonel John L. Cockerill, respectively proprietor and managing editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, were making some experiments in the direction of legitimate news illustration. The new departure does not appear to have been successful, but on entering into possession of the New York World in 1883, the experiment was once more resumed. The same obstacles that had beset the path

of Truth's proprietor in his noble endeavor to awaken the art sense of the American people were encountered by the gentlemen from St. Louis, and for a while it looked as if this nation was destined to forego the privilege of a daily contemplation of the beautiful at a minimum expenditure. Engravers still needed at least forty-eight hours to manipulate their "soft metal process," involving the photographing of the drawing, the printing from the negative, the soaking of the gelatine, the casting of a plaster mould, the stereotyping, the routing, the blocking and the trimming or finishing of the cuts, so that by the time murderer and victim appeared in bold outline in the news columns the crime itself had become a feeble memory.

It was early in 1884 that I came in contact with the proprietor of the World. I found him little disposed to listen to any suggestions on a subject that had caused him much disappointment and no little expense. Not so Colonel Cockerill, who readily agreed to give me a trial in the matter of outline drawing at the earliest opportunity. My first work on the paper was a series of designs representing the crests of well-known American families, to illustrate an article by Mr. Charles Sotheran on American heraldry. This was a subject calling for no haste on the engraver's part, and the result was sufficiently gratifying to Mr. Pulitzer to encourage him to go a step further. On Sunday, February 3, 1884, there appeared on the front page of the World caricatures of the "Wall Street Nobility," accompanied by a clever article from the pen of Mr. Pratt, the paper's financial editor. The reader may judge for himself from the accompanying reproduction of the excessively crude nature of both drawing and engraving. And yet I am only telling the sober truth when I say that this page proved the starting point of the great boom in daily newspaper illustration, which today extends from Atlantic to

Pacific. Had a Gavarni, a Tenniel or a Nast signed his name to the portraits instead of an unknown and inexperienced worker like myself, I do not think that the success of the experiment could have been greater. Its entire novelty compensated for its crudity and called forth encomiums from the country press that seem absurd now, when the standard in this branch of art is so much higher. It is needless to say that the circulation of the paper took an immediate jump and continued its upward course on succeeding Sundays, when the city fathers, the local politicians, the militia and other bodies were limned in black and white. As for myself, I found my hands full from the beginning. Letters of inquiry regarding the preparation of cuts poured in on me from all parts of the country, quickly followed by orders for similar work. Two or three days after the appearance of my sketches the bustling and energetic editor of the Albany Evening Journal, William J. Arkell, sought me in my "studio" in the World building, and made arrangements for illustrating his Saturday edition with portraits of the local celebrities; and Taggart's Sunday Times in Philadelphia, the Detroit Evening Journal, the Kansas City Times, the Chicago Tribune and Inter-Ocean and the Nashville American rapidly followed in his wake, not to mention the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, which, by Mr. Pulitzer's orders, secured the services of an excellent artist, and filled its Sunday pages with telling local pictorial hits.

In the meanwhile the pictorial boom thus fairly started received additional impetus from an entirely unexpected source. Major O. J. Smith, president of what was at that time a comparatively unimportant syndicate known as the American Press association, whose business consisted mainly in supplying the smaller country papers with stereotyped plates of news matter pirated from the city dailies, was sufficiently impressed by the World's

pictorial success to inquire into the feasibility of adding outline engravings to his stock in trade. He found an able and intelligent co-worker in the person of S. H. Horgan, formerly of the Graphic art department, and before ten days had elapsed the American Press association was supplementing its plate matter with a large variety of outline cuts. Mr. Horgan, having been in touch with a great many artists, was well able to discriminate in the selection of his men. To Philip Cusachs, ex-art-

manager of the Graphic, was intrusted the illustration of short stories and news matter involving detailed figure work, and all who watched the results agreed that on many occasions he surpassed himself. The list of men who since that period have contributed to Mr. Horgan's department would be too lengthy to enumerate, but it includes some well-known names, among others Thomas Nast, James S. Wales, C. J. Taylor, William Kelly and Gray-Parker. The perplexing problem of turning out cuts on time taxed Mr. Horgan's ingenuity to the utmost. Wood engraving, "soft metal," the "wash-out" method (another form of the gelatine engraving) and several other processes were successively employed with indifferent results. As a specimen I have appended a reproduction of a caricature drawn directly upon metal by C. J. Taylor and engraved by hand with the ordinary tool. All this, of course, was most unsatisfactory to a man like Horgan, who had

helped secure such splendid results on the Graphic with the photolithographing process, and it was therefore with unbounded delight that he hailed the establishment of an engraving company during the summer of 1884, with a plant for producing cuts by the rapid and reliable method of zinc etching. This method, though known for some years in this country, had not until



DRAWN UPON METAL.



A CARICATURE FROM LIFE.



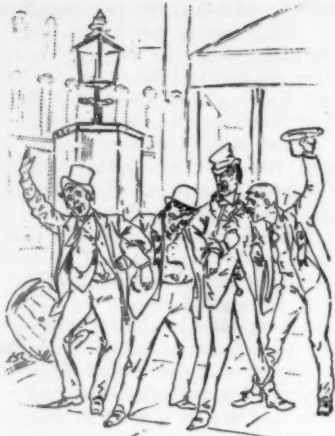


then attained perfection, but with the advent of the new company not only the American Press association but the World and the Morning Journal—which had also adopted illustrations—were enabled to secure work within the unprecedentedly short limit of four hours. Newspaper illustration thereupon received renewed impetus, and since I have specially referred to the American Press association I may do well to quote a recent statement made by Mr. Horgan on this very subject:

"When I went with them," he says, "they could not afford a chair for me to sit on. When I left early this year the manager was occupying a palatial residence on the Hudson near Jay Gould's home.

The association is capitalized for nearly a million dollars and has no difficulty in paying handsome dividends. The firm supplies over 7000 papers with everything in the way of reading matter, excepting their local news. It has tested the public many times through its newspapers to discover whether or not outline illustrations were appreciated, and has invariably found that matter without the accompaniment of cuts does not take half as well as when illustrated."

To return to the gradual development of the pictorial feature on the larger dailies of the country, it is necessary to say that the scheme of representing public men in grotesque attitudes with enormous heads



AN OUTLINE BY CUSACHS.

and diminutive bodies soon palled on the community, and the suggestion of an editorial genius that in the way of variety the fair sex should be "given a show," was readily agreed to. The consequence was that not many weeks after the World's first pictorial display there blossomed in its columns a set of counterfeits of the society buds of Brooklyn, done in "soft metal" and printers' ink. The effect was not altogether what either proprietor or artist desired. Owing to certain irregularities in the lineaments of the victims, caused by superabundance of the black fluid, whereby one lady was disfigured by a blotch on her nose, another afflicted with a slight obliqueness of vision, still another ornamented with an incipient beard, the ambitious effort aroused a howl of indignation from both ends of the Brooklyn bridge. Rival newspapers sent reporters to the parents of the unfortunates to secure expressions of opinion on the ethics of journalism and the direst threats were hurled at the World owner's head. One of the infuriated parents was credited with the intention of taking justice into his own hands in the form of a horsewhip, and Assistant District Attorney Allen of New York gravely announced that Mr. Pulitzer had rendered himself liable to indictment for criminal libel. The protest was grounded less on the basis of the distortion of fair features than on the argument that the privacy and sanctity of American

homes had been ruthlessly invaded and forced into the garish glare of vulgar publicity. In the light of subsequent events this incident seems most amusing. Nowadays society women are found conniving at the publication of their own portraits, and as far as those particular buds are concerned, I have seen their features reappear in print over and over again since that first experiment was made and without the faintest protest on anybody's part. The affair, however, gave the public press the long-wished-for pretext to ventilate its objections to the new departure in journalism. Here is a clipping selected at random from one of the large western papers; it is the wail of the space man who foresees the blue pencilling of his matter to make room for the artist's handiwork.

"I doubt," says he, "that the latest experiment with the pencil will turn out satisfactorily. The necessarily imperfect and often contemptible nature of the illustrations themselves is not the only reason for failure. Excepting in rare instances, where they serve as a plan or diagram to help on the text, they are simply intolerable. But even if they were executed in the highest style of art, it is questionable whether such illustrations would permanently find favor. The explanation is easy. The illustrations, except in case of rare adaptability, kill the text. A picture, if it is a good one, appeals very strongly to the perception and to the imagination. A cartoon merely glanced at





A STOCK CUT FOR A PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION.

sometimes is more impressive than a long story or an able leading article. But the truer this is and the more distinctly the truth is recognized, the more marked is the tendency of the pictorial to destroy the literary features. The picture is intended to tell a story or to enforce a moral. If it does this well there is nothing more to be done. If it does this ill it is an impertinence. When the picture is good and its meaning is apprehended, it is wearisome to go over the narrative again in words. When the picture is bad or meaningless there is a disposition to throw the sheet aside with impatience and disgust. In either case the picture obscures or postpones or belittles the text. It is therefore to be expected that the pictorial experiment in daily journalism will fail—a happy consummation to anticipate.”

This is a fair sample of the style of objections raised against daily newspaper illustration. That the public preferred to believe that pictures supported and enlivened the text instead of killing it was shown by the entire failure of the writer's prediction. Even the fiasco of the Brooklyn female portraits proved no damper on the movement, the only practical result of the outcry being the temporary elimination of the fair sex from the list of pictorial possibilities. The artistic efforts of the newspapers all over the country were now directed to immortalizing merchants,

lawyers, butchers and candlestick makers. Shopkeepers, small and large, the Hibernian gentlemen who sell cheap furniture on the instalment plan, Baxter-street clothiers, and the rag tag and bobtail of the mercantile class generally were delineated under the heading of “Merchant Princes,” while police court pettifoggers figured side by side with reputable lawyers as “Dazzlers of the Bar.” Even the medical profession did not escape pictorial notoriety, and some of the sons of Æsculapius received attributes they were never known to possess in life. One among them who had joined the great majority some years before was unwittingly resurrected, shown in the act of sawing off a patient's leg, and kindly labelled “One of our Leading and most Popular Practitioners;” another, one-armed Professor Doremus, was endowed in the picture with the return of his lost member and, stranger still, made to perform an analytical test while gazing intently over his left shoulder. This was only on a par with the numerous other blunders and incongruities that marked the early growth of newspaper illustration. In consequence of lack of system the chances were even that the office boy who was sent to hunt up the cut of a departed church deacon, to figure in that worthy's obituary, would through sheer carelessness substitute the counterfeit of a recently lynched cattle thief; but as the portraits in the main closely resembled each other the damage was perhaps not so great.

The feature of daily newspaper illustration that has impressed me most is its development of a form of vanity in this country which, it is true, had existed in a less rampant degree for many years previous. I allude to the desire of the average American for seeing his portrait in print. This weakness was hitherto out of the reach of the ordinary purse, for it could only be indulged in through the expenditure of \$100 for a steel-plate engraving to illuminate the pages of a county history or one of the numerous biographical cyclopedias on “Prominent Men of Our Day,” or “Self Made Sons of the Soil.” When the lesser lights discovered that they could secure pictorial notoriety in a daily paper by sending in an advertisement or by treating the reporter “like a gentleman,” they were not slow to avail

themselves of the opportunity thus offered. The mania was not confined to the city but spread into the rural districts. Connecticut, I think, has furnished to the New York papers the largest contingent of newspaper "mugs"—the word is vulgar but descriptive. These faces are modelled after the same pattern and are characterized by a generous expanse of upper lip and ears and a flowing beard. The accompanying text usually refers to the subject as "one of our most upright citizens," which has caused an advertising shark of my acquaintance to dub the genus homo "uprights." There is a class of such "uprights" in every large city, who advertise their business ventures by paying good large sums for biographical "write-ups," with the inevitable portrait beaming at the top. I know of an insurance president in New York whose expansive visage has by constant reappearance in a variety of dailies and weeklies become almost as familiar to the public as that of Phineas T. Barnum. He has paid the Graphic for the privilege of figuring prominently in full-page groups of gentlemen of the cloth and Sunday-school superintendents, and from the fact that his concern is prospering at present it is reasonable to infer that this particular form of advertising pays. Puck and Life endeav-



H. W. ODION.

ored on several occasions to cast ridicule on the "upright" mania. The former periodical devoted a cartoon to exposing the alleged methods of the pictorial press and also published a series of character sketches of prominent waiters and servant girls as a satire on the World's pictorial "puffery" of mercantile, legal and medical non-entities. But to no avail, since no later than a few months ago a New York paper out-heroded Herod by presenting the portraits and biographies of such important citizens as the elevator boys in the large New York business buildings.

The presidential campaign of 1884 proved a blessing to pictorial daily newspapers. It afforded an opportunity to vary the monotony of column-wide portraits and caricatures with political cartoons often occupying a quarter of a page of space, and as the etching process had by this time been generally adopted, the work was turned out at very short notice and invariably in time to produce the desired effect. I well remember drawing a half-page cartoon of twenty figures, in conjunction with Walter McDougall, in two

THE LATEST NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.



"Will you read?"  
"I want to publish your portrait and description in our Sunday edition, as one of the Merchant-Princes of the Great City—for the small sum of two dollars."

CARTOON FROM PUCK ON THE ILLUSTRATING CRAZE.



F. A. PERAUD.

hours, and seeing its reproduction in the following day's edition. It was a satire on the great dinner given at Delmonico's during the last days of the electoral campaign to Mr. James G. Blaine, by Jay Gould and a number of railroad men and millionaires. The cartoon represented a modern Belshazzar's feast, with Mr. Blaine as the centre figure and a warning inscription on the wall behind. So telling was the hit that the Democratic National committee ordered the design reproduced on a number of transparencies, which figured in the monster democratic parade two days later.

Although the American Press association and other concerns of a like nature, by supplying the smaller country weeklies with excellent artistic work, had forced the larger western sheets to use illustrated matter, the New York papers continued for a considerable period to fight shy of the popular innovation. The first to unbend was the New York Evening Telegram. Its proprietor imported the well-known and

clever artist Baron C. de Grimm. A graduate of the Beaux-Arts in Paris, De Grimm rose head and shoulders above his contemporaries of the daily press as a draughtsman; but his European training and associations had left an indelible stamp on his handiwork, and completely unfitted him to delineate the American life and character. Unequalled in grace, style and technique, he was at a disadvantage as a political cartoonist. Yet whatever adverse criticism his work incites, one fact remains unchanged; and that is that his example raised the standard of daily newspaper illustration to a far higher plane, and his advent therefore marks a distinct epoch in American pictorial journalism.

The New York Sun did not fall into line until the fall of 1885, when Mr. Laffan, its manager, somewhat surprised me one day by ordering a portrait of Ira Davenport, republican candidate for governor of New York, and another of

General Jones, of freight-paying fame. Following in the lines laid down by the World, which had established its own mechanical plant under the supervision of A. F. Leslie, the Sun organized a regular art department, and today, under the skilful management of one of the members of the editorial staff, H. W. Odion, it has outstripped its rival in general artistic excellence. The comparative failure of the Telegram's pictorial venture appears to have discouraged James Gordon Bennett to some extent, but in 1889 even the Herald joined the steadily increasing ranks of picture papers, and it has since been followed by the Tribune and the majority of New York evening papers. With the possible exception of the Philadelphia Times and Press, the New York Herald can now be said to furnish the best illustrations of any daily paper in the United States, and no small share of the credit for this result rests with Mr. Reick, its youthful and energetic man-



aging editor, who at the outset gave his personal supervision to the new department. Stress of work has since caused him to transfer these duties to F. A. Feraud, for many years art manager of the Graphic, which paper gave up the ghost for all time early last year.

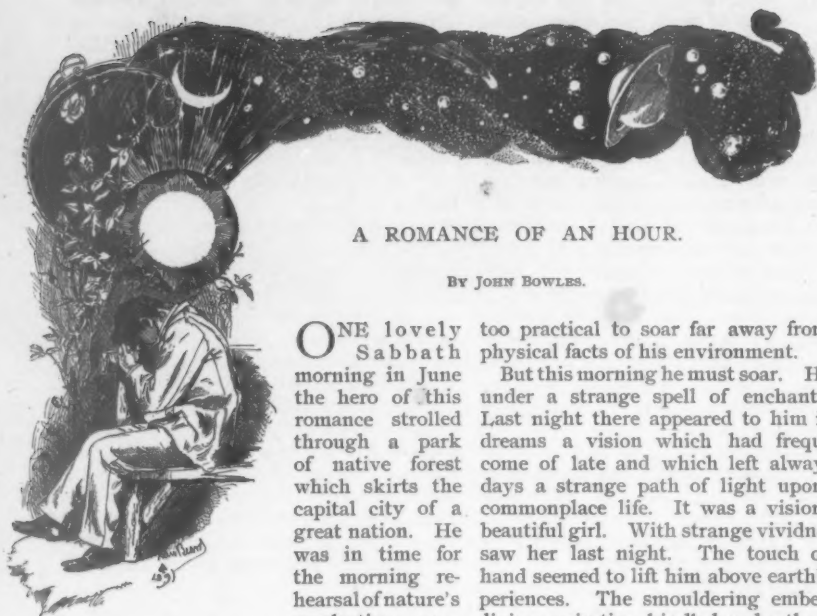
Without going outside of New York I could point out a score of men who deserve more than a passing mention. As pure manipulators of the "outline," Messrs. Coultaus and Kerr of the Herald have attained a high degree of proficiency, while Messrs. Knickerbocker and Weill of the same paper shine as adepts at rapid composition. The Herald's political cartoons are drawn by Mr. Hamilton of Judge. The Sun enjoys the occasional services of Mr. John Durkin, a strong character delineator, and the regular contributions of Louis D. Arata, O. H. von Gottschalk and W. A. Bertram. In the World's columns we still find McDougall's cartoons, faulty in drawing, but brimful of the broad humor that appeals to the masses; also the graceful drawings of Archie Gunn and the efficient all-round work of George Folsom. The Recorder, a

new arrival in the field of journalism, with Mr. Horgan as its art manager, disposes of the services of fully fifty artists, among whom might be named D. McCarthy, Walter H. Goater, Alexander Zenope, A. B. Shults, J. W. Trowbridge, Raymond Hyde, Henry Bothoff, Fernando Miranda and others.

New York does not monopolize "art talent" as applied to the daily press. The Boston papers possess several clever artists whose work stands favorable comparison with any in the same line, and M. J. Sweeny of the Globe, otherwise known as "Boz," has acquired a merited reputation all over New England with his saucy "Little Yacup Strauss" conceits and political cartoons. The Chicago newspapers devote a great deal of their space to illustrations. The St. Louis papers, following the example of the Post-Dispatch, have, almost without a single exception, come to illustration. Nearly all the larger towns of the West have taken most kindly to pictorial journalism; witness the fact that the more important papers own their own engraving plant and often employ a staff of artists.



A CARTOON FROM THE HERALD.



## A ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

BY JOHN BOWLES.

ONE lovely Sabbath morning in June the hero of this romance strolled through a park of native forest which skirts the capital city of a great nation. He was in time for the morning rehearsal of nature's everlasting symphony; bird and bee humming in wondrous harmony with rustling leaf, bud and blossom. He paused at the base of a pyramid of wild-rose brambles and, gazing at the only open blossom on the topmost branch, he said: "Yes, it is always so; the most tempting things are just beyond our reach; but, in spite of your apparent security I must capture you, my royal beauty." And springing up lightly he grasped the thorny stem and the prize was his.

What cared he for the wound on his finger? Had he not secured the rose, this rare and latest masterpiece of nature's craft?

He sat down at the base of a majestic oak and mused, intently gazing the while at the flower and then at the crimson drop which was its price.

He was what the world calls a dreamer. His Greek profile, light-brown beard and mustache, deep blue eyes and high forehead told of the mingled temperaments of poet, philosopher and artist, each striving for the mastery. One might suspect a lack of the sterner practical qualities, perhaps; yet the nature of this man was, after all,

too practical to soar far away from the physical facts of his environment.

But this morning he must soar. He was under a strange spell of enchantment. Last night there appeared to him in his dreams a vision which had frequently come of late and which left always for days a strange path of light upon this commonplace life. It was a vision of a beautiful girl. With strange vividness he saw her last night. The touch of her hand seemed to lift him above earthly experiences. The smouldering embers of divine aspiration kindled under the light of her glance. If he could always feel thus! What would matter the defeats and disappointments of life! So it was that this morning he felt an impatient longing to pierce beyond this material veil to the eternal verities which are just behind it.

As he drank the perfume of the rose he asked himself: "What is it? What is this fragrance? With enlarged vision could we see it? Do particles of sublimated matter assume shapes fantastic? or, as is more likely, do they appear in the form of the parent, as semi-spiritual roses?"

"And thou too, oh, ruby drop, tell me of yourself and the shapes divine which make up your royal coloring. Is it possible that you too are composed of atoms fashioned after the Divine Prototype? Do you bear the image of man in some semi-spiritual resemblance?"

As he mused thus he became gradually conscious, without any surprise, that he was in the presence of a vast multitude of people, beings like himself, but who were swaying to and fro in the wild tumult of despair which follows a great calamity. So might Lisbon have looked

the moment after the earth yawned, or Atlantis when in the throes of cataclysmic disaster. There were wild prayers, entreaties, to him to save them. Why were they addressed to him?

Gradually the truth was borne in upon his consciousness that these beings were a part of himself. His organism was their universe, and beyond its limits they had no power to conceive of existence. The price of the thorn was to them a cataclysm—a wild upheaval which threw them open to an environment to which they were not adapted and in which they must inevitably perish. He heard them petitioning him with self-accusing prayers to save them from his just wrath, which no doubt their sins had provoked. How could he reach them; how make them understand that this misfortune was not retributive at all but had its origin in complications far beyond their little universe?

Suddenly there appeared two beings, evidently of a different type, bright, radiant, ineffable—a man with the face of a sage leading by the hand a fair creature, seemingly his daughter. It needed but one glance to see that she was the same, the lovely visitant of his dreams.

With an air of calm authority the man spoke, and his words brought instant peace to the distracted and disordered multitude.

"My children," he said, "be not dismayed, be patient and wait. You are in the hands of law and of love; not at the mercy of caprice and of anger. I know whereof I speak, and I tell you we may trust the everlasting and eternal Power to heal every wound. You are in divine keeping and all is well. Each of you has a duty to perform in the work of repair, let each see that he does it faithfully and well. The reward will be swift and sure." Then turning, he said: "You are no doubt surprised at what you have seen. You have had a glimpse of a hitherto unsuspected world. Come with me and I will reveal more of its marvellous economy."

In another moment they found themselves in a region of strange charm and beauty. No radiant sun seemed to shine from the zenith of its heaven, but a soft diffused light illumined the atmosphere.

"This," said the sage, "is as it were the Dome of the Temple. It is the high-

est part of the organism, the seat of the directive energies which control the rest. In other words, you are at this moment exploring the recesses of your own brain. Among the myriads of beings composing your organism, only the bravest and strongest reach this supreme elevation and participate in these exalted functions, and there again they are sifted and classified according to their fitness for the higher or lower activities indicated in your system of knowledge by the 'white' and the 'gray.' I shall use another of your terms to make you comprehend the process by which these changes are accomplished. It is by 'selection.' Selection determines everything. Every atom or being becomes a part of some one of the various organs or activities of your organism by means of a preference, inclination or affinity, which ranges it with an absolute fidelity to its essential nature. There are no arbitrary rulings in creation, be it great or small, and the world you are now observing is subject to the identical law which controls the suns in their courses."

He who was a guest in this strange world looked about him with an eager curiosity, listening the while to his venerable guide.

The atmosphere of the place produced a singular exaltation of spirit. He could remember only on one or two occasions having for one brief moment attained the sort of joy he now experienced. The dross of life seemed to have dropped away. He could not imagine the existence of anything ignoble.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, drawing in a deep inspiration of the strange ether, "this is worth living."

The old man smiled and said: "My son, you are in your native air. I knew that you were suited to it and that is the reason I conducted you hither. Some could not breathe in this region of quickened forces, but all that involves much you cannot understand now. My daughter has long watched you," he added, smiling again. "Come here, Aleta." The beautiful girl was at his side in a moment. He looked at her fixedly for only an instant and then went on: "You were right, my dear girl. Your friend is well fitted to understand these mysteries, and you shall guide his feet while I lead his thought to a new understanding of the secrets of his own



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THEY WERE LOOKING DOWN UPON AN ASSEMBLY OF WORSHIPPERS.

being. I am Alta," he said, turning to his companion, "and you may call me so, if you will."

"That will indeed be a privilege, Sire," was the reverent reply. "And, Sire, a moment ago you called me 'Son.' It had a thrilling sweetness to me. Will you call me so again and ever after?"

Alta smiled. "Yes, I understand, you love her. That is but natural, because she is the other half of your own soul, and she loves you under the same law of necessity."

"Loves me!" gasped the youth. "Aleta, tell me, is this so? Can it be that there is such happiness for me?"

"Yes," she said, with simple frankness, "I love you;" and, as if proud of the self-surrender, she yielded to the embrace of his enfolding arms. Then lifting a face which shone with a new and strange brightness, she said: "I think I have a right to name you since we belong to each other. Alta may call you 'Son,' but for me you shall be 'Hero.' My Hero for all time," she added, in a tone of rapturous tenderness, as a baptismal tear fell upon the bent head of her lover.

A wondrous calm pervaded the soul of Hero, as, with Aleta's hand in his, they wandered through the shining recesses—crystalline labyrinths of this strange place.

"You might be here a thousand years," said Alta, "and yet not exhaust the marvels of this place. There are myriads of departments, each conducted with such absolute precision, a microscope of a million diameters would not detect a flaw in the work. The nature of these activities I cannot explain to you, but their import is tremendous. You see those messengers speeding with the fleetness of light from one point to another? They bear messages to and from every remote part of your being, and bring reports of all coming within the cognizance of your sense and perception."

"Do you observe a change in the conditions? There is some exciting cause, which gives increased brilliancy to the light and a peculiar rarity to the ether. This is sometimes produced by the approach of another organism to which this one is allied; but in this case the cause is different, as I will explain to you later. Lean on me, my son," he said, looking at his companion intently.

"I do feel a little faint," said Hero, ac-

cepting the proffered support. He watched Aleta, who, in a sort of impatient rapture, floated on beyond them, and seemed melting into the strange fantastic beauty of the scene. The light dazzled with its growing intensity, augmented now by electric coruscations. The changing variety of beautiful form and color fatigued while it charmed. The ether pulsed in a wild rush of waves which were color to the eye, music to the ear and fragrance to the sense. Hero felt as if he were suffocating from excess of perception, and grasping his forehead with both hands, uttered a cry and fell at Alta's feet in a swoon.

In another moment he opened his eyes upon the familiar forest. There were the pines and oaks, and among the brown needles and leaves at his feet lay the rose he had plucked. Alta was holding his hand, and ah! wonder of wonders! Aleta was murmuring sweet words of tenderness as she bathed his head with water from the brook. "Have I dreamed?" he said, "such a strange place!"

"No," said Alta gravely, "you have not dreamed. What you saw is reality. You have looked in upon yourself, and have some idea now of the complexity of your own being. You have learned that the fate of countless multitudes hangs upon your every thought and act; that your volition determines their destiny, while you in turn are made wretched if any one of them fails to perform his part in the economy of your organism. The interdependence is as intimate as it is possible to be; for, in fact, you are they, and they are you. You have looked into the recesses of your own brain and have seen, if you have not understood, the marvellous workings of its processes. Do you not realize now how grave a responsibility it is to live?"

"But your head aches and we must find an antidote for all this introspection. Do you know why the condition grew so intense and so agitating during the last moments of our stay in that place?"

"No," said Hero, "I do not know, but it seemed as if I should go mad from excess of perception."

"Yes," said Alta, smiling, "that was the exciting cause. It was your mental organ we were traversing, and as your own excitement increased, the conditions there corresponded."



"How marvellous," exclaimed Hero.

"Could you see, as I have often seen,"

Alta went on, "the brain of a genius at the moment when a discovery dawns upon him—it is like the crater of a volcano. But you are fatigued, you must have no more excitement now. Our researches shall be outside of yourself. You shall see your fellow-men, not as you have always known them, but as they appear to me and as they are. Do you see, my son, that luminous spot yonder? It is caused by the conjunction of many spheres, or men, as you would say, drawn together by a common interest and mutual attraction. They have assembled to worship. That steady diffused light indicates the sympathy or the rapport which fuses the souls of the multitude. This is well suited to my purpose as an illustration, so thither we will go."

He gave a sweeping movement of his uplifted hand, and away they were speeding through space toward the softly illumined spot Alta had indicated. In another moment they were looking down upon an assembly of worshippers. Each individual was encircled in a halo of shimmering light, appearing, indeed, like a "sphere," as called by Alta. A network of lines could be discerned, like fine silver threads, in which all seemed enmeshed. Alta anticipated Hero's question and said, "Those are lines of force, attractive and repellent, which draw these spheres toward or away from each other. They are the invisible currents which establish the natural relations and association among people."

Hero looked for some moments in silence and then said: "I observe there is an infinite variety in the appearance of these spheres."

"Yes," said Alta, "and to me that is as full of meaning as is a printed page to you. Your scientists have discovered a system of lines in the spectrum of remote heavenly bodies, which tells their nature and elements. I see before me lines which in the same way disclose the innermost impulses of each soul, love, truth, hypocrisy, hatred, jealousy, are all revealed in that encompassing halo. You observe those lines of force," he went on, "which stream from the head, are in some individuals much longer and brighter than in others? Those are the men who will in-

evitably dominate the others. Then, too, there are different qualities of this force, good and evil, that you cannot discern as I do, but you see clearly as I, that a man's personality is not limited within the boundary of his visible physical organism. See how each one extends—some reaching out an influence which penetrates every being in the assembly, while others again have only a little feeble radius of light, which scarcely reaches his nearest neighbor; but you will observe all are interlaced and entwined by these invisible currents, which make the whole world and, indeed, the whole creation, akin; so that just as in the minute beings you saw a while ago in your own organism there is an interdependence, and harm to one must be an injury to all the rest, as all partake of these same living currents, which flow like your life blood through the arteries and veins of the race of men."

"Oh, what a complex world!" exclaimed Hero.

"Complex, indeed," answered Alta; "why, my son, what you have seen is only the beginning of an endless chain. The myriads of beings on the earth, like those before us, constitute a whole, which is again only an integral part of some mightier whole, and that again only a part of another and more gigantic combination. And so on and on, till the brain grows giddy with addition and multiplication, and still we have not yet reached the end, the all, the sum total which is the universe."

"Then if it has no limit it can have no centre," said Hero, "and if there be an impossible maximum there must also be an impossible minimum. I am lost, lost, in this immensity."

"You are quite right, my son," said Alta; "there is no boundary line, no frontier, and every man makes for himself a centre. The place where he stands is for him the centre of the universe. I am pleased to find your mind so receptive to these things," he added. "You are equally right in seeing the infinity of the chain leading toward the minute. An impossible minimum follows an impossible maximum. What you call matter, being simply an aggregation of particles, which are in turn composed of other and smaller particles, so that you may subtract and divide till the brain grows weary with the

task—as it did just now in multiplying—and still you will have molecules susceptible of division, until we arrive at a point where the atoms are so infinitesimal that all the solids known to science are as honeycomb to the many times divided molecules."

"Then," said Hero, "why may not this ethereal matter, infinite in attributes, why may it not be spirit?"

Alta shook his head gravely. "The time is not ripe for you to know the relation of spirit and matter. You have much to learn before you are ready for that great mystery, but this much I may tell you. Spirit is to matter what the general is to the army, everywhere present by his cohesive and directive force, without which, matter, like the rank and file of the army without the general, would become a disorganized and ineffectual mass. And as the power of the chief in command is shared by the next in authority, and so on down to the ranks, so the universe requires every officer and man to do his whole duty at his post. Now listen! The leader of this assembly is about to pray."



THERE LAY A FAIR CITY.

Words of supplication and entreaty followed those of invocation and praise. They seemed wrung from a bruised heart and agonized soul, and dwelt upon the just wrath of an offended God, one who must have the shedding of blood to appease him before there can be forgiveness and peace.

Alta's brow contracted, and, sighing deeply, he said: "Poor children, poor children, why can they not understand?"

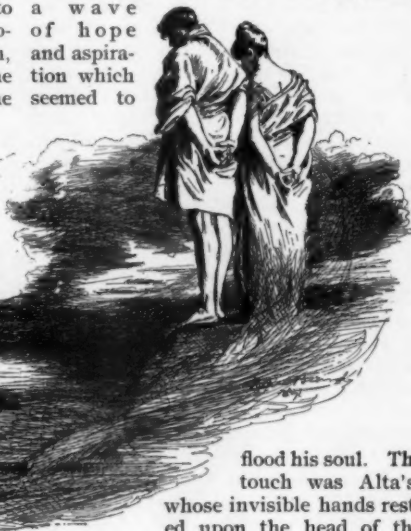
"Now observe," said Aleta to Hero. "Father has come into touch with this man's nature; note the change in his speech."

Almost while she spoke the bowed head

was raised and words eloquent with hope and trust electrified his listeners. "Thou art not a God of vengeance, but of love. We are not victims of Thy wrath, but children of Thy divine heart. We may grope and stumble, for the way is dark, but Thou wilt not permit one of Thy children to perish in darkness and despair."

The sensation in the assembly was profound. Some few lingered to admonish their pastor that he was making salvation too cheap, too easy. But the preacher heard or heeded not.

There was a life-giving touch upon his bowed head, from which there streamed a wave of hope and aspiration which seemed to



flood his soul. The touch was Alta's, whose invisible hands rested upon the head of the good man.

"Now, my children, I must leave you for a while," said Alta. Turning to Hero, he added: "Aleta will be your guide, and if you desire it, will convey you to scenes far beyond the region of earthly pilgrimages. She has a brave spirit and a strong grasp upon the forces which belong to our plane of existence. She loves you much, Hero, and you have before you an eternity of joy beyond the power of the human mind to conceive," and with a farewell wave of the hand he vanished.

Hero trembled as he found himself for the first moment alone with this divinely and yet humanly lovely creature. Words seemed a coarse profanation of the meas-

ureless, ineffable feeling which filled his soul! He opened his arms and she glided into his embrace. Whether it was hours or moments he knew not. What had he to do with time now? She loved him. His restless soul had found peace, he had become a part of eternity. Rising and setting suns meant nothing to him forevermore!

Did she speak? He knew not, and yet he knew her thought. She was telling him how long she had loved him, how she had tried—vainly tried—to make him understand that she belonged to him. And then, had she not suffered? Had she not seen him clothe an earthly object in her own attributes, and try to enshrine a creature of clay in the home she had beautified for herself? When he had found his earthly love fading in disappointment and bitterness; and she—she had been almost glad when he wept. "Still I comforted you," she seemed to say. "Your outstretched arms often enfolded me, yet you only dimly knew it, and thought you dreamed. Ah! dearest, the other was the dream, and this the real. If you doubt the reality of this moment," she said, laughing, "look down there and see what is spread out before us."

Hero looked as she bid him. There lay a fair city. Did he not know it well! Its ample white avenues were fringed with waving verdure which only half concealed beautiful homes, and many a graceful spire, like the jewelled finger of faith, pointing heavenward; while here and there arose great marble and granite piles of architecture, with mighty domes, and out of the very earth there sprang a cloud-piercing, spotless shaft, whose glistening top looked beyond the river, to the blue hills on the other side.

They hovered for a moment over this beautiful scene and then drifted on until they looked down upon a nation's dormitory, where her patriot slain peacefully slumber, while on cushioned wheels and with velvet tread, devoted living pay tribute to heroes dead!

Often had Hero visited this hallowed spot, but never before had he seen the golden light which enveloped it, nor the radiant beings keeping watch o'er these green mounds!

On and on they floated, over broad fields and fertile valleys; the lowing of the cattle

and joyous peals of laughter mingling with the hum of the busy, simple life below, in the familiar cadence of earthly sounds, which struck strangely now on Hero's ear.

"Why do we come here?" he had thought rather than said, to which Aleta replied: "Reminiscence and habit open up pathways through which the soul naturally moves; besides, you love these scenes, and the desire to see them, although only vague and not formulated into a wish, creates an impulse towards them. Oh! you have so much to learn, my Hero. To desire is to be and to wish for is to have."

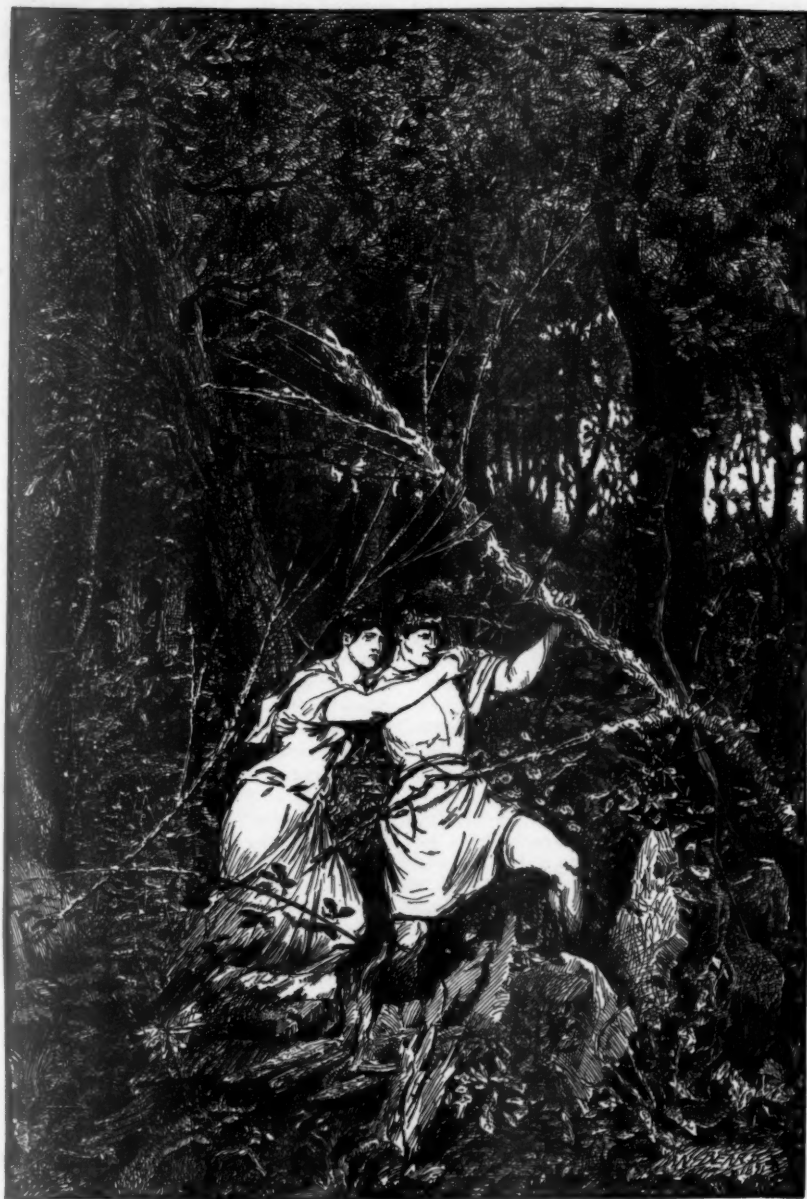
Hero knew well the scene which was now spread out beneath their gaze. Every towering peak of this mountain range so blue was a familiar friend. That rugged pinnacle with the human profile in stone was keeping watch just as of yore over that lovely village nestling at its feet. And there was the same great encircling valley, fertile, rich, beautiful; and beyond was the cavern Luray, that strange treasure house, filled by nature as if in affluent sport of creative fancy.

A desire to descend into its unexplored depths flitted across his mind. He was only conscious of meeting a tender reproach from Aleta's eyes, as he found himself descending a dark, slippery incline, with alternate illumination and inky shadows so intense as seemingly to cut the very cord of the optic nerve. He felt the clasp of Aleta's hand, firm, yet soft as eiderdown, and on he went, down, down, through labyrinths of winding caverns, the air growing heavy with sepulchral odors and a horror of chill dampness clinging to stalactite and stalagmite, augmenting the dangers of the slippery path.

Soon he felt rather than saw the presence of innumerable creatures, and there arose a horrid din of subterranean sounds clashing out of harmony, each grating discord seeming to say: "Go back! go back! We like you not: what do you here?"

Hero could bear no more. "Aleta!" he cried, "let us get away from this horrible place."

Instantly he felt the sweet breath of the open air and the sunshine. Aleta's lips were pressed upon his own, and she laughed merrily as she said: "So you do not like the underworld? Ah, well! you must learn to be careful about what you



NETWORK OF VINES ENTANGLED THEM, SHARP STONES CUT THEIR FEET.

wish. Remember what I told you. It was horrible," she said, shuddering, "but I dared not leave you to yourself. Come, dearest, let us away to yonder shining peak, and forget all about this cavern and its ghostly occupants."

How beautiful, how tempting was the landscape from that greater elevation, bathed in the sunlit splendor of late afternoon! "It is beautiful," she said, pressing Hero's hand in sympathy, "and I do not wonder you desire to be there. Let us go," she said impulsively, and instantly their feet were on firm, prosaic earth, the clouds flitting and the trees waving over their heads. They were a part of the landscape they had beheld but a moment ago.

Hero had never realized so fully as at this moment the joy of possessing this divinely lovely girl. Now, with his feet pressing the green turf, he knew it was reality, not a deluding vision of bliss. She loved him and was to be his own through all eternity. He extended his arms toward her, but she shrank from his embrace with a little shiver and stood apart, pale, silent, her eyes fixed on the ground, where her feet seemed too firmly fixed.

"Dearest, what is it?" said Hero in alarm.

She tried to smile, as she answered: "I think we had better go down to yonder plateau where we see those tents, but I am afraid you will have to lead here," she faltered; "I do not feel able to guide you in this place."

"Lean on me, dear one," said Hero proudly. How glad he was to have her look to him for protection! But the way was difficult, and he scarcely knew how to surmount the intricate dangers of the descent. Network of vines entangled them, sharp stones cut their feet, and sometimes further progress seemed absolutely impossible. Hero felt as if struggling in a strange nightmare. A benumbing sense of insufficient strength and skill for what he had undertaken dismayed him.

Aleta sighed deeply. "We will rest, darling," he said; "you are not used to these rough ways."

A tree had fallen across the path and he drew her down upon the moss-covered seat. Her eyes looked into his with an expression of pathetic weariness and hopelessness. He tried to tell her of his

love, of the eternity of happiness that awaited them. A dread chill smote his heart as he saw her withdraw her hand from his and examine it closely, almost as if she expected to find a stain upon it, saying absently: "Eternity! How do we know there is an eternity? Forgive me if I pain you," she said, "but since we came here all seems so dark, the other with its joy seems only a dream. I behold things now in the light of reason. The warmth and color have faded out of everything in its cold rays."

The sun was sinking below the horizon. Its glow of crimson and purple faded into pink and gray and these in turn deepened into the sombre tints which precede the night. Still they sat speechless, two dumb souls in the shadow of a dense forest, far from human habitation. Hero aroused himself from the lethargy which overwhelmed him and tried to talk again of their love, but his stammering tongue gave only feeble expression and Aleta answered absently: "I think, my Hero, I do not quite understand you." He realized that every effort engulfed them more and more in the quicksand of hopelessness.

In agonized fear of something, he knew not what, he sprang to his feet. "Let us go," he said; "let us get away from this place to the plain below. Lean on me, dearest, I will take you safely." But in the growing darkness they stumbled and fell, rising again to clamber over boulders and fallen trees with despairing effort, and finally reached a wall of shelving rock which forbade another step. Aleta sank upon the ground with a cry of anguish, and then, lifting her face, said: "Oh, Father, Alta, we perish!" In another moment, calm, radiant, majestic, Alta stood before them. "My poor children," he said, "why would you come back to these physical conditions? Why did you sink to the level of the commonplace?" Then as his hands took one of each of theirs, the solid earth seemed to grow luminous, even transparent. Once more they realized that to think and to desire was to have and to be. Ah! the joy of this mastery of the spirit over the natural physical forces.

They sped away, away. Earth had faded into a little scintillating ball in space; its attendant moon, which had for



a time expanded into a great luminous mass, was now a minute point of light. They were threading their way in those vast unvisited regions among the stars. A new sun blazed upon their path, growing, expanding. What had seemed mere points of light about it were clustering groups of satellites, glittering like splendid jewels about the great central fiery mass, which at last seemed a mountain of flame; while each satellite (there were a dozen or more) was at least as large as our own sun, each carrying its own encircling moons, none less than three and some nine, and each of these larger than our own moon at the full and blazing in a variety and intensity of color beyond the capacity of the human eye to conceive. Our own solar system diminished into a mere rushlight in the heavens beside the splendor of this family of stars. It is not strange that Hero prostrated himself before the God of such a universe, and said: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him!" What a mighty creation is this," he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Alta calmly, "yet one conscious soul is greater than all these. This is only the theatre, the stage, for the real life, where we are the actors. You know so little, it is difficult to make you understand, but the glory does not lie so much in immensities, but rather in the subtle perfection of the essence."

"And are these worlds the theatres of an existence like ours on earth?" said Hero reverently.

"Like? Yes and no. Like in kind, but in degree as like as you are like the oyster. There is an intensity of experience here you could not comprehend, and yet its elements are all contained within you, and all exist in your world, which is now invisibly circling about that faint star yonder," saying which, he pointed to a feebly flickering point of light across the trackless space beyond.

"Is that our earth?" said Hero.

"Your earth?" and Alta smiled as at the guesses of a child; "that is the entire solar system. The sun and its remotest satellites are from this distance merged into one point of light, to which your earth contributes a ray too feeble to be seen. And now I must leave you. Aleta will re-conduct you over the path we have come."

"Not yet," said Hero, passionately grasping Alta's hand. "Tell me, first, how I may obtain this mastery over the forces of nature. What is the secret which unlocks these glories? Impart this to me, I implore, before you go."

"It is not a thing which can be bestowed or imparted," replied the sage.

"It is simply a matter of growth, a natural unfolding of germinant powers by means of minute processes of growth, not by fiat. Impatient souls like yours would leap at once into the higher life, but does one leap from the cradle to the senate chamber? Can one read without learning the alphabet? There can be no unnatural termination of the period of tuition on the lower plane. Can you feed on unripe fruit? The fragrance of the rose is the outcome of the blossom, the bud and the germ. You must patiently tend through sunshine and shadow, in summer sun and winter blast, for the ripening of this fruit, and not darning, so much as patience, is needed."

"Well, at least tell me before you go something of the mysterious relation of spirit to matter. I have so longed to know. Can they exist the one without the other, or are they inseparable, or even identical?"

"Yes, that is the old question," replied Alta. "I too struggled hopelessly with it in my own earth life; but how vain, how futile it was. The race of man has not arrived at a point of development where a solution of this mystery is essential or even possible. When it has it will know. All the currents of the universe would continue to flow as now, if this secret were wrested from the hidden archives. The vast avenues of advancement open broadly, inviting men of thought and earnest purpose to pursue the orderly path of progress which leads to an expanding perception of God's universe. Move patiently along the path, your face set steadily toward the higher, but always realizing that it can only be reached through the lower—that the concrete is the school which fits for the essential life, or life in the essence." With these words Alta waved a majestic farewell and vanished utterly from view.

Hero was alone with Aleta in this vast ocean of space—no North, no South, no night, no day, no clock to tell the hours nor mark the seconds. Before him the glittering splendors of this strange and

nameless sun with its satellites, and in his arms the being who was to him more than all the universe besides. The rapture of a divine soul-satisfying love filled his being. Is it strange that he saw not the clustering star worlds, expanding and diminishing as they sped by them along over the pathless regions of space? It seemed but a moment of time when Aleta, with a little sigh of regret, said, "Do you recognize this spot?"

Looking down he beheld the waving tops of the pines, and near that pyramid of wild roses he thought he saw the sleeping form of a man, his face hidden by the clustering blossoms.

A vague terror smote him. "You are not going to leave me?" he gasped.

"Yes, dearest," she answered, "for a time, at least. It must be so, but I shall come again. This shall be our trysting place," she said, smiling, "and when I come to you hereafter will you know it is I or will you think you dream? Oh, Hero, I could not bear that now. But I will give you a key which will always unlock the door dividing us," and with both arms about his neck she whispered into his ear the magic word which would always bring her to his side, adding tenderly: "It will not be needed long, dearest, and then all eternity together! And if you need me, remember, all obstacles will melt

before that word which you have but to utter and we will be face to face and heart to heart."

Overwhelmed and agitated as he was, Hero could still not resist a strange fascination which drew him toward the partly concealed figure of the sleeping man under the great oak.

Aleta smiled sadly as she saw this. "If you awaken him I shall have to go," she said with a warning gesture. At this moment she lifted her head and stood for a moment as if listening. Then turning to him she said: "The time has come. It has been beautiful as a dream, but it is over. I must go. Remember, Hero, it is not a dream; and now farewell."

"My love," said Hero, "how can I let you go?" His lips met hers, his very soul seemed departing in an ecstasy of love.

He felt as if he were sinking down, down, into fathomless depths; then, with a strange feeling of having lost something priceless, he opened his eyes and looked at his empty arms.

From a distance came the hum of the busy city, the wild-rose brambles rustled gently in the breeze, there was the drop of blood on his finger, dried into a tiny spot of dark red, and at his feet lay the fading rose.

And the romance of an hour was finished.



THEY SPED AWAY, AWAY.



## GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE.

BY ADAM BADEAU.\*

THE English people has always been a gambling people. Not only the aristocracy but the middle and lower classes have been very generally fascinated by games of chance, and especially addicted to risking their money at cards. At times, it is true, a protest has arisen from the serious minority against what they considered a dissipation; the Puritan movement was based upon an ascetic dislike for bull-baiting and dancing, theatrical performances and cardplaying; but the reaction after Cromwell's death sent the pendulum very far the other way; and Pepys records on many a page the enormous sums which in Charles II.'s time the courtiers, men and women, lost and won in gambling. The king himself—it is matter of history—was given to this amusement as well as to many others which the straiter-laced English of his time abhorred.

The national passion has hardly abated since. A century after the restoration prime ministers gambled as well as dissolute princes. Horace Walpole's letters and Lord Hervey's memoirs are full of stories of betting ladies and ruined lords;

and Charles James Fox was as famous for his propensity for play as for his wonderful oratory or brilliant political genius. Today in nearly every country house in England cards are played for money; the stakes are not always high, but night after night reputable ladies and honorable public men all over the land sit down to whist and cribbage with their own sons and daughters. Nor is the custom confined to the aristocracy. Plenty of people of religious character in the sober middle class lose their pound or their five pounds after dinner without compunction or criticism.

Indeed, in English society cards are commoner than any other form of amusement; partly, perhaps, because they can be played with so little trouble. They are not like dancing or music, at which half of the company must be listeners or lookers-on; at cards every one can take a hand. No matter how small the party, a group is soon gathered around the green table, and as a rule the stakes are not higher than most of the players can afford. But every one plays for money;



\* General Adam Badeau, while in the volunteer service, was appointed aide upon the staff of General W. T. Sherman. He was severely wounded almost at the same time with his commanding officer, in leading an assault upon the Confederate works at Fort Hudson. In 1864 he was appointed military secretary to General Grant, with the rank first of lieutenant colonel, and afterwards of colonel. This position he held until 1869, when he was sent as Secretary of Legation to the Court of Saint James. In 1870 he went to Madrid as bearer of government despatches, and upon his return to London was appointed Consul General. During twelve years' residence in England he had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with the higher English society, and upon his return to America wrote a clever book, under the title of *Aristocracy in England*. In addition to this he published *The Vagabond*, a collection of essays; *The Military History of U. S. Grant*; *Conspiracy*, a Cuban Romance and *Grant In Peace*.

there is no interest in cards to an Englishman without the risk.

In America one can usually excuse himself from cards in general society without becoming conspicuous; but in England this is out of the question, especially when the company is small, and to refuse may break up a game. Thus courtesy compels one to sit down. Then if you play badly you annoy your partners and are liable to disagreeable criticism from testy dowagers or army officers on retired pay, who sometimes lose their temper as well as their points on very small provocation.

The turf, however, is answerable for a large share of the English love of gambling, and, of late years, doubtless greater sums have passed from hand to hand because of the points of a horse or the tricks of a jockey at Doncaster or the Derby than in the gaming rooms frequented by the aristocracy. For some reason or another, the odium which, in the eyes of the very rigid English, attaches to cards or dice is lessened when the risk is connected with racing or other out-of-door sports. The last Lord Derby, as sedate a nobleman as often holds high place in English politics, was a noted patron of the turf, and filled up the intervals between cabinet councils and translations of Horace with the society of stablemen, the weighing of jockeys, and discussions of the merits of studs and mares. Lord Rosebery, today one of the most promising of the younger members of the aristocracy, to whom many look as a future possible premier, lavished thousands of pounds on this popular amusement after his marriage with a Rothschild; to say nothing of the young Duke of Portland or His Royal Highness, the whilom friend of Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Bart., of Altyre.

There are even clergymen who race their own horses, though the practice is looked upon with disfavor by ecclesiastical authority; nevertheless gentlemen who owned studs, and happened to be in the church, have refused within the last ten years to submit to interference with their favorite taste; just as parsons still play for money in country houses, though not so often in town.

The explanation of all this is not far to find. Most Englishmen like a contest of any sort; they always stop to look at a street fight, and invariably take sides

when discussing a foreign war or a personal scandal—from our own civil struggle down to the late baccarat trial. The University boartrace interests not only Oxford and Cambridge, but all England besides; every cabby in London wears his rosette at Eastertide—pale or deep blue—to signify his choice of crews; the coachmen and the grooms are as eager as the masters whom they drive to the Thames, while both ladies and ladies' maids turn out at an early hour, and often in a driving storm, not only to watch the rival swains, but to bet their gloves or their wages on the result. Cricket matches between the Lords and the Commons, or Eton and Harrow, are the subject of wagers in town and country, among rich and poor, religious and profane. The ladies who sat by Lord Coleridge last month, and the men behind Gordon-Cumming, were betting high on the verdict from the time of the counsel's first speech till the jury returned into court. The story is old of the clubmen at White's betting whether the stranger who fell under their window would live or die; and when somebody wanted to send for a doctor the bettors declared that wouldn't be fair; it would interfere with the wager.

So the mere fact that a prince or a nobleman gambles can hardly be said to shock the British sense of propriety. The lusty love of battle in the English nature seizes on the element of contest that exists in gambling; for it is certainly not the skill displayed in a race or a fight which is the principal attraction; it is not the speed of a horse or the strength of a man, though Englishmen are the last to underprize physical traits. It is the instinct of fight that "smelleth the battle afar off." John Bull is like the war horse in Job: he "rejoiceth and goeth on to meet the armed men." He enjoys the excitement, the very uncertainty of the result, and the greater the stakes or the more tremendous the upshot, the keener is his interest in the game. Parliament itself adjourns for the Derby. The cockpit and the prizefight are, to many, as attractive as ever, although illegal and—worse yet—inelegant. They are the rules of a *marquis* that govern the ring today.

Thus, neither the Lord Chief Justice of England nor the fine ladies who crowded his courtroom saw any harm in the Prince

of Wales amusing himself with baccarat. "What if he did introduce it at great houses?" said Lord Coleridge, in his charge to the jury. And indeed it was not the gambling that injured the prestige of royalty, but the vulgar surroundings; the shabby people who set a trap for their guest and then denied the act under oath; the presence of women whom the future Queen of England had refused to meet; the fact that the heir-apparent insisted on playing in a house when he knew that his host disapproved; the condonation of an offence unpardonable among gentlemen, and above all, the betrayal of a secret which the whole party had solemnly pledged themselves not to reveal. It is hard to believe that the cheating did not occur, for the conduct of Sir William is unaccountable, if he was innocent. The sacrifice of his own honor for that of his prince is without precedent in the British aristocracy under the house of Hanover. It took the Stuarts and the Tudors to evoke such devotion, and no one pretends that the present heir to the English throne is the man to call it forth. Still, many good men and women in England maintain even now the innocence of the baronet.

But, guilty or not, he received the pledge of a prince and of the entire party to silence, and the pledge was broken. Not only broken, but the prince announced in open court that he believed his former friend guilty, and he emphasized the announcement by indorsing the name of the most detestable of the accusers at his own favorite club while the trial was in progress. This, too, after Sir William had remained under the imputation for months in order to screen the prince; for certainly the unlucky baronet could have made his fight earlier with as good a prospect of success as at the last. His guilt, however, is comparatively unimportant, unless to prove that gambling itself leads to cheating, that all baronets who play are likely to double their stakes unfairly, or that princes who carry about counters to country houses may not improbably betray their friends, or borrow largely from disgraceful aspirants after royal favor.

It seems, indeed, as if some such notion were prevalent just now. Never, at least, since the days of the commonwealth, have religious teachers so publicly declaimed against the habits and morals of a Prince

of Wales. Not even the profligacies of George IV. provoked the same outspoken criticism. Never, since Charles I. stood before his judges in Westminster hall, has the highest male personage in the kingdom listened to language like that used by a member of a Tory government in Albert Edward's presence; never has the representative of royalty been told to his face that he could be expelled from the army for conduct in violation of its rules. The peroration of Patrick Henry's famous speech might have been recalled in the English courtroom. "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and Albert Edward may profit by their example."

In spite of all this, however, it is not likely that gambling will at once disappear from London clubs or English country houses, from Sandringham, or perhaps Altyre, Sir William's seat in Scotland. The tide will doubtless turn in another direction after a while; the throne will hardly tumble in our day, or society be much improved in the lifetime of the Prince of Wales. The betting at Goodwood this very August will doubtless run as high as ever. The heir-apparent evidently did not take his lesson much to heart, for he went to Ascot on the last day of the trial, though that, perhaps, was to avoid being present when the as yet uncertain verdict should come in. But more than this, in the height of the excitement he had the tainted lady to dinner, with whom the princess had declined to associate. One can imagine the scene at Marlborough house before the future Queen of England submitted to this indignity.

Still, the bench was on the prince's side. The game of baccarat has been officially pronounced illegal in England, and clubs have been searched in Saint James's street for noble players violating the law; yet the Lord Chief Justice stood up in his robes and demanded: What if the prince did play baccarat? Was he not royal? Had he not a right to his diversions? The highest legal authority in the kingdom declared in so many words that if Lord Coventry and General Williams violated military law to screen the Prince of Wales, they did it "with the best possible intentions;" if they condoned cheating at cards in an officer of the army, they did



right, as soldiers and gentlemen—"under a monarchy"—to screen the Prince of Wales. So long as the highest English courts pronounce such disgraceful dicta, English justice is a farce—as, indeed, it always is when social prejudice or prestige is involved; so long will the world remember that it was another Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor whom his own great countryman declared "the meanest of mankind." But the English judges are never born in the highest rank; they must always be raised to their position, and they never fail to merit their social advancement by their servility. The rule holds good from Coke and Bacon to the present day. Lord Coleridge had the honor of entertaining his royal highness at luncheon day after day during the trial, and of course he said; "What does it matter if the prince did play baccarat"—against the law?

Nevertheless, there is just as high play in private houses in Washington as in London, and among people quite as distinguished for Americans as the aristocrats are in England. Judges, senators, cabinet ministers, and of late years fashionable women often take a hand. More than one, more than two of our recent presidents were gamblers, if a gambler is one who plays at cards for money. Every one knows that Clay was embarrassed by debts incurred at cards, and Webster was fond of his game; but the honor of neither was ever impugned because of his passion for play.

Baccarat itself was introduced at Washington more than twenty years ago. It was brought out by a British secretary of legation who found it, he said, at St. Petersburg. He had a handsome wife and a good fortune, so that his house was attractive; and the younger diplomatists used to congregate once or twice a week under his auspices. For a while baccarat was very popular. One or two Americans lived much in this set, and among them an army officer who, though never fond of cards, took a seat when courtesy required. This American used to say that he disliked extremely to win the money of his friends. He was not squeamish, but he never carried away the winnings without a feeling that there was something unhandsome in the act. But just as certainly he never willingly lost, and if it was

only a sum that he could easily spare, he was always annoyed; he never received pleasure enough to compensate. So he never in his life played cards because he wanted to.

In the same circle was a second British diplomatist, who played regularly, though always lamenting his poverty. He and his wife told you that they could not afford to give dinners nor to wear fine clothes, but they always seemed to save enough to bet on baccarat. It was positively painful to win from these people, for you felt that they must pinch to make up your profits. But they insisted on playing, the passion was so strong. They came into a fortune afterward, and one wondered whether the mania lasted after they were better able to indulge it.

One night the American found himself unwillingly winning from the impecunious Englishman. The officer was by no means skilful, and, indeed, there is little chance for skill at baccarat; but the game went all in his favor; everybody paid to him. They played late, yet the luck continued, and as one must give his friends their revenges, the American offered to sit up all night if they chose and afford them every opportunity, but declared he would never repeat the experiment, for he disliked to win or to risk so much money. The luck did not change, and he rose with a sum considerable for an army officer—large enough, at any rate, to make him very uncomfortable when he looked at his friends who had lost. He invited them all to supper next night and invested his gains for their entertainment, and then—never played baccarat again.

In England the same man learned poker. It was odd for an American to go to London to be taught the national game, but so the fates decreed. He played it for the first time at his own house and with the American minister. The party was small and consisted of eminently religious and intellectual people, who, like the officer, were taking their first lesson. They soon became proficient, but the military man lost, and liked poker as little as baccarat. He never tried it afterward; but his guests soon gave poker parties at their own houses, with five o'clock tea. It was the rage of the town.

There was a great hubbub at home about General Schenck's book on poker, but the

story was greatly exaggerated. General Schenck never played high in English society, and wrote no book for publication on the subject. He was extremely intimate with the famous Lady Waldegrave, at that time one of the most dominant women in English high life, the owner of Strawberry Hill—Horace Walpole's pet architectural plaything—and of several other country houses. Her husband was in Gladstone's cabinet, and naturally General Schenck was invited to her various establishments. At one of these he introduced poker and everybody was charmed with the game. Every night it was repeated, and all the fine folk were talking of "flushes" and "straights," of "pots," and "antes," and "fills." Naturally they were anxious to learn exactly how to count, and Lady Waldegrave asked the general to draw up the rules. He did so on a sheet or two of paper, and gave them to his hostess. Her ladyship had a printing press in the house for the use of her cook, who set up his own menus; and, without consulting the minister, Lady Waldegrave had a score of little pamphlets, not so large as her hand, struck off and stitched in pink paper covers. There were not a dozen pages between them. One of these found its way into the hands of an American who had a grudge against Schenck and saw the use that might be made of the paper.

So the serious people at home were told that the American minister was devoting his time to the initiation of British aristocrats into the mysteries of draw poker; and had absolutely compiled a volume on the subject when he should have been saying his prayers, or at least dictating despatches on the Alabama claims. The uproar that was raised was prodigious, and the reverberation reached London. Lady Waldegrave and her husband, then Mr. Chichester Fortescue, were extremely annoyed that their harmless little pastime should have been made the occasion of injuring their guest and friend, and published a statement of the facts in the *Morning Post* of London; but the mischief was done, and General Schenck's reputation as a poker authority was established. The pamphlet was reprinted and is current now in circles where play runs high, but where countesses and ambassadors are seldom seen.

The political enemies of the administration under which Schenck was serving made the most of the matter, and doubtless one cause of his downfall was this miserable bit of personal malignity. The stakes, whenever he played, whether at Lady Waldegrave's or elsewhere, were limited to ten shillings, and no sum ever changed hands worth considering by those who lost or won; but all the same, many of his countrymen insisted that he was a dissipated gambler, making money out of the British nobility by the game that he taught them with this view.

At the very same time another of our ministers introduced the same game at the court of St. Petersburg, and the Russians, who are adepts at cards, were delighted with poker and at once adopted it as one of their pet amusements; but this diplomatist went unscathed. He had not incurred the wrath of an unscrupulous compatriot.

More curiously still, the Russians had a minister at Washington at this juncture who played far higher than General Schenck in London. He kept a good table and had a beautiful wife, whom he had neglected to marry for several years after it would have been proper, but he made the amende honorable, and the diplomatic and fashionable people in Washington went often to his house and usually lost money there. It was remarked that monsieur and madame were never partners at the card table, though both always played, so that both could in no event lose; and this little family arrangement was popularly supposed to be successful. After a while the minister got into great trouble and was recalled; but neither Russian nor American government or newspapers made any scandal about cards.

Not all gambling, however, necessarily provokes meanness. Very chivalrous behavior is often elicited at cards. It is well-known that gambling debts are debts of honor, *par excellence*. As they cannot be collected by process of law, those who play must sacrifice everything rather than not pay when they lose. Gambling, indeed, is the amusement, the dissipation, if you will, of many very high-minded people, of men and women who would not for their lives commit a dishonorable act; and he who cheats at cards is instantly

and everywhere excluded from clubs, dismissed from armies and dropped from society. The Prince of Wales had an equerry some years ago, the son of a lord, and a major in the guards, who was detected in the act and compelled to give up both his place at court and his commission in the army, and then to leave England forever. His brother, the present lord, remained in the prince's suite, but the major is socially dead.

Yet Sir William Gordon-Cumming was to have been screened, to have retained his commission and his good name, by the favor of the prince and the connivance of an earl and a major general. It is impossible not to believe that there is some cause as yet undisclosed for this seeming leniency, although Lord Coleridge dismissed such an intimation from the solicitor general as irrelevant. It may have been irrelevant in the eyes of a partial and obsequious judge, but it is not in the eyes of the country or the world, which were turned upon these proceedings.

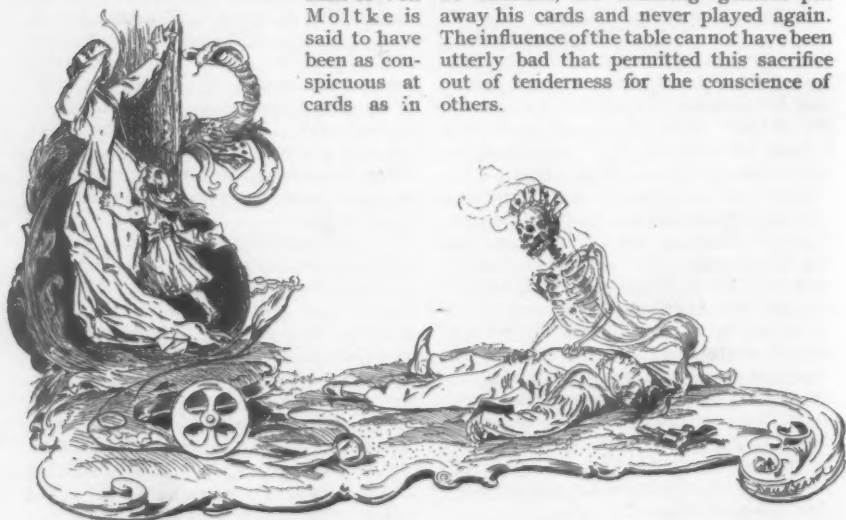
How differently card playing may affect different natures can be seen if we contemplate the conduct of an illustrious American. General Grant shared the instinctive liking of the English for games of chance. He enjoyed whist and played it scientifically, but this might be supposed to indicate his soldierly taste ; for the strategical

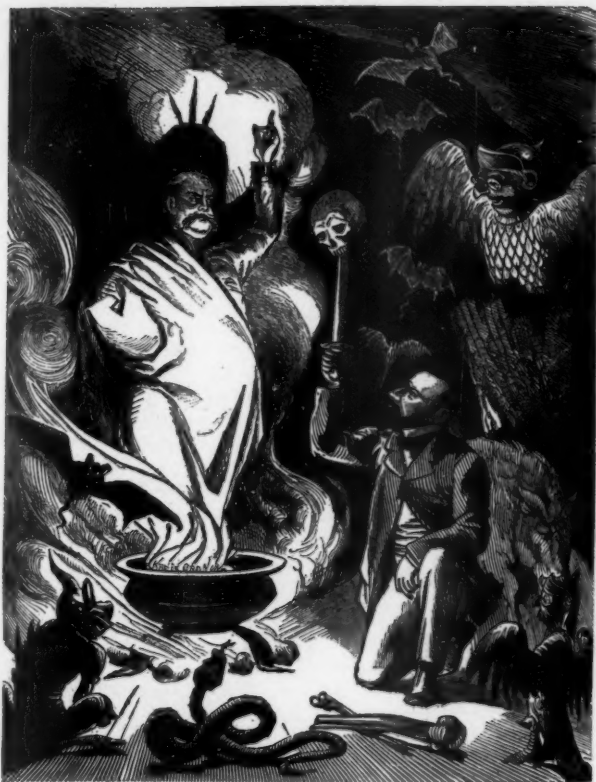
skill of Von Moltke is said to have been as conspicuous at cards as in

the field. But it was the element of chance, the contest for victory, that fascinated Grant. He played for money while he thought he could afford it, but after losing his fortune in Wall street he never risked money again. He retained, nevertheless, his liking for cards and often played afterward, but never for the smallest stakes ; he said now he could not afford to lose.

More touching still, General Grant played during his last illness and after he knew that he was doomed ; the cards diverted his attention from physical and mental pain, and when his family and his intimates were about him the table was arranged almost nightly. But if it was Saturday and the clock struck twelve, he at once put away the cards. The feeling of his childhood for Sunday revived in the dying warrior, and he rigorously abstained after midnight.

Indeed, still later in his illness, when the country had become anxious for his fate and prayers were put up for him in the churches, it was told him that some good people were distressed because at such a moment he could be interested in cards ; and although he perceived no harm in the distraction, he yet recognized the sentiment as a kindly one, and with something of the spirit of Saint Paul when he would not eat meat lest his brother should be offended, the suffering general put away his cards and never played again. The influence of the table cannot have been utterly bad that permitted this sacrifice out of tenderness for the conscience of others.





PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE most potential character and striking figure in history since Napoleon I. is Prince Bismarck. Wellington, though with the timely aid of Blucher victor at Waterloo, bears no comparison to Napoleon in the splendor of his genius and the scope of his achievements, and there has been no crowned head of the first class in the world for half a century, with the exception of Nicholas of Russia. Napoleon III. was a clever schemer who possessed France for a while in an imperial ring, and his fate was the logic of his fortune. Abraham Lincoln has a lofty place, but he did not change the face of



A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT NEAR NEMEA AND CLEONE. IN THE BACKGROUND LIES THE NEMEAN LION SMOKING A REGALIA, AND CONSIDERING HOW TO IMPROVE THE MITRAILLEUSE.



BISMARCK AS HE FIRST APPEARED IN CARTOONS.

the affairs of a continent. He conserved the nation by patience, faithfulness and sagacity. Grant ranks with the great captains, but was not a maker of wars and a master of resources to build an empire. Gladstone's eloquence has been memorable, but his triumphs have been peaceful details and his greatest strength spent on budgets. Gambetta's utterances inspired France to energy in the midst of disaster, that saved her from ruin, but his career was brief, and the lost provinces of his country are not restored. Everything was prepared for the wars in which Moltke planned the campaigns, so that only incompetence could have failed. The Emperor William appreciated Bismarck, and the glory of his reign is that he consented to the plans of the architect who built the imperial edifice. It is vain to claim for the amiable Frederick the creative genius that transformed Germany. It was in the brain of Bismarck that German chaos was fashioned into order. The kings and field marshals, the armies and the parliaments were the instruments by the means of which the wars he conceived

and organized were executed in victory. The King of Prussia became the German emperor, and the conqueror of Denmark, Austria and France. Kingdoms were absorbed, provinces annexed, peoples captured and captivated; the map of Europe was changed, the dream of centuries realized. The Rhine became the German Rhine indeed. Austria was turned to the east, and Italy united, and both made the allies of Germany, and the centre of Europe became a military power exceeding the Rome of the Cæsars and the France of Napoleon; and the dominating mind that suggested and will that insisted was that of Bismarck; and he has fallen, because in his old age he has not found favor with the young emperor, who has inherited the grandeur prepared for him by the statesmanship he has discarded. Germany has lost allies and position and the prestige of the initiative since the iron hand that guided her so steadily has been withdrawn, but her greatness can endure still greater shocks.

The cartoonist must be regarded among the historians, and it is fortunate for Bismarck that he has been idealized in his caricatures; and nowhere has pen or pencil done him more flattering justice than



ENGINEER RECHBERG: TAKE CARE, COLLEAGUE, WE DON'T GO APART. WE ARE APPROACHING A DANGEROUS PLACE.





"Then happy, led by friendly hand,  
He entereth a better land."

in the work of Wilhelm Scholz, on the comic paper of Berlin—the *Kladderadatsch*. A collection of his Bismarck cartoons fills an attractive volume. It was the humorous grotesquerie of Scholz that evolved the three hairs of Bismarck's bald head, which in the course of artistic exaggeration became so famous and portentous. In a few of the early drawings of Bismarck in the *Kladderadatsch* he appears as a strikingly handsome young man with a full beard; and in the last one the prince, holding a carpet bag in his hand and attended by his big dog, taking his leave, hands the three hairs to the humorous embodiment of art, as he shall not want them in the country.

Twenty-one years ago, August 1870, I met Bismarck in the street near the post-office of St. Avoird, France, about four miles from the frontier. The man who stood before me is in face, dress, expression and figure exactly represented in the cartoon on page 503, with the exception that instead of a field glass suspended by a strap over the shoulder he was belted and carried a cavalry sabre, and

far from home to find occupation, and he approached and addressed me for that reason. I am sure I should add in this connection that I first recognized him not by any of the photographs or cuts that were serious attempts at likenesses I had seen, but through my recollection of a French cartoon, in which his ears had been absurdly exaggerated. Bismarck was strolling in the evening before the postoffice, where the amiable old king had apartments. I saw an imposing figure, and that there was something more than the accustomed and invariable German politeness in the way he was received. I did not think of Bismarck until his ear reminded me of the caricature, and then I said inquiringly to an officer: "Bis-



A GOOD SHEPHERD WATCHETH OVER HIS SHEEP.



FATHERLY INSTRUCTION IN STATECRAFT.

marck?" He nodded, with a to-be-sure air, and I looked at the great man with intense curiosity, thinking that under his little white flannel cap, with the scarlet band and the decorative Prussian button, was the brain that had put in motion the majestic army on the march invading France—and that idea of invasion seemed then much more alarming than a year later. At this time Bismarck was in his fifty-sixth year and seemed in all senses stalwart. He was at once pale and florid; the sun had burned his face and his skin had a sensitive delicacy of appearance. His eyes were extraordinary, clear, piercing, with fierce fixedness. They were the most striking expression of his character. They did not seem merciful, but there was a chance for humor and even tenderness about his mouth. A few days afterwards he laughed heartily at a remark I made to Phil Sheridan, who was riding with him over the battle field of Gravelotte. Sheridan wanted to know, as Americans generally do when they see an acquaintance in a strange and remote place, what I was doing there; and I replied that I had walked that way because it was an interesting part of the country. This exhibition of what I presume it may be fair to call American humor appeared to please Bismarck, for he shook with laughter.

As to the immortal "three hairs," I cannot be called as a witness, for I never saw Bismarck bareheaded. I saw the white cap on the field at Gravelotte when he was lying on a blanket resting, and possibly asleep; saw it again when he was on horseback with Sheridan, looking over the ground where the Prussian cavalry had lost 1000 men and the water, running in the gutters after a shower, was red; and again, on the night of the 19th of August, when he was in his carriage, with Sheridan his guest, guarded by lancers, on his way from Gorze up the valley of the Moselle to Pont Mousson, then the general headquarters.

In the cartoons of the Kladderadatsch, called the Bismarck album, we have a series representing the relations between the man of blood and iron and Napoleon III. It is comical and, indeed, pathetic, in looking these over, to trace in them the impression of the years when it was the general presumption that the Emperor of France was the master of Europe. Even in the hands of the German artist, Bismarck was a figure second in importance to that of Napoleon, who appears endowed with corpulence as if to proclaim easy prosperity. Here we find Bismarck taking lessons in diplomacy. In one, of the date of 1862, Napoleon is Mephisto



BISMARCK VICTORIOUS.

and Bismarck Faust. When he left Paris the caricaturists pictured him as a pupil going home to set up business for himself. Then we see him as Tamino led by Napoleon and Manteuffel to a better land of happy absolutism, and a magic flute is over the entrance. But already the Prussian helmet—the point of the pickelhaube—is placed on Bismarck's head to show that he is of warlike spirit. This spike presently gave way to the three hairs. In 1864 we have Bismarck with the Duke von Rechberg as engineers of the Prussian and Austrian politics, running their locomotives, which bear the names of generals, side by side, and approaching a dangerous crossing. There is trouble ahead. Then we have Bismarck as Blondin walking the rope, carrying Conflict—a dark, sinister figure—on his back, meaning the year 1866. The three hairs are in this first emphasized.

This striking effect of the caricature in declaring the proportions of events is seen in the illustrations of the increasing importance of Bismarck through all the French controversies until Napoleon disappears, and the Iron Chancellor becomes the mighty man who sports



THE FOREIGN MINISTER.

with the burdens that crush others, and has his days of the fulness of glory and power. Everybody's head comes to wear the "three hairs," and every aspect of the prince is that of mastery.

The Kladderadatsch no more touches Bismarck with the humor that illuminates; the artists of nations other than his own have to deal with the strong face, into which has entered a new gravity and severity. The young emperor, educated to believe in his inspiration, commands the ship of state. The London Punch is to be credited with the famous cartoon "Dropping the Pilot"—Bismarck leaving the ship and the young emperor at the wheel. It is a part of the curious gossip of the time that both prince and emperor were pleased, the latter having the audacity to be delighted with his jaunty attitude of authority and confidence. The old man, with his big hat and coat, dog and stick, stalking about his estate, at home at last in the country, and refusing to consent to the abject doctrine that he must be still because he has ceased to hold the seals of



JEAN FANFARON TO JOHN BULL: YOU GO AHEAD!  
YOU HAVE YOUR RUBBER BOOTS ON, SO THAT HE  
CAN'T BITE YOU.

artificial power, was never more interesting. It is an error to speak of his downfall. He is himself. He knows how he will stand in history. His country has swarmed with kings and grand dukes and generals and keen debaters. To how many have the nations attached ideas of events compelled? He has been elected to Parliament, and every word he utters will be heard around the world.

Germany he found broken and discordant, divided by dynasties and jealousies and hostilities, needing the blood-and-iron policy, and, as he thought, imperialism for the sake of certain unity; and he took the responsibility, and Sadowa and Sedan were but footsteps in the march of destiny that he designed and ordered. In Parliament his presence will be elevating and the representatives of the people will be strengthened by association with him. There is in the face of Bismarck the shadow of care and sorrow that all Americans, with something of self-reproach, remark in the august countenance of Daniel Webster in his old age, when he wore a great slouch hat and, weary of humanity, looked upon his friendly cattle at Marshfield.



BISMARCK'S RETIREMENT.

There was one thing in my own conversation with Bismarck at St. Avold that I may be forgiven for repeating in this connection. "If you are hungry," said he, "come to the king's headquarters at any time, and you shall be welcome to share our food." I said I was very grateful for the kind invitation, but feared I would not be able to keep up with the

army, as I had no place in it, and tramping in the hot dust had already blistered my feet. "What can be done? What do you desire?" he asked. I replied: "The chance to buy a horse. I have French gold but cannot use it without permission." "We are," he said, "in the midst of military operations and horses are wanted for war; I think you cannot have a horse." This was disappointing, and I said: "It is hard that the one thing wanted is the one thing that cannot be had." There was a change in tone, a deepening of the voice and flash of the eye as he said: "Ah! you have often found it so?" There was in it the expression of a vast experience—success in the grandest form—but over all the overshadowing cloud of conscious ambition for that which was not to be.

### THE REFINER'S FIRE.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

PURE as the heart of a little child,  
A stream from its mountain cradle wild  
Crept into the town and away, defiled.

An insect dipped its radiant wing  
In sweets forbidden, and, fluttering,  
Sank down to earth, a helpless thing.

A poet was born with a voice divine,  
He stained his soul with passion and wine,  
And daily fed with his herd of swine.

The stream was met by the cleansing tide;  
In a dewdrop the moth was purified;  
The poet sang one true song, and died.

## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



### EMIGRATION FROM CITIES.

THE superintendent of the census, some time since, issued a preliminary statement in which he showed that the tendency to what I have formerly called "the congestion of cities" seems to be increasing in this country. This statement should be carefully read. The subject is of the very first importance, and we ought not to deceive ourselves by words. Mr. Porter rates as cities all towns of 8000 and larger. Making his calculations on this basis, he arrives at these results: In 1790 the percentage of "town dwellers" was 3.35; in 1850 it was 8.52; in 1880 it was 22.57 and in 1890 it is 29.12. This means, as the reader will observe, that almost one-third of the inhabitants of the United States are now living in towns of over 8000 inhabitants.

Mr. Porter says that, in a supplementary report, he will show what is the tendency of growth to places of 4000 inhabitants. These tables will undoubtedly be of value, but it should be distinctly understood that we are talking of towns of 4000, 5000 and 6000 inhabitants, who may be scattered, according to the American definition of a township, over thirty-six square miles. For the township, as defined in the United States statutes, is of that size. Now, surely, 4000 people placed on 23,000 acres of land are not very severely "congested."

In making ideal plans for better social conditions, I should ask first for those which should give to every family light and air on every side of the house. These were required by the conditions of the

imagined city of Sybaris. In that city stair builders and slave holders were banned by the same article in the constitution. They knew nothing of elevators or tenement houses twenty stories high. Every man sat under his own vine and fig tree. On the other hand, for all the advantages of social condition, for the leading the larger life which the moralists tell us is the desideratum to be sought, one asks that people may live near each other, for familiar intimacy, for combination where combination is desirable. And, however we may dread the results of the close crowds artificially created in densely peopled cities, nothing could be more absurd than to ask men to scatter into the loneliness of pioneer life for dread of "congestion."

The ideal to be sought is some such well-ventilated, ozone-charged method of life as would meet both these "desirables." I observe, when I say this in private, that the ladies who are present always express a dislike to living on the ground floor. They do not remember that in an ideal state of society there are neither cats nor burglars to enter at open windows. One is obliged to yield to them, then, permission to go up one flight of stairs as they go to bed. It has, however, seemed to me that even this privilege might be granted by putting the house, as the old houses at New Orleans used to stand, on a high basement, over which one shall ascend at once when he comes into it, and from which he shall descend when he goes out of it.



To relieve the real congestion, such as one sees in the crowded wards of New York, for instance, is one of the more important side problems of that organization of immigration which I was discussing in these columns in the *Cosmopolitan* of May. The Duke of Wellington said that there were not five men in the English army who could place 100,000 men in Hyde park, and that, if they were in the park, there was not one officer in the army who could get them out again. A problem not very dissimilar presents itself to the real philanthropist who will improve the condition of London, of New York or of Boston. He would do well if he began his studies by going to Philadelphia, to Chicago, or, best of all, to Salt Lake City, to see how far the builders of those cities have already attained the object to be gained. This object, let it be remembered, is a separate house for every family, with light and air on every one of the four sides. There are to be no houses in blocks, there are to be no flats piled on top of each other, there are to be as many separate homes as will meet the needs of ten persons each. This gives ample allowance for orphans, unmarried men, unmarried women, widows and widowers.

For such a community there must be access from the city where these people work, by rapid trains, so that men—and women too, if necessary—may arrive at their work at whatever is the working hour of the morning, and that as soon as the working hour of the afternoon is past they may return promptly home. In the case of most of our cities it is possible to attain such rapid transit that the workman need spend but an hour a day in both these journeys. Of course, this must not be laid down as a hard-and-fast rule. Exceptions might be necessary and might be excusable. But there is now no reason why a railroad company should not be able to cover a circle of a radius of twenty miles with rapid trains, taking the suburbs out and in in half an hour each.

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THE experiments which are much advertised in such lines are apt to be in the interest of the richer classes of people, who are exactly the people who could get along without any combination for such purposes. Many of them, one is almost glad to say, have failed, precisely because

of the aristocratic appointments which were attempted—which are entirely foreign to the general order of life and therefore foreign to American methods. I recollect a remarkable instance, where millions of dollars were invested in a suburban town in which there were to be no people so low but what they could pay something like \$5000 each for the houses in which they lived. The consequence was that there was a grand papier-mâché town, in which there was nobody who could black a boot, nobody who could drive a nail, nobody who could go on an errand, who could wash a shirt or iron a shirt collar. The town, when I last heard of it, was the habitation of owls and jackals. And I was very glad that such a penalty came, in the compensation of affairs, upon the builders. They learned their lesson, and I think the people around them learned theirs.

Yet combination is almost absolutely necessary if we are to secure the rapid transit which is essential. The railroad companies still need instruction in this business. Their managers are still supposing that the man who has twenty miles to go wants to stop sixteen times on his way, at a series of way stations, and that trains which make such stops as this are as popular as if they went directly through. The first important lesson to be learned in the matter seems to be the lesson that each place is entitled, morning and night, to its through train, to be run with the utmost velocity which science has achieved. All residents in large cities will recollect instances where some "lightning express" or "Flying Dutchman" or something of the sort has been secured for one particular station. I am sorry to say that it is generally a gilt-edged and kid-gloved station. But there is no reason whatever why similar trains should not be arranged in which 500 working men, with their tin pails, can go into town in the morning at the utmost speed, and on which the same men, with their pails empty, may return at night. So soon as this truth dawns upon the superintendents of railways, so soon do we make our first step forward in this matter.

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THE admirable combinations of working men by Friendly Clubs and Building Associations for building houses are doing a

great deal toward improving matters from difficulties which existed as lately as ten years ago. It must be remembered that unless such combination is made we cannot look for any extensive daily emigration from the crowded parts of the city into country life and country air. No one family wants to go off and live alone. People want to live among their fellows. They want to live where there can be society; where there can be mutual help in case help is needed; where there can be good music; where there can be other public entertainment. As Mr. Emerson says, "What is it all for but a little conversation?" The arrangement, then, is to be made for a community certainly not of less than 300 families, if it is to be made at all.

It is clear enough that in any such arrangements the railroad and the land owners ought to take each a part of the investment of capital, and the railroad company must be expected to give adequate security that the rapid transit shall be regularly effected. We had a curious illustration in Massachusetts twenty years ago, which was encouraging in the intimation of what can be done in instructing railroad officials about their business. In the face of a great deal of opposition from them an act was carried through the legislature, requiring every one of the eight railroads centring in Boston to provide a cheap train morning and evening for the use of working men. Of course, all the quidnuncs said this was oppressive, that it savored of paternalism and autocracy and all that. But none the less, as soon as the enforced trains were run, the company found out that they were the most profitable trains they ran; and it is long since anybody has recollected that there was any such statute placed upon the book. What was done at first upon compulsion is now done eagerly as a matter of business. Exactly this same result may be expected to follow when the railroad companies and the building associations and the proprietors of land, who have bought their land by the acre and would like to sell it by the square foot, come into combination with each other.

I am glad to observe, in more than one direction, intimations that large capitalists are turning their attention to the opportunities before them, in providing vil-

lages—I do not say houses—for working people in the neighborhood of cities. There was never a fairer system for the sale of land than that adopted by several of the western railroad companies with their land grants. They gave to the emigrant his farm, on his payment of one-tenth of the cost. He continued his payments for ten years, and then the whole account was closed. Of course, the selling parties fixed the cost at such a price as justified them in this payment, without any computations called computations of interest. I have seen the same thing in California, with the additional arrangement, which is necessary in the matter of which we speak, that the seller placed upon the land the emigrant's house. He then opened his books and showed the emigrant how much the house really cost, for he was not attempting to make profit as a house builder and a real-estate owner both; and the emigrant took the house at what it cost. Now, in the case of a working man in New York or in Boston, he does not want to buy a bit of land and then to be bothering himself with builders as a separate transaction. He wants a house—he does not want a sham house—and he does not want to pay an absurd profit to the man who has built it. It is perfectly in the power of capitalists to meet him half-way in his wishes in this regard. And those capitalists who are willing, as I say, to provide not two or three houses, but a village of 100, 200, or 300 houses, will find that they are met half-way by people who are eager to live in the country.

As I intimated above, the fortunate arrangement of land titles in Philadelphia, and the immense advantages of the city of Chicago and many of the other western cities, in opening large tracts of land at once for the residence of working men, have relieved such cities very largely from the difficulties which we are meeting in Boston, and which overwhelm people in the city of New York. I am sure, however, that in both Boston and New York these difficulties may be met. If only public-spirited men can be made to understand that there is no legislation and no administration which can relieve us from the dangers of the tenement houses we shall find much better ways for making happy homes for the people.

## BOOKS ABOUT FOUR GREAT CITIES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"DICKENS described London," said Walter Bagehot, "like a special correspondent to posterity." Daudet and his fellow realists are photographing every phase of the Paris of the nineteenth century for the benefit of the Parisians of the twentieth and the thirtieth; keen eyes and adroit figures are fixing dissolving views of this spreading and uncertain New York of ours, where the present is noisy beyond bearing and where the past seems almost silent. New York has got to have its Daudet or its Dickens, who shall hang the veil of romance over our rectangular blocks, our grim and grimy tenement houses, our crosstown horsecars and our towering office buildings.

New York has outgrown its Washington Irving; and Cooper "of the wood and wave" failed to bind the fate of any of his characters with any house on the island of Manhattan. Almost the only shrine of sentiment we have is the grave of "Charlotte Temple," in Trinity churchyard; and almost the only house with a pungent literary association is the old University building in Washington square wherein is hidden the memory of Cecil Dreeme. How many good novels of New York life are there? The Potiphar Papers of Mr. Curtis cannot be called a novel, and the Washington Square of Mr. Henry James cannot be called a success. Something of the external color of New York is to be found in Mr. Bishop's House of a Merchant Prince; and somewhat more, perhaps, is visible in Mr. Howells' Hazard of New Fortunes. In *The Midge* Mr. Bunner pleasantly pictured the French quarter; and in *The Story of a New York House* he suggested the restless and incessant transformation which is perhaps the dominant characteristic of this city. In one of the cleverest of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's lighter comedies, *La Cigale*, the impressionist painter looks at the unconventional heroine with approval and remarks: "Elle est moderne." So may a painter or a poet remark of New York; beyond all things she is modern. Bustling, hurried, crowded; thrusting upward, expanding always, growing beyond

bounds and beyond belief; indubitably ugly for the most part, and yet undeniably picturesque to those who have eyes to see; ill-paved, dirty, noisy, almost offensive, and yet holding those who come within her grasp by a fascination as difficult to define as it is to shake off—such is New York.

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This is the city whose story Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has told for Professor Freeman's series of Historic Towns. It has been objected that Mr. Roosevelt is not a typical New Yorker because he was born here and comes of old Knickerbocker stock, whereas the typical New Yorker nowadays was born somewhere west of the Alleghanies and of New England parents—excepting in those obvious cases where he was born in Germany of Hebrew parents. Mr. Roosevelt told the Round Table club of Boston last winter, when he lectured on Political Americanism, that he was the seventh generation of his family in America, and that he had not a drop of English blood in his veins; and the President of the Round Table, Colonel T. W. Higginson, told me that nothing else in Mr. Roosevelt's address made so strong and startling an effect as this statement. "Impressed by New England writers and schoolmasters, we tacitly abandon ourselves to the notion that our United States have been fashioned from the British islands only and essentially form second England only—which is a very great mistake," wrote Walt Whitman to those who were celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Santa Fé; "many leading traits of our future national personality, and some of our best ones, will certainly prove to have originated from other than British stock."

This truth Mr. Roosevelt understands and exemplifies; and his understanding of it gives special interest to his book, which is not so much a history of the mere city as the story of the development of the people of New York, a population mixed beyond that of any other city in the world. Mr. Roosevelt tells us that probably at no time since the first white

child was born on this island has the city ever had a majority of citizens who were the children of native parents. The non-English citizens were as likely to be at the top as at the bottom; John Jay was of mingled Huguenot and Hollander blood; Alexander Hamilton was a Scotch-French creole; John Jacob Astor was of German birth; Cornelius Vanderbilt was of Dutch descent; A. T. Stewart came here from Ireland and Ericsson came here from Scandinavia. Abler men in their several ways no city can show; and not one of them was of English blood—a fact to remember when we incline to charge the immigrant with all our ills and to credit him with none of our prosperity.

When Mr. Roosevelt was last in London the son of an English archbishop, having heard that New York was the third German city of the world, was moved politely to praise the New Yorker on the skill with which he spoke English. This *History of New York*, like the larger book on the *Winning of the West*, shows that Mr. Roosevelt writes English with the same vigor and directness that he speaks it. Nowhere else can we find so straightforward a telling of the story of New York. His aim has been less to collect facts, as he says in his preface, than to interpret the meaning of the facts familiar to all who may know any of the more commonplace histories of the city. He has sought "to sketch the workings of the town's life, social, commercial and political, at successive periods, with their sharp transformations and contrasts; and to trace the causes which gradually changed a little Dutch trading hamlet into a huge American city."

In doing these things Mr. Roosevelt shows cause why the New Yorker of to-day should take heart and strive resolutely for the further improvement of public affairs. It is impossible to read his brisk and sturdy narrative without seeing that the condition of the city is better now than it has ever been before and that there is a steady improvement in the tone of public life, slow though it may seem to the impatient. When we recall the Astor place riot, Bill Poole's funeral, Isaiah Rynders, Fernando Wood and his opposition to our uniformed police, the rough fire-laddies of the volunteer service, who put out fires if a fight

with a rival company did not offer a more immediate excitement, the frequent colonization of voters, the undisguised frauds on the ballot-box—when we recall these things and those men and many others like them, we New Yorkers have reason to acknowledge that there is progress and we have reason to be thankful for it.

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Testimony to the same effect is borne by another observer who has been studying New York from a wholly different point of view from Mr. Roosevelt's, and who has published the result of his observation in a book wellnigh as interesting as Mr. Roosevelt's. Mr. Riis was for years the reporter of the Associated Press at Police Headquarters and thus he got an insight into the nether side of life in New York. What he has seen is set forth in *How the Other Half Lives*, a book abounding in what Mr. Augustin Daly used to term "contemporaneous human interest." It is a study of the tenement-house system of New York—a system unfortunately inevitable in the nature of things and to be accepted and made better by diligent and intelligent effort. Mr. Riis shows us that much has been done and he shows us also that more remains behind. The dark room and the back building are now no longer allowed by law; and steady experiment has evolved the ground plan of a tenement building in which the maximum of family privacy is secured at the minimum of cost. The building of model tenements can be made to pay a moderate profit. Here is the solution of the problem in a nutshell; Philanthropy and Five Per Cent.

Perhaps a second maxim is even more valuable: Save the children. As one who has been a New Yorker for now thirty-five years, I feel I should be derelict to duty if I did not seize the occasion to say that never did any city have a nobler citizen than the late Charles Loring Brace, the founder of the Children's Aid society, and never did any citizen accomplish more for his city than Brace. To my mind the Children's Aid society is the very noblest of charities in that it helps the young to help themselves, teaching boys to make themselves into self-reliant men and aiding the girls to develop into self-respecting women. No higher praise can be given to the Chil-

dren's Aid society and to the man who left it behind him as the memorial of a life well spent, than Mr. Riis's two statements that its homes have sheltered 300,000 boys and girls in its scant twoscore years of existence and that "no pauper was ever bred within these houses." Mr. Riis continues: "nothing would have been easier with such material, nothing more fatal;" and no one has ever understood the conditions of the problem better than Mr. Riis or stated them more clearly. One of the acutest of social observers said many years ago that "the most melancholy of human reflections, perhaps, is that on the whole it is a question whether the benevolence of mankind does most harm or good." But Walter Bagehot, with his business training and his broad common sense, would have been one of the first to see that of all those instruments of benevolence as to the utility of which there is now no doubt, no one is more potent than the Children's Aid society of New York.

This may seem like a digression but in reality I am sticking to my text, which is the hopefulness inspired in a New Yorker by reading these books of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Riis, one after another. "New York is today a hundredfold cleaner, better, purer city than it was even ten years ago," Mr. Riis declares on page 193; and on the other pages of his book we can find the reasons why he thinks thus. The book is one which every dweller in New York, not to say every inhabitant of any great city, ought to read at once. It is a most interesting volume, lively in its style, spirited, abundant in anecdote, and filled with facts which enable those of us who have ten dollars in our pockets to understand better the lives of the poor devils to whom ten cents is a mighty sum.

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One of the most curious of Mr. Riis's observations is that some of the worst tenements in New York do not look bad; "neither Hell's Kitchen nor Murderer's Row bears its true character stamped on the front. They are not quite old enough, perhaps. The same is true of their tenants. The New York tough may be ready to kill where his London brother would do little more than scowl; yet as a gen-

eral thing he is less repulsively brutal in looks." It is difficult to say which is the most offensive to an American in London, the repulsive brutality of the rough or the cringing servility of the beggar. Not the darkness of the sky only is it, nor the fogs and the soot and the desperate gloom, which make a long stay in London so depressing to an American, but the misery about him on every side, the feeble and ineffectual struggle of the "submerged tenth" who have never had a chance and for whom no mere traveller certainly can bring anything more than the most temporary relief. I am never long in London without pining for a ray of moral sunshine; and I find myself quoting involuntarily two lines from Hartley Coleridge's fine sonnet:

"But worse it were than death or sorrow's smart  
To live without a friend within these walls."

Even the American who is most hospitably received in London finds delight in seeking the haunts of the friends of other days, now silent and yet immortal. He takes a walk down Fleet street with Doctor Johnson; he lingers in the Temple with Lamb; he tries to identify Becky Sharp's little house in Mayfair; and he would like the guidance of Mr. Weller, whose "knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who is almost as much a creature of Dickens's as was Sam Weller, has recently written a rambling and formless volume, with sentences as ill-balanced as the book itself. Yet his Picturesque London is not without charm, for it conveys some of the fascination of the great, sad city by the Thames.

In his preface Mr. Fitzgerald tells us that his aim throughout has been to show that "the metropolis is as well furnished with the picturesque as any foreign city, and that there is much that is romantic and interesting, which, without a sympathetic guide, might escape notice." This aim Mr. Fitzgerald has attained—not without some painful dislocation of syntax, however—and for this reason his ample pages may be read to advantage by any American making his first visit to London and needing to have his interest aroused. Mr. Fitzgerald knows his London thoroughly and he has discovered more than one picturesque spot familiar



to very few even of professed London lovers.

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Twice Mr. Fitzgerald cites Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*, in its way and of its kind the best book yet written about the capital of the British empire; and it was the work of a citizen of the metropolis of the United States. Two summers ago a New Yorker entered a little cubbyhole of a print shop in Edinburgh to inquire for pictures of certain old houses; and the veteran shopkeeper (to whom he explained that he was an American and that he wanted these engravings to illustrate an article he was writing about Edinburgh) said that Lord Rosebery had been in the shop but the day before and had wished that some one would do for Edinburgh what an American had recently done for London. The New Yorker smiled and said that he felt complimented as he was probably the American Lord Rosebery had referred to.

"My God! man," cried the little old shopkeeper rising hastily, "ye're no Laurence Hutton?"

The article for which Mr. Hutton was then collecting material has since been written and it has been published in a magazine; and now it appears in a volume by itself, revised and expanded. The literary landmarks of Edinburgh are not as many nor as important as those of London, but they are of no little interest none the less, and they are here treated with the same thorough knowledge, the same conscientious care and the same detective skill which gave the earlier book its instant authority. "The first thing which attracts the eye of the stranger upon his arrival in Edinburgh," Mr. Hutton tells us, "is the Scott monument, not the Castle;" and he sets down for us the date of the habitations and of the temporary abiding places of the predecessors of Scott and of his successors, "from Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend of Ben Jonson, to John Brown of Edinburgh, the friend of Rab." Doctor Johnson came to Edinburgh as the guest of Boswell; Hume wrote his *History of England* there; Smollett lived opposite for a while; Adam Smith died there in 1790; the author of *Douglas*, and the author of the *Man of Feeling* and the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* were all inhabitants of Edin-

burgh; and then came a greater than any of these, Robert Burns.

"Time has dealt kindly with the landmarks of Burns in the Scottish metropolis, and improvement in its disastrous march has passed around and not over them," so Mr. Hutton records; and then he makes a list of these landmarks that the Scottish-American may find them when he goes to the expense of a visit to the land of his fathers. He identifies Sciennes house as

"the spot

Where Robbie Burns ordained Sir Walter Scott."

Then in this century we come to Lockhart, Hogg, Wilson, Jeffrey, Carlyle and Doctor Brown. "No city in the world of its age and size, for Athens is older and London is larger, is so rich as Edinburgh in its literary associations," says Mr. Hutton, who goes on to declare that these associations are known even to the poorest people and are treasured by them. Here is a true civic pride; and a city wherein it is cherished is worthy of a guide as accomplished and as entertaining as the author of the *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*.

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From the modern Athens of Great Britain to the modern Athens of the United States is a long stride, yet easily taken in these days when steam lends every man its seven-league boots. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has written a *History of Boston* for the series to which Mr. Roosevelt contributed his *History of New York*. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge is peculiarly qualified by his previous literary labors and by his participation in public life to write the history of his own city. The story Mr. Lodge has to tell is in most marked contrast with the story Mr. Roosevelt has told. For two centuries and a half Boston has been the capital of a homogeneous people, while no city ever had so heterogeneous a population as New York. Ever since its foundation Boston has been substantially the capital of New England, while it is only in this century that New York became the financial and commercial centre of the United States.

"The rocky nook with hilltops three," as Emerson called it in his resonant verses on the Boston Tea-party, has had its annals set forth in minute detail in the ample

Memorial History of Boston, a triumph of modern coöperative skill, to which Mr. Lodge brought his quota; and yet there remained room for a simple, direct narrative of the planting and growth of the

"Happy town beside the sea,  
Whose roads lead everywhere to all;  
Than thine no deeper moat can be,  
No stouter fence, no steeper wall."

And nothing could be better in this kind than Mr. Lodge's single volume. His knowledge is indisputable; his interest in his subject is obvious and his method is admirably suited to his purpose. To read these pages is to make me more proud of my New England descent. In the old phrase: "Boston is a good place to hail from." It was a true Bostonian too—the late James T. Fields, I think it was—who explained that he lived in Boston so that he might have somewhere to go; "If I lived in New York," he asked plaintively, "where could I go?" Now, of course, it is easy to suggest that he might follow Mr. Lodge's example and go to Washington.

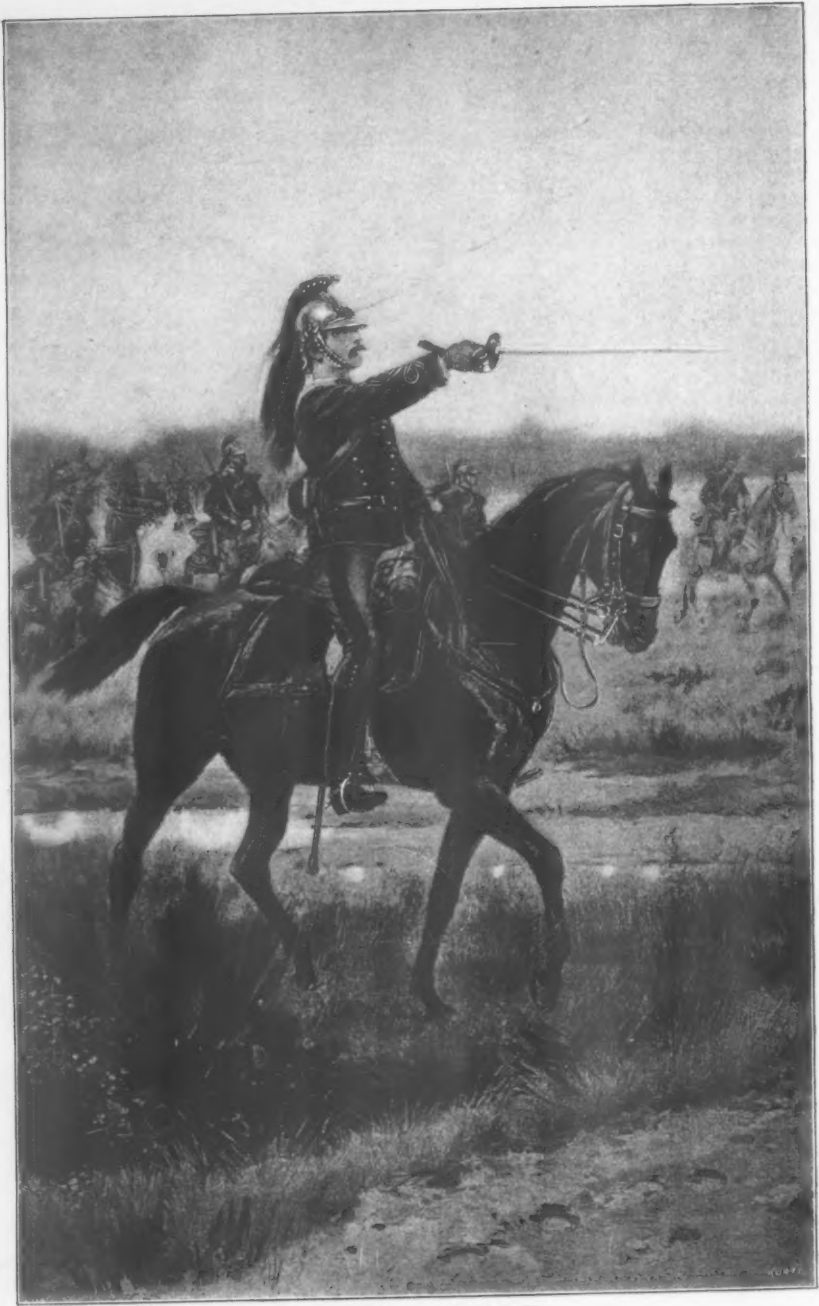
Mr. Lodge records the civic virtues of the men of Boston and their military prowess and their commercial daring; nor does he neglect what, after all, assures to Boston its lofty position—the culture for which it is proverbial, the high intelligence, the care for the things of the mind. In one of his lectures at the institute which bears his family name, James Russell Lowell said that "genius makes its opportunity, but the circumstances must be there out of which the opportunity can be made. In England there was a national consciousness made aware of itself and made cumulatively operative by the existence and by the accessibility of the national capital to serve it both as head and heart. . . . [In the United States] I make bold to doubt whether that consciousness will ever be more than fitful and imperfect until we

shall also have a common head as well as a common body. It is not the size of the city that gives it this inspiring and expanding quality, but the fact that it sums up in itself and gathers all the intellectual and moral forces to a head. Perhaps what formerly gave Boston its admitted literary supremacy was the fact that fifty years ago it was more truly a capital than any other city. And yet how narrow Boston was! How little pasture was offered to the imagination!" The narrowness, it may be observed, did not prevent Emerson and Lowell and Holmes from developing there; and the little pasture sufficed for the imagination of Hawthorne. The literary supremacy of Boston is no longer admitted by all, but neither in letters nor in politics (in the finer sense of the word) has any American city a more honorable record.

It is contemporary history, or at least the history of the generation immediately preceding our own, which it is always most difficult to master; and this is one reason why we ought to be grateful to Mr. Lodge for interpreting to us in his final chapter the meaning of the many changes which Boston has seen in this century. There is the change in religion, for example—from the puritan creed to universalism, and in due season from universalism to agnosticism. There is the change in politics, which has now given Boston a democratic mayor, elected chiefly by voters of Irish descent. These are the conditions which Mr. Lodge has had to consider in his final chapter, and of which he had to explain the causes and to suggest the consequences. In his book I am moved to think that the best chapter, the richest and the wisest, is the last. Lord Houghton said that most history was like that large portion of Africa in the old maps—"a dry region abounding in dates." The dates are to be found in Mr. Lodge's pages but not the dryness.







AN OFFICER OF DRAGOONS.